



December

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The American Mercury

THE NEW DEAL VS. RECOVERY

by Benjamin Stolberg & Warren Jay Vinton

ATTORNEY-GENERAL CUMMINGS

by Hugh Russell Fraser

Pan-Americanism: Myth and Failure

Robert Hammond Murray

Stupidities of the Military

H. A. De Weerd

The New Deal Woos the Army

Samuel Grafton

The Hindenburg Myth

S. Miles Bouton

Gone Native

John Collier

The Child Labor Disgrace

Anthony M. Turano

The Saar Plebiscite

M. W. Fodor

Singers Are Dumber than Fiddlers

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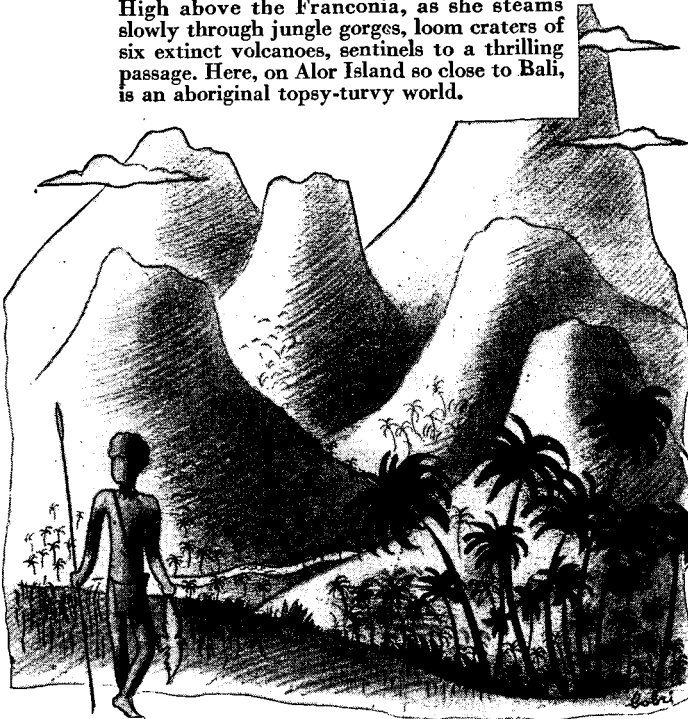
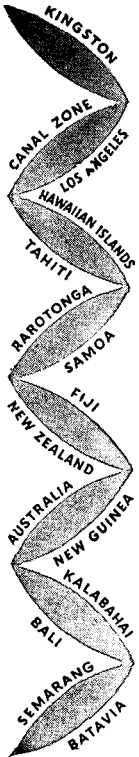
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VOLUME XXXIII

December 1934

NUMBER 132

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lication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1934, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. The American Mercury is indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

Charles Angoff, *Editor*

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Business Manager*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

TWELVE CENTURIES OF ROME.

By G. P. Baker. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
\$4 5 3/4 x 8 3/4; 557 pp. New York

Though a complete unit in itself, this is the eighth book in an ambitious series of what is to constitute a literary panorama of the political progress of mankind. Whereas the preceding volumes conceived of the history of the moment as the political biography of the great man of the moment—such as “Charlemagne” and “Hannibal”—here the powers of the individuals have inevitably crystallized into the power of the state. With a remarkable feel for essentials and continuity, Mr. Baker has compressed twelve centuries of Rome into 500 pages, from 735 B.C., when the boundary lines of the city were plowed by Romulus, to 476 A.D., when the city passed into the hands of the Northern kings. The author’s treatment of history is popular and sociological, in that it deals with results rather than processes and is interested primarily in the modern significance of past events. In filling in the gaps, which are necessarily many, Mr. Baker performs with fine sympathetic understanding and psychological imagination. You will like the style, vigorous in its bold rapidity, charming in its personal oration. A store of footnotes, sketch maps, chronological tables, diagrams, and portraits enlarged from coins aid the reader. There are a source-guide and an index.

JAPAN IN CRISIS.

By Harry Emerson Wildes. *The Macmillan Company*
\$2 6 x 8 3/4; 300 pp. New York

This is a full-length and thorough elucidation of Japan’s present political and social difficulties. It is based on Dr. Wildes’ first-hand observations in Japan, Manchukuo, Korea, and Formosa, and substantiated and checked by official statistics and interviews with accredited spokesmen. The author clearly illustrates his contention that Japanese assurances and Japanese practices are poles apart, and attempts to probe into the causes that produce these inconsistencies, allowing at the same time full credit to the individual people of Japan in whom he has the utmost confidence. The book is primarily an indictment of political machinery and commercial corruption, both of which existent evils lead Dr. Wildes to the conclusion that more than anything else Japan needs a re-dedication to pure patriotism and a reformation of statecraft. There is an index.

BIOGRAPHY

THE QUEST FOR CORVO.

By A. J. A. Symons. *The Macmillan Company*
\$2.50 6 x 8 3/4; 293 pp. New York

This is a not-altogether-successful experiment in biography. Mr. Symons, having become interested in Frederick Rolfe (self-styled Baron Corvo) through his unusual book “Hadrian the Seventh,” has attempted to piece together stray facts about his mysterious career. Corvo died in 1913. His entire life, filled with adventures worthy of Gil Blas, was a tragic comedy in which temperament warred successfully against talent. Original, witty, a brilliant stylist, a man of sound erudition, it was the Baron’s destiny to perish in shame, poverty, and exile, due largely to a sexual perversion which was beyond his control. Instead of presenting his material in an orderly manner, Mr. Symons has allowed the reader to accompany him on his quest by setting down his findings as he comes upon them through the means of letters, manuscripts, and interviews with Corvo’s friends and relatives. As a result, the Baron is pieced together like a jig-saw puzzle, and is never really brought to life. There is an index.

A TIME TO KEEP.

By Halliday Sutherland. *William Morrow & Company*
\$3 6 x 8 3/4; 281 pp. New York

Since the publication several years ago of “The Story of San Michele” it has become quite fashionable for frustrated medical men to write their memoirs. As a result, a substantial body of literature has grown up overnight, most of which—including the present volume—will rot away on the counters of second-hand book stores, unwept, unhonored, and unsung. Dr. Sutherland’s career has been less dramatic than the usual run, but certainly not less fantastic, and immeasurably more ridiculous: a vigorous opponent of birth control, his search for truth has led him into the embraces of the Holy Spirit on the grounds that “even the most primitive savages believe in God and a future life.” Dr. Sutherland, following the same type of reasoning, is probably also a believer in cannibalism on the grounds that even a good many of the most primitive savages still believe in eating human flesh. Interesting only as a record of what sometimes happens when a Scotchman becomes involved in science.

Continued on page viii

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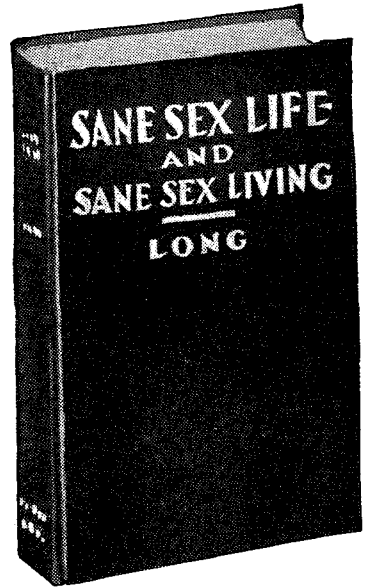
Psychiatric Quarterly, Official Publication of the Department of Mental Hygiene, State of New York, says: "This is an interesting treatise on sex life in the

marriage state which has already received much attention. It deals frankly with all phases of love-making and marriage relations. In view of the prevailing ignorance in sex matters the book will be of great value to those who would love wisely and happily. It should promote both mental and physical health.

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Special advice to newly-weds
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The most fundamental fact to know about the marital relations
Courtship and kissing
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We regret that lack of space prevents listing the complete contents of this valuable book.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

THE WHITE MONK OF TIMBUCTOO.

By William Seabrook. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3 5¼ x 8¼; 279 pp. New York

This is the authorized biography of Père Yakouba, a strange and eccentric character whom Mr. Seabrook met and befriended in French West Africa. Born of French peasant parents, Yakouba became in time a missionary monk and in 1895 followed his country's first military column into Timbuctoo. There he abandoned his robes, together with all of his European customs, married a black woman, and became the father of thirty children. Today, still living his unusual life in an African mud palace, and surrounded by family, slaves and hand-maidens, he is regarded as the most honored and beloved veteran colonial official in the country. Civilized, educated, and an intellectual, Yakouba enjoys in his unconventional way the three most precious fruits of existence: namely, goodness, freedom, and occasional happiness. There are twenty-eight pages of photographic illustrations.

MAXIMILIAN, Emperor of Mexico.

By Jose Luis Blasio. The Yale University Press
\$3 6 x 9¼; 235 pp. New Haven

The memoirs of the Emperor's private secretary, translated from the original Spanish and edited by Robert Hammond Murray. Maximilian was a Hapsburg, a brother of Franz Josef. Placed on the Mexican throne because Napoleon believed it would be useful to have him there, he became a lamb among wolves, a dreamer who never awoke from his dreams. Throughout the brief period of his ill-fated reign, Blasio rarely left his side from early morning until late at night. As the result of this intimacy he has been able to describe in fullest detail the most interesting and important events that took place between 1864 and 1868, the years which inclose the tragedy. There is an excellent foreword by Carleton Beals. Also notes, appendices. and a helpful index.

VIENNA DIARY.

Naomi Mitchison. Harrison Smith & Robert Haas
\$2 5¼ x 7¼; 287 pp. New York

This is not really a diary, but a very self-conscious piece of journalism in which the author presents with studied effectiveness many of the unpleasant details of the Austrian revolution of last winter, which resulted in the downfall of the Social Democratic Party and in the more recent assassination of

viii

Dollfuss. Miss Mitchison spent one month in Vienna, but her day-to-day descriptions of terror and tragedy would seem, in their fullness, to suggest a residence of years. The book is an attempt on the author's part to stimulate interest and feeling in behalf of the cause of social democracy in Austria.

WE SAGEBRUSH FOLKS.

By Annie Pike Greenwood.

The D. Appleton-Century Company
\$3.50 6 x 8¼; 483 pp. New York

A rambling account of life on the sagebrush desert of Southern Idaho, partly autobiographical, and partly a frank plea for social and economic justice for the American farmer. Mrs. Greenwood expresses a sincere and vital concern for the future of a civilization which can afford, with millions of its citizens in direst need, to indulge in a deliberate waste of food and human labor. This is no way, states the author, to help the farmer make a success of his occupation; it is simply an attempt on the part of a selfish government to render his failure enduring. In the last analysis, it was the farmer who had to pay highest for the late World War, and records show that he has been paying ever since. The Federal government, up until the time of the present Roosevelt administration, has stubbornly refused to recognize even the existence of his economic problems.

EDISON.

By William Adams Simonds.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company
\$3.50 6¼ x 9¼; 364 pp. Indianapolis

Although not particularly well written, this is a dependable and highly informative study of a man whose life has heretofore been largely overshadowed by the immensity and importance of his work. The nature of his amazing inventions is known to all. But the story of how a crude country boy, born on the Ohio frontier and reared in a Michigan lumber town, began at the age of twelve as a news-boy on a railroad train and rose to become one of the greatest figures in the history of civilization—this story has been too generally ignored. In bringing it accurately to light, Mr. Simonds has been generously assisted by friends and relatives of the genius: through their help, it has been possible for him to incorporate much fresh and unsuspected material into the fabric of the narrative. A straightforward and thorough piece of work.

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ISAAC NEWTON: *A Biography.*

By Louis Trenchard More. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$4.50 6 1/8 x 9 1/4; 675 pp. New York

Of the surprisingly few biographies of Newton this is unquestionably the best. The author, who is professor of physics and dean of the Graduate School of the University of Cincinnati, has examined every available piece of Newtoniana here and abroad to give us a scholarly and, considering the difficulty of his task, a very readable life of Newton. He portrays not only the Newton of Science, but also the man who regarded scientific work as "a hard and dreary task," who was deeply interested in theology and active in contemporary politics, and was almost vulgarly ambitious for wealth and social position. There are many letters and an index.

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WRITERS.

By Virginia Moore. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
\$3 5 1/2 x 8 1/4; 253 pp. New York

This volume is made up of sixteen essays on some of the world's most famous women writers from Sappho to Elinor Wylie. It is, for the most part, a disappointing piece of work—superficial as biography, and vacuous as literary criticism. The facts which Miss Moore presents, while interesting, are by no means illuminating. The style is encumbered with innumerable excerpts and quotations, and approaches at times the very nadir of readability. Furthermore, it is not quite clear what the author means by "distinguished": if Saint Teresa, Marie Bashkirtseff, Dorothy Wordsworth, and Alice Meynell come under the definition, then why not Mme. de Staël, Frances Burney, Edith Wharton, and Virginia Woolfe?

Continued on page xii

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By Richard W. Rowan.

Robert M. McBride & Company

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5 3/4 x 8 1/4; 311 pp.

New York

Taking it very much for granted that the next world conflict is already discernible in the offing, Mr. Rowan assures the reader that espionage is going to play a larger part in deciding its outcome than ever before in the history of organized warfare. Already, according to the author, there are more international spies at work than there were during the greater part of the last war, and in the last two years alone over six hundred persons have been tried for espionage. These and numerous other surprising facts are revealed in this book, which is the result of twenty years' investigation by a recognized authority on the subject of secret service. There are also dramatic stories of the mysterious adventures of certain outstanding spies in the last conflict including Mata Hari, Mademoiselle le Docteur, Maria Sorrel and "Col. Lawrence." It is a comprehensive study of the methods of invisible warfare in the past, present, and imaginary future. Altogether a comprehensive volume. Unfortunately, there is no index.

MEDICINE MAN IN CHINA.

By A. Gervais. The Frederick A. Stokes Company

\$2.75

5 3/4 x 8 1/4; 336 pp.

New York

The memoirs of a young French doctor who settles in the remote province of Szechuan, China, there to practise surgery and to teach in a Chinese school of medicine. Dr. Gervais has assembled his material in a fascinating manner. There are passages in the early part of the book, when the author and his traveling companion are still enroute to their destination, that are indescribably funny: particularly the incidents in the verminous Chinese inn and later on the Mandarin road. But following their installation the tone of the book becomes more serious: the fate of the Chinaman, as the author slowly begins to realize, is anything but a laughing matter. China is not a nation but an ant-heap of superstitious, filthy, murderous, and ignorant primitives, forlorn in their ageless tragedy. The country, according to Dr. Gervais, possesses a wealth of hidden vitality. But of what use, he asks, is vitality in a land where the dead are the true masters and where the living are but the slaves of those who have ceased to be? Highly recommended for those who would understand the Chinese problem.

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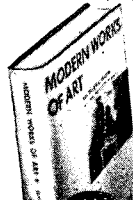
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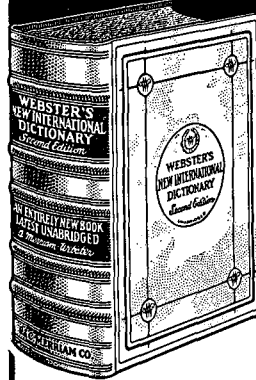
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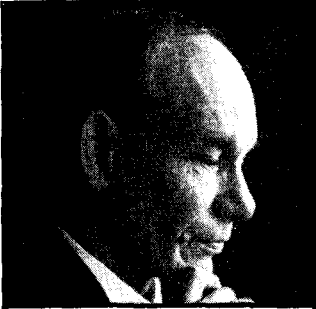
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THE NEW DEAL VS. RECOVERY

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG & WARREN JAY VINTON

The Great Predicament

IT HAS cost America \$20,000,000,000 to learn the simple economic lesson that a "favorable balance of trade" is neither favorable nor balanced. All it means is that the "favored" country exports more goods than it buys back, and writes up the difference as capital claims against the world. If this favorable predicament lasts long enough, these capital claims mount from assets into uncollectable absurdities, and the nation's foreign trade collapses.

"Prosperity" at home becomes a boom-crang in exactly the same fashion. Within the capitalist commonwealth there are two nations trading with each other, those who own and those who work. And prosperity is nothing but a boom in the "favorable balance" of Big Ownership. All it means is that Big Ownership charges vastly more for the usage of its properties than it spends on its own consumption, and writes up the difference as capital claims against the people. If this prosperous predicament lasts long enough these capital claims, too, mount into uncollectable absurdities, and domestic trade collapses. This is the celebrated business cycle.

But the business cycle is only a symptom of the deeper imbalance of our economy. Nothing can be balanced between Big Ownership and the rest of us as long as more than half our national wealth is owned by less than half a million people. And even more unwholesome than such congested wealth is the paralyzing power of its social dictatorship. So long as Weirton remains the fief of Mr. Weir just so long our productive mechanism will be clogged and our culture will be thwarted.

The classic remedy for such dilemmas is social revolution. But American capitalism is not yet ready to fulfill its revolutionary obligation and complete its self-destruction. Nor can it engage in authentic "social planning," for that means Socialist construction, not capitalist recovery. Mr. Roosevelt was not elected to a Kremlin but to the White House. His mandate was to preserve capitalism by reforming it. Accordingly, in this study, we shall appraise the New Deal within the logic of its own intended reformation. Is it curbing the irresponsible power of Big Ownership? Is it redressing the imbalance between capital and labor? Is it redistributing the national wealth downwards?

II

Big Ownership

The depression was hatched during prosperity. Our present ills are a hangover from the spree of the New Era. From 1923 to 1929 Big Ownership increased its income by leaps and bounds. The top 400,000, who in 1929 reported incomes of over \$10,000, had increased their revenues by 76.6%; the top 40,000 by 129.5%; the top 4,000 by 207.5%. And the 400 real rulers of America increased their incomes by 234.5% in these six years. The bigger the ownership the better it did.

The great middle classes also increased their revenues from investments somewhat, but were, of course, shut out from the rich pickings of Big Ownership. Moreover, only one-fourth of their income derives from property, three-fourths of it comes from their own work. And their income from labor was practically stationary. The workers, over the entire period, increased their real earnings by only 4.9%. In other words, during prosperity the national income was being grossly redistributed—*upwards*.

How was this upward redistribution effected, and what were its results?

Big Ownership hoarded its mounting profits, and farmed them out as capital, thus compounding its claims against the national economy. It farmed them out with complete social irresponsibility. It peppered the country with needless plants and structures, whose values were pyramided by speculative manipulation; *which* increased fixed overhead without a compensating increase in efficiency and in production; *which* led to ever more unbalanced production; *which* led to ever more frenzied competition for the dollar of the consumer; *which* dollar was hopelessly outstripped in the race with increas-

ing production; *which* led to underconsumption and glutted markets; *which* so scared finance capital that it withdrew its support from the inflated credit structure; *whereupon* the stock market promptly collapsed. In other words, the redistribution of income—*upwards*—was so successful that Wall Street turned a double somersault and landed on its bottom—October 23, 1929.

Stock market averages by that fateful day had quadrupled since the dawn of the New Era. Credit had undergone a fantastic inflation. For such bloated capital claims the natural remedy always has been a drastic purge. In capitalist theory the only way to get rid of over-capitalization is to get rid of it. The therapy is brutal; a people may starve; but such is the logic of *laissez-faire*. In earlier days, when American capitalism had its frontier vigor and was able to stand it, depressions cured themselves by a thoroughgoing liquidation of excessive capital claims. Values which were too high and interest rates which had become prohibitive were allowed to find their own levels.

But this time Mr. Hoover, forgetful of "The Challenge to Liberty" when government intervenes in the economic process, came to the rescue with government funds. During his administration the R.F.C. pumped out nearly \$2,000,000,000 of public money in defence of private fortunes and property income. He kept the banks solvent enough to support the market at its lows; which is another way of saying that Big Ownership bought out the little fellow at bargain prices. The R.F.C. also enabled the railroads to continue their interest payments, giving Big Ownership more ready cash with which to pick up further bargains which the Babbitry were forced to drop when they lost their jobs.

Big Ownership through the depression enlarged its proprietorship of American life. It held an increasing percentage of the declining national wealth. Sizing up the predicament of the American people, it decided that investment in them was no longer profitable. It withheld its funds from further capital investment, and heavy industry folded up. The wage-income of the consuming masses fell off two-thirds, and the production of consumers' goods fell with it. This tremendous curtailment of the flow of funds into both types of industry so paralyzed the national economy that the already frozen capital structure, instead of beginning to thaw, froze only the harder. In short, the claims of Big Ownership against the rest of us, which had been built up through the upward redistribution of wealth, became more and more uncollectable. And while thus paralyzed, finance capital tripped up on the Michigan moratorium. This time not only Wall Street, but the whole banking system turned a double somersault and landed on its bottom—March 4, 1933.

Whereupon Mr. Hoover wiped his hands of the matter, and returned to the bosom of his alma mater.

Whereupon Mr. Roosevelt picked up the old deck for a New Deal.

The American people could hardly wait to turn up their hands. Naïvely ignorant of the underlying social and economic forces, they trustingly hoped their luck had changed. For once, they thought, there would be a redistribution of income—*downwards*.

But the aces dealt by the New Deal have somehow fallen right where they were before. For when Big Ownership picked up its hand it was so encouraged that it once more began to write up the value of its claims against the rest of us. By July, 1933, the stock market averages more than

doubled. To be sure, in doubling its bet Big Ownership was somewhat hasty, but its fundamental judgment of the strength of its strategic place was sound.

For under capitalism, not man, but property is free and equal. The New Deal cannot devalue the dollar of Mr. Rockefeller without devaluing the dollar of John Doe. And, conversely, protection extended to the proverbial widow's mite cannot but serve to entrench the banker's might. The inner contradiction of political democracy, no matter how "progressive," lies in the very fact that in representing the flimsy property interests of the middle classes which vote it in, it *ipso facto* represents the vested power of Big Ownership. The New Deal cannot help the small investments of the Forgotten Man without *thereby* remembering those of the House of Morgan.

The collapse of our banking system ushered in the New Deal. "The money-changers," said Mr. Roosevelt in his inaugural address, "have fled from their high seats in the temple." But after one week of the New Deal they were back again. For in concentrating its efforts on making deposits once more available in the *easiest and quickest way*, the Roosevelt administration salvaged private banking, the greatest instrument of capital control. There is little doubt that in those crucial days the New Deal could have nationalized our banking system. During that week Mr. Roosevelt was God.

At the end of the banking holiday, the thousands of banks which failed to reopen were, with a few middling exceptions, the petty service banks of the middle classes. The great institutions of capital control were the very first authorized to reopen, despite the highly questionable nature of their portfolios. The administration continued as a matter of course the

Hoover policy of lending public cash to private banks. And when banks ran short of acceptable collateral, it out-Hoovered Hoover in furnishing them with a further \$850,000,000 through the purchase of their preferred stocks. Moreover, to protect the little man an elaborate system of deposit insurance was set up, which paradoxically, by increasing public confidence in private banking, tightened its grip on our whole economy.

The New Deal has also continued loans—under the circumstances a euphemism for subsidies—to the railroads in order to bolster up their rotted capital structures and to stave off pending defaults. It continued to use the national credit to postpone the nationalization of our railways.

The New Deal is especially proud of its honest efforts to save the farmers and small home-owners from foreclosure. Its efforts have been doubly honest since the farmers' riots in the West, and farm mortgages alone have been refinanced to the tune of \$1,500,000,000. But the concomitant result of these procedures, so laudable in motive, has been to relieve the great insurance companies and other fiduciary institutions of their load of shaky mortgages, for which in return they got either government guaranteed mortgage bonds by direct exchange or tax-exempt Federal bonds by indirect exchange. The little debtor has only had his day of reckoning postponed, while the solvency of his powerful creditors has been underwritten by the commonwealth. Indeed, the New Deal, in its efforts to abate the evils of the second mortgage sharks, is going to the amazing length of insuring mortgage creditors up to 80% of property-values, although the banks themselves have always considered 60% the uppermost limit of safety.

The compulsion mechanism which has kept the New Deal from scaling down the

face value of capital claims has also inhibited it from attempting any significant reduction in interest rates. And yet it is far easier to induce a creditor to accept less interest than it is to cut the face value of his claims. America today suffers from plain usury. The conventional 6%, which ownership still expects us to fork over, is merely a cultural hangover from the days when money was really busy developing an expanding empire for a growing population. Today, with billions lying idle in the banks, an intelligent capitalism would consider 2%, as Mr. Keynes has pointed out, a civilized interest rate. When at this very moment money can be hired in Wall Street for day-to-day speculation at 1% per annum, why should the American people be charged 6% for their legitimate needs? We know all the reasons, but the answer still is that they shouldn't.

The New Deal itself, in its fear of hurting private real estate, charges 4% for money lent to the cities for public housing. It is useless to expect the Federal housing program to rise from its blueprints at such interest rates, when our wage-earners cannot afford to pay even 2% on the cost of city land and modern shelter.

But even though the "Roosevelt Revolution" hesitates to touch capital claims and interest rates, it need not have feared to make effective use of the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Income and inheritance taxation is the consecrated method of "liberal" governments for the redistribution of income downwards. Last year, however, when these tax schedules were being revised, there was no Administration support for Senators Couzens and La Follette in their fight to restore rates at least to wartime figures. In the graver crisis of today the New Deal elects to finance itself, not by adequate taxation of big incomes and inheritances, nor by levy-

ing on corporate capital. It mostly borrows for its needs. And when the balance sheet of the New Deal is written up in 1937, the nation will find itself saddled with a public debt of \$35,000,000,000—a first lien of Big Ownership on our descendants, if they are damn fool enough to stand for it.

We have seen how in its efforts to safeguard the scattered property interests of the middle classes the New Deal has *pari passu* re entrenched Big Finance. Even stranger is the fact that in its efforts to restore the wages of the working classes it has re entrenched Big Industry.

In order to revive production the New Deal tried to get capital and labor to co-operate by giving to each what it wanted. Into the N.I.R.A. it wrote side by side the programs of the United States Chamber of Commerce and of the American Federation of Labor. For Big Business it suspended the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. To labor it guaranteed the right to collective bargaining.

Unfortunately for this idyllic scheme, Big Business knew exactly what it wanted and had the strength to get it. It practically dictated the codes. It successfully defied Section 7-A. And it turned the N.R.A. into a cartelizing outfit with price-fixing tendencies and humanitarian cant. The A. F. of L., on the other hand, had no program for labor as a whole. It was impotent to organize the unorganized masses. It was unable to police even its minimal rights under the codes.

Moreover, the New Deal has done next to nothing in correcting the abominations of the tariff. It has gone right on protecting Big Industry in its exploitation of the consuming masses and its ruination of agricultural exports.

The results of the manic-depressive activities of the New Deal in reference to business enterprise are exactly what might

have been foreseen by a competent Brain Trust.

Aside from the initial spurt of "recovery" in the first four months of the New Deal, things have been getting worse. From mid-June until mid-October, 1934, the index of business activity averaged 11% less than in the same months of the year before. Freight car loadings, automobile production, coal and lumber output, cotton receipts have all been lower. Steel production dropped to half its level. And even building contracts, for all the heroic efforts of Mr. Ickes, stand exactly where they did, at less than a third of normal. What went up were unemployment, relief and dividends. Unemployment went up by about one million, relief a great deal more, *while dividends increased 16%*. Dividends are obviously getting out of the depression.

III

The Middle Classes

The middle class necessarily misreads its hand. It does not know its place in American life, for its psychology infects the whole of it. And it does not understand its function which is manifold, ambiguous and contradictory. Its interests are so hopelessly confused in its own mind that all it can do is organize its own confusions.

The middle class is at once a bastard and a mongrel class. It is a bastard class, for it partakes of both capital and labor, and yet is neither. And it is a mongrel class because four different and often hostile strains make up its heterogeneous bulk. It includes 6,500,000 farmers, from whom we naturally exclude farm hands and share croppers; 2,500,000 small business entrepreneurs; 1,500,000 administrators of business enterprise, excepting of course, gentry such as Schwab and Grace

who sneak into the census as "executives"; and the vast majority of the million professional and pseudo-professional people. The frayed white-collar worker, though a veritable caricature of the petty bourgeois, is so pathetically wage-dependent that he obviously belongs with labor.

These four groups differ widely in the patterns of their economic ignorance and troubles, but they are forced into the deeper unity of a social class by the common delusion that their interests are identical with those of property. It is to property that they look for their security, their social status and their advancement. The heart of the petty bourgeois beats forever to the hope that he, or at least his children, may rise from insignificance to the resplendent Babbitry of an Owen Young. It is the sense of property which dominates the social outlook of the middle classes. Yet, paradoxically, only one-fourth of their income derives from ownership, while three-fourths comes from work. The income from investments of the petty bourgeois is by definition too small for him to live on. He lives either on his salary or fees; or, if he has a farm or shop, he belabors his capital, which without the hired man within him would be sterile. He is primarily a worker. And yet he isn't. For his petty vested interests make him the slave of property.

Although the total wealth of the middle class bulks large, its individual holdings are too small and far too scattered for the exercise of economic power. One hundred billion dollars in the hands of Big Ownership can always out-manœuvre and out-vote two hundred billions held in innumerable hands.

Not only is middle class ownership small and scattered but its grip on what it does possess is weak and insecure. For in his struggle to enlarge his ownership

the little man takes risks which he can ill afford. He inveterately over-extends. The farmer forever hopes to cash in through a rise in land values, and at the first sign of agricultural prosperity rushes to mortgage his own land to buy more land on mortgage. And when land values break, his disappointed greed and not his social vision turns the grasping yokel into a "radical"—until land goes up again. His city cousin buys a home he can't afford and "pays" for it with a first, second, and even a third mortgage. He is the man on margin. He is the man who goes into Wall Street on a shoestring and loses his shoes when he tries to save the string. He is the fellow who lets himself be over-sold and pawns his future on the installment plan. And he is the fool who loads up with so much life insurance that his highest economic value lies in death. His exploited income, when he has it, can hardly stand the strain. And when his income leaves him, so also, *seriatim*, does the piano, the car, the insurance policy and, finally, his home. For when in trouble the little man has no reserves with which to protect his flimsy ownership.

Moreover, the middle class is the repository of the shakier "securities" passed on to it by Big Finance, which on the way shakes off a fat commission. It was the middle class which bought worthless South American "bonds" from Kuhn, Loeb & Company—but Mr. Kuhn bought none from Mr. Loeb. The Babbitry were loaded down with "guaranteed" mortgage bonds, but such bonds did not find their way into the portfolio of Mr. Morgan. Nor, when the pickings were good, did Mr. Morgan put George F. Babbitt's name on the "preferred list"—hence probably the term Forgotten Man.

The truth is that under monopoly capitalism the very function of the middle

class as owners is to be exploited. The middle classes save that the rich may own.

The New Deal has not changed this historic function of the middle class. It could not salvage its speculative investments, its shaky securities. Bringing Mr. Insull back from Greece could not bring back the hundreds of millions he had dissipated with such fraudulent imagination. The jerry-built apartments which S. W. Strauss & Company had plastered with phoney bonds could not be turned into sound investments. What the New Deal could do, and that is exactly what it did do, was to save for the time being the visible realty of the middle classes, their farms and homes. It practically stopped foreclosures by the simple device of taking over their mortgages. But it did not scale them down significantly. It merely adjourned maturities. The debtors still remain in debt up to their necks, though their ownership is probably in lesser jeopardy with a politically minded government as mortgagee. Of course, by refinancing mortgages the government has also saved, for as long as it can control its inflationary tendencies, the innumerable policy-holders and savings bank depositors who are the rank and file investors in the great fiduciary institutions which held over half these mortgages. But it has saved them by underwriting the power of Big Finance as manipulators of the national wealth.

The New Deal has also undertaken through the Securities Act to mitigate the future fleecing of the little fellows by the Wall Street gamblers. But unfortunately for the morons whom it tried to stop from rushing to destruction on a shoestring, the regulation of margins was turned over to the Federal Reserve Board, a gang of bankers, who promptly set margins in line with current Wall Street

practice. And to cap the irony, the regulation of exchanges and the suppression of pools were turned over to the chairmanship of Joseph P. Kennedy, who had been shown up as one of the most notorious pool manipulators in the very investigation which led to his appointment.

So much for the efforts of the New Deal to protect the *ownership* of the middle classes. In the protection of their *productive functions* it has done, as we shall see, even less.

Of all the middle class groups, the farmer has probably done best so far under the New Deal. But his advantage is largely due to his head-start in the ring-around-the-rosy of the scarcity competition which is the essence of the whole Recovery program. The A.A.A. set out to organize agricultural scarcity in competition with industrial scarcity. But, unfortunately for the farmer, while the A.A.A. was busy raising the price of what he sells, the N.R.A. was busy raising, almost as rapidly, the price of what he buys. Labor perforce is also trying to get into the game with a scarcity program for its own commodity through a drive for the thirty-hour week. And whatever gains labor may achieve in this direction will go to wipe out the initial advantage of the farmer. In other words, the farmer's gain in the first year of the New Deal depended on his agility in slaughtering pigs faster than labor could shorten hours.

The whole New Deal program for the farmer, as Secretary Wallace so candidly admits, can bring him no ultimate salvation. Agricultural exports, especially of cotton, are declining. Even the "experimental" methods of the New Deal can discover no way of selling plowed-under cotton to Manchester. Raising agricultural prices while keeping up the tariff is driving the American farmer out of the world

market. The Department of Agriculture admits that 50,000,000 "marginal" acres must be forced out of cultivation. Just what is to happen to the 2,500,000 "marginal" people living on them, nobody knows.

Unlike the farmer, the small entrepreneur has no political pull. The banal good fellowship of Rotary and Kiwanis is no match for the direct action of the angry farmer. And so, unlike the farmer who has been so well paid for his sabotage, the small business man has been unable to persuade his government to subsidize him for similar destruction, say by a little well-considered arson under Federal control.

The retailer is caught between the rising prices of the N.R.A. and the impoverishment of his customers. His business is little more than half what it was in 1929, yet he cannot cut the highest item from his overhead by firing the hired man within himself. Nor can the codes protect his laboring *alter ego* from "his own boss." The small producer is being messed up by the cartelizing tendencies of the N.R.A., exactly as the Darrow reports, for all their insufficient research, plainly showed. The truth is that the small storekeeper, the petty manufacturer, and even the independent craftsman face a shrinking future in an economy driving towards ever greater efficiency through large-scale operation in distribution and production. In the long run no government can reverse the social forces which are liquidating him. All the New Deal can do, in the short run, for the haberdasher is to bring back his trade through general prosperity. And that it is not doing.

No one can blame the New Deal for leaving the administrators of business enterprise to their own devices. The executives, the superintendents, and even the

foremen of industry are so boss-conscious that any organization of them outside of company unions is unthinkable. These flunkies of Big Business took the most drastic cuts without a peep. And they were fired by the thousands. They are the natural-born scabs of our society, and the New Deal accepted them as such by definitely excluding them from the labor provisions of the codes. All it could do was to put on some of the more glorified file clerks as second cooks to stir the alphabet soup.

But the truly disinherited part of the middle class are the practitioners of the learned professions. Among them we do not include, of course, teachers, social workers, nurses and other hired brainworkers who, with the white collar workers, naturally belong to labor. The New Deal, in its utter planlessness, has of necessity neglected the real professions, for their problems are peculiarly insoluble this side of a planned society. Competitive business economy can never make full use of their professional skill. Half of our people lack proper housing, yet thousands of engineers and architects are on relief. Millions of Americans lack medical attention, while the vast majority of our doctors cannot make a living. So long as vested interests can keep housing scarce and dear, just so long will technicians continue on relief. So long as the great insurance companies and the economic ignorance of the American Medical Association can stave off the socialization of medicine and keep medical service scarce and high, so long will the rank and file of our doctors work for nothing in the clinics and starve at home. There is no hope for our professional men as long as their "dignity" as petty little bourgeois makes them side with property interests which paralyze them. And if they con-

tinue to oppose the socialization of their function as intellectual workers a thousand New Deals can do nothing for them.

The tragedy of the New Deal is that the middle class, which it politically represents, immobilizes it. Economically, the petty bourgeois is a split personality. The New Deal cannot help the worker in him without attacking his ownership. It cannot help the owner in him without entrenching Big Ownership. The truth is that the middle class is hopelessly caught in the deepening struggle between capital and labor. And so is the New Deal. Indeed, the more "liberal" it gets, the more nearly it represents the doomed liberties of the Forgotten Man.

IV

The Workers

We have seen how in the cross-class puzzle of our American society the middle classes hold to the fiction that their interests are the same as those of ownership. But even stranger than fiction is the psychological identification of American labor with the middle classes. It is this identification which explains why labor now is so completely ineffective, and why it has been unable to organize more than one-seventh of our wage-earners. To understand this curious phenomenon of the middle-classification of American labor we must look into its background.

Large scale industry and monopoly capitalism—in opposition to which arose our trade union movement—consolidated its power in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century. The pioneers of this new business empire—Rockefeller, Carnegie, Frick, Hill—carried over into the industrial frontier the rugged individualism of the geographical frontier. They were imaginative, reckless, able and unscrupu-

lous. The labor movements which at first confronted them were confused and ineffectual, harking back to all sorts of Utopian Socialisms. Even the Knights of Labor, for all their militancy, were but primitive and naïve Syndicalists. The American Federation of Labor, which in the mid-eighties supplanted these bellicose but inept idealists, succeeded where they had failed only by adopting the rough and ready tactics of the industrial buccaneers.

Under the leadership of Samuel Gompers the A. F. of L. organized itself into guerilla bands for warfare on the industrial front, and discarded all the ideological ballast which had encumbered its predecessors. Gompers rolled up the sleeves of the skilled worker and started to fight the boss.

But, unfortunately, in its struggle with the Utopian theorists, the A. F. of L. became fanatically fixed in its hatred of all ideology. In its stress on tactics it gave up all strategy. And in time Gompers came to deny that labor believed in ultimate ends of any kind. Its sole aim was to fight for union recognition, for ever higher wages, for ever shorter hours, for ever better working conditions, and for nothing more. This is the famous "pure and simple" trade-unionism of the A. F. of L. It is "pure" in having no logic of its own. And it is "simple" in accepting the logic of modern capitalism. From the beginning it acknowledged all the rights which flow from the private ownership of capital.

In accepting the philosophy of capitalism it implicitly accepted its concept of labor as a commodity. "Pure and simple" unionism gradually became *business* unionism. Its business is to corner craft skill through craft organization; to control its market through union recognition; and to sell its labor on the best possible

terms through collective bargaining. Work, in this view, is a thing for sale; the employer is a customer; and the union official is a "business agent." From this view of labor as so much property it was an easy step to the property-mindedness of the petty bourgeois.

Like the petty bourgeois, the skilled craftsman, the "aristocrat" of labor, developed a contempt for the unskilled Hunkies, Wops and American proletarians who are the backbone of the basic industries. Jealous of their craft monopolies the trade unions in each industry spent their energy in "jurisdictional disputes," which arise when two crafts claim either the same jobs or the same set of workers. They combined only to fight the least tendency towards industrial unionism, the amalgamation into one big union of all the workers in each industry. The skilled worker fears that his strategic place will be swamped by such vertical organization. And the labor oligarchy hates it for it means fewer bureaucratic jobs.

By his monopolistic craft control, the skilled worker was able to raise his wages till he could live like the petty bourgeois he was. He came to share the outlook of the middle classes politically, socially and culturally. He bitterly opposed every expression of class consciousness within the ranks of labor. Red-baiting became his favorite sport. He dreaded and fought against the rise of a political labor party. He voted the Republican or Democratic ticket. During the World War he shared the chauvinism of the middle classes and fought in defence of all those social forces which clinched the power of Big Ownership over American life. It was during the World War that the middle-classification of our dominant labor movement was completed. The evolution of the original

guerilla labor chieftain into a petty Babbitt was consummated. Through the New Era labor leaders were addressing not union locals but Chambers of Commerce and Rotary luncheons. Organized labor went into "labor" banking, life insurance, and fantastic realty speculations. And just like the middle classes it lost its shirt.

But though Big Business was glad to lunch with the labor oligarchs, it paid less and less attention to them in industry itself. For, having fought the development of industrial unionism, the A. F. of L. had no foothold in any of our basic industries but coal. In its criminal neglect of the unorganized, it left the field to the big employers who forced their workers into company unions—that is, industrial unions of, by and for the boss. While company union membership rose from nothing to over 1,000,000 during the New Era, the trade unions halved themselves by losing 2,000,000 members. The labor bureaucrats found themselves left high and dry as the jobbers of manual skills which technology was rapidly rendering obsolete. Labor's vested interests in craft skill, like the property interests of the middle classes, became petty, scattered, insecure and ineffective.

Half a century of middle-classification, of violent opposition to any labor view of life, of rabid anti-intellectualism has stultified our labor oligarchy. With few exceptions it has risen to the top by a selective process of stupefaction and frequently corruption. It was to these pure-and-simpletons of the A. F. of L. that the New Deal turned for help in redressing the balance of our economic life.

The New Deal no doubt marks a departure in the history of American labor. Until now American labor has clung to its *laissez-faire* objection to government interference in its business. With one sweep the N.I.R.A. turned it into a semi-

public trade unionism. At long last even America was forced to recognize that labor is vested with a public interest. In Section 7-A the government underwrote the right of labor to collective bargaining. And in the codes it undertook the regulation of wages, hours and working conditions. Thus the government jurally adopted the whole program of "pure and simple" trade unionism; and to the pure-and-simpletons it left the job at which they had so conspicuously failed—the organization of the unorganized. It also assigned to them the Quixotic task of improving on the minima which the codes were rapidly to freeze into maxima. *In short, the whole pro-labor attitude of the New Deal comes down to nothing more or less than the adoption of the bankrupt A. F. of L. program and the recognition of its incompetent leadership.*

The New Deal had no choice but to deal with our dominant labor movement which so faithfully reflects its own middle class ideals. Moreover, the only alternative to craft unionism is industrial unionism. And the New Deal, no more than the A. F. of L. itself, can press for industrial unionism, for the organization of industrial unions is a profoundly radicalizing process. In fact, it cannot even risk the orthodox and over-cautious strikes sanctioned by William Green and Matthew Woll. For a year and a half the Administration has used its influence to call off strikes, which alone can organize the unorganized. It has mediated away the rights of labor which it itself has guaranteed. And yet it wonders why Big Business thumbs its nose at Section 7-A. The reason is very simple. Big Business knows the game well enough to call a bluff.

When Section 7-A was passed, William Green told the world he was going to organize "25,000,000 Americans." As a

matter of fact, the power of the A. F. of L. to organize the unorganized is very limited. It was Gompers's proudest boast that the Federation is but a "rope of sand." And so it is. All power belongs to its constituent unions. The Federation is merely a loose agglomeration of strictly autonomous trades. Directly, under its own jurisdiction, by affiliation to itself, it is permitted to organize into so-called Local Trade and Federal labor unions only those workers who do not fall within the claims staked out by the various crafts. Since June, 1933, Mr. Green has managed to organize only about 90,000 workers into such locals out of possible millions. And even these puny efforts have embroiled the A. F. of L. in the most bitter jurisdictional rows in its entire history. For the craft oligarchy soon decided that the Federation was poaching on their territories, and that these workers, whom they had never touched before, really "belonged" to them. To be sure, at its last convention in October, 1934, the A. F. of L. was specifically authorized to organize industrial unions in the automobile, aluminum and cement industries. But unfortunately in all these industries it had already spoiled its chances for effective organization.

Of the 109 autonomous unions in the A. F. of L. the United Mine Workers alone have always been an industrial union. The great needle trades and the textile workers are organized in semi-industrial unions. It was precisely these vertical unions which were able to take some advantage of Section 7-A. In spite of an often reactionary leadership they increased their members from 250,000 to about 850,000. And though these unions are far from having organized all the workers in their fields, they were none the less powerful enough to exercise a considerable influence in the codification of their industries.

The other hundred-odd craft-ridden unions also rose in numbers. Altogether they gained about a million members. But only those highly skilled crafts among them, such as the building and printing trades, whose skill has not yet been liquidated by technology, were able to prevent the employers' associations from dictating every provision in their codes. But these crafts did not need the Blue Eagle to protect them.

Labor's initial enthusiasm engendered by Section 7-A is long since spent. Today, at its very height, the A. F. of L. has only 2,824,000 dues-paying members, while its total membership is probably around 4,000,000. So much for Mr. Green's great vision of organizing "25,000,000 Americans." And in the meantime the employers have been going right ahead organizing company unions, with the aid and comfort of Mr. Richberg's sophisticated interpretations of Section 7-A. Under the New Deal company unions have grown twice as rapidly as labor unions.

The reason the labor oligarchy failed to make headway under the New Deal is because it is afraid to fight. When the rank and file of the automobile workers were restlessly demanding a strike for union recognition, Mr. Green connived with the Administration to mediate away the opportunity. Exactly the same thing happened in the steel industry. Exactly the same thing happened in the great textile workers' strike. While 400,000 workers were fighting for their lives, the strike was called off on the promise of mediation without a single commitment on the part of the employers.

Whenever, through the summer of 1934, spontaneous rank and file strikes broke out—in San Francisco, Minneapolis, Toledo—the national labor oligarchy denounced and sabotaged them as the work

of "reds" and "outside agitators." To be sure, in many instances the workers did follow left leadership: it was willing to fight for them.

On September 30, 1934, the President made one of his periodic radio reports to the American people. More strongly than ever he urged labor to enter into a truce with capital. He asked for it on the premise that the New Deal is gradually succeeding. "We are," he said, "bringing order out of the old chaos with a greater certainty of the employment of labor at a reasonable wage."

Unfortunately, statistics give no warrant for such "greater certainty." Since July, 1933, there has been, as we have seen, no progress towards recovery. Labor's economic position is actually worse. In the twenty-five largest manufacturing industries individual weekly earnings, measured in purchasing power, were exactly 2% lower in July and August, 1934, than at the same time in 1933. By September, 1934, about 1,000,000 more were out of work than a year before. And millions more are on relief.

In short, the New Deal has been unable to strengthen labor as a force in our social polity, and hence has been unable to use it as a weapon for the redistribution of the national income *downwards*.

Nor is Mr. Roosevelt's latest policy, his ambitious scheme for social security, going to redress the balance of our economic life. His insistence that the cost of unemployment and old age insurance be borne only by workers and employers means that the wage-earners will have to pay for all of it. For the employer will naturally pass his share right back to the consuming masses. No scheme of social insurance to which the state fails to contribute out of income and inheritance taxation, can possibly increase the total income of the

working classes. It only makes the wage-earners pay for their own *economic* security as well as for the *social* security of capital.

V

Stalemate

The New Deal is trying to right the imbalance of our economic life by strengthening all its contradictions. For Big Ownership it tries to safeguard profits and to keep intact the instruments of its financial domination. For the middle classes it tries to safeguard their small investments, which only serves to re-intrench Big Ownership. For labor it tries to raise wages, increase employment and assure some modicum of economic safety. But to do that it must work through a bankrupt labor movement.

In trying to move in every direction the New Deal betrays the fact that it has no goal. It is but a well-intentioned synthesis of errors. And it has no goal because as a liberal democracy it must ignore the overwhelming fact of our epoch, the irreconcilable conflict between capital and labor.

Hence the stalemate. But history abhors a stalemate. Behind the vivid confusion of the New Deal the power of Big Ownership is stealthily but steadily enlarging. When profits rise while wages lag, when prices climb while output drops, when relief rolls mount while employment falls—it means but one thing. It means that the New Deal, far from lifting, is actually deepening the depression. And the New Deal will continue to do just that unless it *forces* Big Ownership to let the country live.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL CUMMINGS

BY HUGH RUSSELL FRASER

WHEN on September 21, 1789, President Washington named Edmund Randolph to be Attorney-General of the United States he could not have foreseen that Randolph's fifty-seven successors in that office within the space of 140 years would be men of mediocre and less than mediocre ability. Yet with six notable exceptions—Roger Taney, Caleb Cushing, Jeremiah Black, Henry Stanbery, Philander C. Knox and Harlan F. Stone—the long list of United States Attorneys-General from 1794 to 1934 is a singularly depressing one. And it is significant that of these six notable men, only two (Caleb Cushing and Philander C. Knox) held that office for more than two years.

The brilliant and vigorous Roger Taney, later Chief Justice, proved so valuable a man that Jackson transferred him to be Secretary of the Treasury when he needed a man of iron in the Bank of the United States crisis. Taney served as Attorney-General for little more than a year and a half.

Jeremiah Black (1857-59) exposed the California land frauds and then was transferred to Secretary of State. Henry Stanbery of Ohio (1866-68) courageously advised President Johnson to retain his constitutional rights, and when the House voted impeachment charges against the President, Stanbery resigned to defend Johnson at his trial. Philander C. Knox (1901-1903) successfully carried through

the Northern Securities prosecution against J. P. Morgan, James J. Hill, and associates, and then drafted legislation giving the Interstate Commerce Commission control over rate matters.

Alone of the Attorneys-General in the last thirty years, Harlan F. Stone stands out. Appointed by Coolidge to succeed the notorious Daugherty, the New Yorker surprised the President and startled the Republican high command by taking his office seriously. He prepared to enforce the anti-trust laws—even though such action included proceeding against the Aluminum Trust.

President Coolidge hastily kicked him up-stairs to the Supreme Court at the first opportunity. Charles Beecher Warren, of sugar-trust fame, failed of confirmation as Stone's successor by one vote, thanks to Vice-President Charles G. Dawes's habit of sleeping in the middle of the day. Faced with an aroused Democrat-Progressive bloc, Coolidge named a commonplace lawyer from Vermont, John G. Sargent, to be Attorney-General.

Harding probably established the all-time low record in Attorneys-General in Harry Daugherty, but Wilson, with James C. McReynolds, Thomas W. Gregory and the silly, Red-baiting A. Mitchell Palmer, reached about as low a level as most of his predecessors.

Grover Cleveland's Richard Olney, famous railroad lawyer, taught Cleveland how to break a strike by injunction.

George W. Wickersham talked about enforcing the anti-trust laws under Taft, but never did.

The identities of Grant's five Attorneys-General were almost as much a mystery in his day as they are now. At least two of them were appointed, a biographer tells us, because the President stood "in awe of men of great wealth."

President William Henry Harrison's Attorney-General, John J. Crittenden, used his short stay in office to create a spoils machine of his own, and when the courageous Tyler vetoed two bills looking to the establishment of a private banking monopoly, Crittenden resigned. Nine years later, the incompetent Millard Fillmore appointed Crittenden again Attorney-General of the United States. He stayed three years until Franklin Pierce came into office and made his one brilliant cabinet nomination, Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts.

With the possible exception of Roger Taney, Cushing represents the high-water mark in ability and vision of the long, 144 year record of Attorneys-General. A profound student of law, a tireless champion of progressive legislation, Cushing cleaned out the crooks and time-servers in his department with a ruthless hand. Although raised a Federalist, he sided with Tyler and against the Whigs when the latter tried to restore a private banking monopoly with government funds. Tyler tried to make him Secretary of the Treasury—and he was as qualified for that office as for Attorney-General—but the Senate under the whip of Henry Clay refused to confirm him.

It is one of the ironies of history that the greatest of America's fifty-seven Attorneys-General served out his four years under Franklin Pierce, one of the most incompetent Presidents ever to occupy the White House.

II

On the morning of March 2, 1933, Thomas J. Walsh died aboard a train racing towards Wilson, North Carolina, en route to Washington. At almost precisely the same hour Franklin D. Roosevelt was boarding another train at New York for the capital. Informed by the Associated Press of the death of the Attorney-General designate, the President-elect withdrew at once into a private compartment and there entered into a consultation with his two personal friends, James A. Farley and William H. Woodin.

No inkling of the trend of that discussion ever reached reporters, but by putting two sets of facts together it is possible to establish that aboard that train the fateful decision was made to appoint Homer Stille Cummings of Connecticut Attorney-General of the United States; a few hours later the fact of an *ad interim* appointment was announced.

Originally slated to be Governor General of the Philippines, a typical reward for the faithful, Cummings's transference to Attorney-General was easily the best way out of a difficult situation: Walsh's death just two days before the inauguration and the banking crisis enveloping the nation made it impossible for Roosevelt to give any study to a regular appointment.

That fact, however, did not prevent hundreds of recommendations pouring into the White House. Foremost among those mentioned was former Senator James A. Reed of Missouri. One hundred citizens of Enid, Oklahoma, signed a telegram to the President-elect on March 2 urging the selection of Reed for Attorney-General. It was recited, and with excellent justification, that the Missourian was the most brilliant prosecutor in the country. The bulk of the telegrams pouring into the White

House assumed that a man of Walsh's known fearlessness would take his place. Donald R. Richberg, now general counsel of the N.R.A., was recommended. Senator Walsh was known to have had a high regard for Richberg's ability. Senator Norris hoped the appointment would go to Frank P. Walsh, counsel to the New York State Power Authority; but the President, busy with a thousand and one details of the banking and currency situation, did not and could not consider any of the recommendations. He was calling on Cummings for opinions on the constitutionality of monetary policies, and the Attorney-General, with the largest law office in the world at his elbow, supplied them promptly. The President was pleased, and almost exactly a month from the date of the *ad interim* appointment, Roosevelt announced that Cummings would retain his post.

Homer Stille Cummings comes of good Republican stock. When he was graduated from the Yale Law School in 1893, he entered the office of States Attorney Samuel Fessenden, at that time a member of the Republican National Committee. Two years later he entered into a law partnership with Fessenden, but it was not until the next year, 1896, that he became a regularly enrolled Democrat. He was twenty-six years old. Of affable, easy-going disposition, Cummings soon built up a personal popularity that was valuable to the Stamford law firm of Fessenden, Carter & Cummings. The little city then had about 5,000 qualified voters. Four years later, in 1900, the Democrats decided to put the popular thirty-year-old lawyer forward as candidate for mayor. He would have the opposition of the Stamford *Advocate* as well as a traditionally Republican voting superiority. To the surprise of everybody, he defeated Mayor Edward J. Tupper by a plurality of 104 votes.

The Hartford *Post* said of Candidate Cummings: "He is an ardent admirer and strenuous supporter of Mr. Bryan; shares the hatred of the Nebraskan for a dollar that is yellow; and stands side by side with that statesman in advocating the free, independent and unlimited coinage of anything that is cheap."

So impressed was Connecticut's Democracy by Cummings's victory that two months later he was chosen as one of the State's two delegates-at-large to the national convention meeting in June at Kansas City. Thus at thirty he became a member of the Democratic National Committee from his State, a post he was to hold for the following thirty years.

On the opening day of the convention, young Cummings listened to the spell-binding oratory of James A. Reed, mayor of Kansas City, as he welcomed the convention to the city. Reed, who had won his office after a remarkable record as district-attorney when he had tried 287 cases and won convictions in 285 of them, astonished many a delegate by the impressive character of that speech. At that convention the nomination went to Bryan on the first ballot, Cummings casting the vote of his State.

It was at St. Louis, four years later, when Cummings was thirty-four, that he took the floor of the convention to denounce Theodore Roosevelt, and to second the nomination of Alton B. Parker for President. The young Stamford mayor was speaking for the Connecticut Democratic organization. Cheers greeted him as he assailed the President.

"The Democracy of Connecticut," he said, "has come to know him [Roosevelt] because of his bizarre personality, his extravagance, his arrogance, his disregard of constitutional limitations, and his effort to develop the executive powers at the expense

of the legislative branch of the government."

Almost word for word it was a typical Henry Clay denunciation of Andrew Jackson. The young orator went on with tributes to Bruce of Scotland and to Connecticut as a doubtful State that would swing the election in November for the "dignified, conservative Judge Parker." He proved a poor prophet.

After five years' service as mayor, Cummings became the little city's corporation counsel. Hardly had he relinquished that post than he was appointed in 1914 State's attorney for Fairfield County. It was during the time he was State's attorney that the Harold Israels case occurred which was to bring him the commendation of the Wickersham Committee ten years later.

A young Jew had been arrested for the brutal murder of a Catholic priest. The priest was popular, the circumstantial evidence impressive, and in addition young Israels had confessed, even demonstrating how the crime had been committed. It was apparently an air-tight case, and public sentiment was calling for a vigorous prosecution. But State's Attorney Cummings was not convinced of the guilt of young Israels. He conducted an investigation of his own, and presented evidence to the grand jury which clearly and completely exonerated Israels of all connection with the crime. It was a notable and remarkable piece of work on the part of the prosecutor; and for ten years he was the subject of much commendation for it in Connecticut. In 1931 the Wickersham report brought it into the national spotlight.

Many of those who know Cummings today say that the Israels case has had a profound effect on his personality; that never since then has he been able to proceed with any prosecution with wholehearted vigor and conviction; always has

he held back unless the evidence was overwhelmingly on his side, and even then he has hesitated to go forward.

III

This aversion to prosecution, however, is more deep-rooted than the Israels case. It goes back to the period immediately prior and during the war when Cummings was constantly on the defensive as counsel for Stollwerck & Company of Stamford, Connecticut.

The record in this singular phase of his career opens in April, 1911. In that year Ludwig Stollwerck, branch manager in the United States for Stollwerck & Company, German chocolate manufacturers with headquarters at Cologne, with a large factory in Stamford, bought for \$8,000 a plot of forty acres near Sayville, Long Island. One day in May the village rustics were astounded to see hundreds of huge boxes dropped off at the railway station all consigned to Telefunken Wireless Company of Berlin, Sayville, Long Island. The crates apparently contained heavy steel equipment, and were with difficulty moved to the forty-acre plot near the village. Many questions were asked as to the identity of the company, but all queries were met with silence. Finally, one morning a workman employed on the construction of the giant wireless plant of the company fell and was seriously injured. Attorneys for the injured man sought to bring suit for damages against the company, but they were unable to locate the true owners. A reporter for the *New York Herald* got hold of the story and on July 11, 1915, there appeared an account of the mystery. According to the *Herald*, lawyers for the injured man had sought to trace the true owners of the plant through the Navy Department. They had requested in-

formation on a company known as Gesellschaft Fur Drahtlose Telegraphic. On March 12, 1912, Acting Secretary of the Navy Benjamin Winthrop replied that this company, "was presumably organized under the laws of the German empire, but that the Department has no means at hand of confirming that supposition."

Finally, attorneys for the plaintiff were forced to bring suit against eight companies as owners of the radio station. Among these was Stollwerck & Company of Stamford.

Three years later, in 1915, reports became widespread that the Sayville plant was being used to violate United States neutrality by sending code messages to the German government. The Department of Justice investigated at once, and shortly afterward clamped down a censorship on messages sent.

This censorship was successfully evaded, however, until an amateur operator, Charles E. Apgar of Westfield, New Jersey, discovered that censored messages were being sent in an unusual code composed of extra spaces and extra dots. These messages he intercepted by an ingenious radio device of his own and reproduced on phonographic wax records. These records were then turned over to the Department of Justice.

Finally, on July 9, 1915, the government moved swiftly, and took over the entire plant. All German employes were at once dismissed, including Dr. Karl G. Frank, general manager of the Atlantic Communications Company, affiliated with Stollwerck & Company in ownership of the station.

It was established that Von Bernstoff, German ambassador, had utilized the station for the sending of secret radiograms to Berlin. He usually mailed them to his agents in New York, who mailed them to

Stollwerck & Company, 28 West Broadway, where in turn they were forwarded on to Sayville for transmission to Berlin, although the plant was in Cologne.

During all this time Cummings was counsel for Stollwerck & Company of Stamford. Yet despite this fact, A. Mitchell Palmer, Alien Property Custodian, appointed him custodian of the Stollwerck plant! It was a remarkable procedure: when a government takes over enemy property during a war, the very basis and purpose of the action is to get a disinterested party as custodian. If Cummings knew of the activities of Stollwerck & Company with respect to the radio station, he was the last person in the world to intrust with so vital a responsibility.

That Palmer did not know that Cummings was counsel for Stollwerck when he appointed him custodian is a difficult assumption to make. Is it reasonable to believe that the appointment of the counsel of the company was just a coincidence? The discovery afterwards by government auditors that two officials of the company had been paid bonuses of \$13,600 each after Cummings had been appointed custodian and at a time when Stollwerck was supposed to be controlled and operated by the government of the United States, has never been explained.

In any case, it represents a singular episode in the career of Homer Stille Cummings and A. Mitchell Palmer; and it helps to explain the influence that Palmer has with Cummings today, a circumstance that will be cited later.

From the silent, secretive Cummings of 1915 to the talkative, affable Attorney-General of 1934 is a far cry. The prosecution of Andrew Mellon for income tax evasion is a fair sample. When Cummings first announced that Mellon would be prosecuted, it was February, 1934. Yet not

until three months later, and after the Attorney-General had given the story widespread newspaper publicity, did three of his representatives appear before a grand jury in Pittsburgh and ask for an indictment. Usually an indictment is secured first, and the newspaper publicity follows, but in this case the regular procedure was reversed. It took the jury, however, only an hour to return a "Not True" bill. Of course, the facts that the foreman of the grand jury was a bank employé, and that Mellon dominates the banks of Western Pennsylvania, may have had some bearing on the summary disposal of the case; but it is not likely that any grand jury would be eager to indict the most prominent citizen of its own community when the regular procedure of securing an indictment is departed from so brazenly.

The real story back of the Mellon income tax prosecution is an interesting one. It goes back to the discovery by Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau that Elmer Irey, chief of the Internal Revenue Bureau, had orders not to investigate the income tax returns of any wealthy man without an O.K. from either Mellon or Ogden Mills. This explains why practically no big income tax prosecutions were undertaken under Hoover with the exception of that against Senator Jim Couzens, who had aroused Mellon's ire by continued attacks on the floor of the Senate.

Morgenthau, aroused by what he found, consulted his friend, Charles Russell of the Federal Power Commission. Together they drew up a list of four men, two Democrats and two Republicans, who would represent a start in income tax prosecution. The two Democrats were Jimmy Walker and Thomas L. Sidlo, prominent Cleveland attorney; the Republicans were Andrew Mellon and Thomas W. Lamont.

Cummings, who had been deaf to all ap-

peals to take action, was approached with this list and the evidence. He agreed to prosecute. His first action, after Morgenthau and Russell had departed, was to sit down and write a letter to H. S. Dumbauld, United States district-attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania. Where a Jim Reed or Thomas J. Walsh would have taken charge of the case personally, Cummings was willing to conclude his efforts with general instructions to Mr. Dumbauld of Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

IV

Mr. Cummings's appointments make sad reading. In March, 1933, he announced that he would reorganize the Department of Justice. The President wanted it and the President would have it. Incidentally, this had been Walsh's objective for weeks before his death. Careful lists had been drawn up. Some of the old Ohio gang, hang-overs from the palmy days of Daugherty and Harding, still remained. Today they are still there. Walsh was prepared to throw them out by the stroke of a pen a few minutes after taking office. He confided to his friends that this would be done almost before the ink was dry on his commission.

Having promised the President, Cummings looked around for somebody to take over the reorganization job. Apparently it never occurred to him to do it himself. He selected Bruce Kremer, then member of the Democratic National Committee from Montana, and a Washington lobbyist. Kremer considered the job for awhile, then decided he was too busy to bother with it; but first he talked the matter over with his old friend, Breckinridge Long, now ambassador to Italy. But Long, like Kremer, was not interested in the reor-

ganization assignment; he talked the matter over in turn with a Maryland neighbor of his, William Stanley, lawyer and expert on Maryland racing stables. Stanley agreed to do the job. Word was conveyed to Cummings, and William Stanley was promptly named Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, an office he still holds. So far there has been no reorganization in the Department of Justice.

Next came the appointment of Pat Malloy, Oklahoma oil man, as head of the criminal tax division. Malloy proved so obviously a misfit that Cummings was under persistent demand from New Dealers to fire him. Finally, Cummings gave in, and Malloy went out.

Worst and most ludicrous of all the appointments was that of J. Crawford Biggs of North Carolina as Solicitor General of the United States. This office is next in importance to the Attorney-General. The Solicitor General presents the government's case before the Supreme Court of the United States, and the office has been held by famed constitutional lawyers like John W. Davis and James M. Beck. Biggs was named on the recommendation of A. Mitchell Palmer, Wilson's Red-baiting Attorney-General who, when Alien Property Custodian in 1915, had named Cummings custodian for Stollwerck & Company. Biggs, incidentally, was one of the most persistent supporters of North Carolina's John J. Parker, Hoover's unsuccessful nominee to the Supreme Court.

The new Solicitor General soon showed his utter bewilderment. Usually this office wins more cases than it loses. Thus in the five months before Roosevelt was inaugurated, Hoover's Solicitor General had won 39 cases and lost 7; in the five months under Biggs, 7 cases were won and 10 lost.

The Solicitor General rarely appears personally in a minor case, but Biggs selected

for his first argument before the Supreme Court an appeal in the Major Shepherd murder case. Ordinarily one of the bright young lawyers of the department would have taken over the government's argument, but to the surprise of the Court Biggs himself appeared and announced pompously that he was going to present two points on behalf of the government. With a burst of oratory well known to the Carolina back-woods he started. Vigorously gesticulating he went on for twenty minutes. Mr. Justice Brandeis couldn't resist an amused smile. Mr. Chief Justice Hughes was plainly irritated. Finally the Chief Justice leaned forward and said:

"Mr. Solicitor General, you told us when you began that you would present just two points. Now you have already consumed twenty minutes on one. Will you tell us when you intend to discuss the next one?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Chief Justice," replied Biggs unabashed, "how much time have I left?"

"You have just two minutes. I will give you five in addition to that. You will kindly conclude within that time."

There were lawyers in that court-room who wondered why Tom Walsh could not have lived at least ten days longer.

V

The first major prosecution Walsh was planning to undertake after he became Attorney-General was action against the Mellon-owned Aluminum Company of America. While on a Senate investigating committee he had compiled a wealth of data on the trust.

When Cummings took office, he promptly told the reporters that the Aluminum trust "would be investigated." He amplified this many times later by stating that

it "was being investigated." Why he needed to make any investigation when he himself was unusually familiar with the subject has never been explained.

Before he entered the Cabinet, Cummings was counsel for the Bausch Machine Tool Company of Connecticut. In that capacity he had filed suit for \$9,000,000 damages against the Aluminum Company for damages growing out of alleged violation of the anti-trust laws. Losing the first decision in the Federal District Court, new lawyers for the plaintiff took over the appeal after Cummings became Attorney-General. Then the Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the original verdict, and upheld most of Cummings's original contentions as counsel for the Bausch Company. In a sharply worded verdict, handed down by Judge Manton, and concurred in by his two associates, the Court held that "the appellee's monopoly [the Mellon combine] had been formulated by acquisition of substantially all commercially valuable bauxite deposits within the United States."

The Attorney-General cannot complain that he did not have ample ground to proceed against the Aluminum company; nor can he allege that the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act suspending the anti-trust laws under code exemption exonerated him, for the aluminum industry was not put under a code until nearly a year after Cummings took office and the code even then was effective for only ninety days.

The truth is that Cummings dodged his responsibility. He is not interested in any of the great abuses under the New Deal.

When on July 8, 1934, Senator Lewis of Illinois, chairman of the Democratic senatorial campaign, announced that the administration would take steps to punish certain large business concerns which he

said had failed to keep faith with the government and which had "joined together to lift the prices of everything, cheat the government and rob the public," the story was carried to every newspaper in the country. The *New York Times* thought so much of it as to give it front page space.

But the same day the office of the Attorney-General hastened to deny that "any major prosecution is imminent." Credit for the success of the New Deal legislation generally in the courts must go to Donald R. Richberg, general counsel of the N.R.A. Richberg has a long and brilliant record back of him; his single-handed triumph against 150 of the ablest corporation lawyers in the country in the St. Louis & O'Fallon railway valuation case before the Interstate Commerce Commission is his most notable victory, although two years later it was over-turned in the Supreme Court by one vote.

When and if Cummings should retire from his post, many of those close to the President believe he will name Richberg. He is believed to have considered Richberg for the office originally, during the Cummings *ad interim* appointment, but hesitated to draw two of his Cabinet members from the same city. Secretary Ickes is also from Chicago.

Cummings's record for inaction is an impressive one.

Early in 1933, the Senate banking committee turned over to his office a vast amount of evidence in connection with the Dawes bank, Kreuger, Lee & Higginson, the Illinois Life Insurance company, etc. No prosecution was undertaken.

Even the Ogden Mills case has been ignored. In January, 1933, while Secretary of the Treasury, Mills awarded the estate of Ogden Mills, Sr., an abatement of \$5,875,000. Ogden Mills, as counsel for the estate, dealt with Ogden Mills, Secretary of the

Treasury. Even many a political veteran was astonished at the result, yet Cummings has had the facts before him for a year and a half and has taken no action.

With a few notable exceptions—as Sanford Bates, commissioner of prisons, and Joseph Keenan, who has had remarkable success in kidnaping prosecutions—the Attorney-General has staffed his department with political hacks, most of them palmed off on him by Farley, who wouldn't even consider letting them into his own Post Office Department.

But if the swindling bankers and commercial high-jackers get no attention from the Attorney-General, he does consider his office an appropriate place to give out formal statements about Dillinger and "Machine Gun" Kelley.

While the hunt was on for Dillinger, Cummings issued regular statements as to where the outlaw might be. In one, covering four newspaper paragraphs, he speculated on the possibility of the desperado being dead, and a week after Dillinger was slain, the Attorney-General announced that the two girls who accompanied the gang leader to the death scene would not be prosecuted by the government. Unfortunately, he was out of the city, en route to Honolulu, when agent Purvis of Chicago visited the Department of Justice to tell the story of the slaying. But Acting Attorney-General William Stanley measured up to the occasion by declaring a general holi-

day in his office, so everybody in authority could hear Purvis.

It is a far cry from Theodore Roosevelt's Philander C. Knox to Franklin Roosevelt's Homer Cummings. Knox had a habit of personally taking charge of big cases. In the prosecution of Morgan, Hill, *et al.*, in the Northern Securities suit, Attorney-General Knox personally conducted it through all the stages to the Supreme Court, where he won it; but the difference between Knox and Cummings is the difference between a New Deal and an Old Deal in Attorneys-General.

"Practices of the money changers," said President Roosevelt in his inaugural address on March 4, 1933, "stand indicted in the court of public opinion; the money changers have fled their high seats in the temple of civilization."

These are remarkable and memorable words, worthy of a Jackson; but closer examination of the record will show that if the money changers fled at all, they hastily retraced their steps when they found they were running, not from the grim, highly competent Thomas J. Walsh, but from Homer Stille Cummings.

Future generations of students of American history, looking over the New Deal, will be puzzled to know why—if "the money changers stood indicted in the court of public opinion"—the President then turned their prosecution over to an affable, easy-going Connecticut politician.

PAN AMERICANISM: MYTH AND FAILURE

BY ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY

PAN AMERICANISM, in its organized and intensively and politically cultivated form, as it has been promoted for more than a generation by the United States, through its instrument, the Pan American Union, has demonstrated its complete sterility and lack of value, so far as accomplishing the ends which are proclaimed as its *raison d'être*. To the extent of fully 90% it represents wasted time, effort and money. It is a failure. Because of persistent and immutable conditions and facts it cannot be anything else.

This is recognized and acknowledged by those who have studied, and are cognizant of, the situation and its causes, and who appraise it in the light of reality, and who are not inhibited by official or personal reasons from openly and frankly expressing their judgments.

No stock is taken in Pan Americanism by Latin American public men, internationalists or writers, in their inner consciousnesses, the while they may publicly, with their tongues in their cheeks, through policy or politeness, preach and support its principles with more or less synthetic vehemence and enthusiasm. Most of these Latin Americans appraise the positions in which their countries stand with the United States chauvinistically and pragmatically. In matters which practically concern their national interests and Latin American-United States relations they are far more addicted to realities and to adherence to them than statesmen, publicists

or doctrinaires north of the Rio Grande, in or out of the Department of State.

Pan Americanism has failed, chiefly, because it is founded and has been conducted upon premises and conclusions which possess slight foundation in fact. Broadly, the basic structure of the theory conceived and sustained, without more than tenuous support in actuality, by the originators of the Pan American fallacy in the United States, the leader of whom was James G. Blaine, when he was Secretary of State, is this: politically, the United States and the Latin American countries have a common origin and purpose. In this there is some truth, but with these qualifications: all of the Latin American governments are, and always have been, no more than hypothetical democracies. With our encouragement and blessing they adopted our form of government, but only in form. Every government in Latin America is a despotism, controlled and run by whatever political oligarchy may chance to be in power for the moment.

The theory also is that there is an inherent, vigorous, cohesive community of interest, spiritually, culturally and materially, between the people and the government of the United States and those of Latin America; and that, to a high degree, their national underpinning and fibre, ambitions, objects and outlooks are kindred. Therefore, argue the Pan Americanists, we should cling and work together, as neighbors on the same sea-isolated conti-

nent. Nothing could be further from the facts.

Spiritually, culturally and politically we and they are as remote from each other as the poles. To a great extent this affirmation also applies to our individual material interests. Theoretically, Latin America—perhaps because it is enamored of our size and puissance or of our *beaux yeux*, or through gratitude—should by preference purchase from us the bulk of its imports, while we should absorb most of its exports; the field of Latin American exploitation and development should in the main be naturally an appanage of the United States. The hollowness of this postulate is betrayed by the facts.

II

Until the World War, and despite more than a quarter of a century of strenuous and strident beating of the tom-tom of Pan Americanism, our export trade to Latin America was negligible, in comparison with that of European countries. Latin America gave most of its patronage to Europe. Europe then was far closer, in travel-time, than the United States. The Latin Americans knew and liked Europeans better than they did, or do, North Americans. European penetration, through immigration, was far in excess of North American, of which there was virtually none. European prices and credit terms were more favorable. European goods were more acceptable and not infrequently of better quality than those offered by the United States. United States manufacturers exerted slight endeavor to open up or cultivate the Latin American field; and if, in order to dispose of a temporary surplus which they were unable to sell elsewhere, they did break ground a little, they were easily discouraged and put forth only lan-

guid efforts to consolidate or extend their footing.

Development enterprise in Latin America—railway, public works construction, etc.—was almost entirely monopolized by European energy and capital.

Change came with the World War, which shut down on supplies and capital from Europe. Needs of both in the Southern republics continued with no considerable abatement. Europe was out of production in manufactures for export, especially Germany, England and France, which had been the principal sellers; their capital was absorbed for war purposes. By fortune, the United States remained in production and had plenty of capital. Latin America turned to us. Substantially, we were its only source of supply. Thus the Latin American market fell into our lap, literally. Latin America was compelled to buy from us, not because it wanted to particularly, but in lack of any other reservoir of goods or capital upon which it could draw. We merely took what was offered to us on a golden platter.

Swollen with prosperity and war profits, the purses of American investors, handed over to banking groups, poured more than a billion dollars into Latin America, in state loans; in part, in private development enterprises. Our bankers granted loans and provided capital unstintedly. They fought among themselves in fierce and unbusinesslike competition for the privilege of hiring out other people's money. They bribed politicians and kinsmen of Presidents to take loans offered by one group in preference to those temptingly dangled by another. They financed state and individual projects, many of which had slumbered in the egg for decades, for want of the Midas touch of foreign capital and from which European bankers had shied away on account of their unsoundness.

Millions provided by unwary and deluded American investors, through banking syndicates in which they had blindly placed confidence, were wasted or grafted by Latin American politicians. The United States bankers confessedly failed to exert themselves to insure that the money which at their discretion they lavished, almost forced, upon Latin America, was properly and honestly expended, or, sometimes, not used for the purposes for which loans had been contracted.

What happened to the American investors' money is shown by a comparison of the current prices of Latin American bonds and the prices which they paid for them, and by scanning the list of these "securities" which are in default. None of them will ever pay out in full.

Latin American delegates at the latest Pan American Congress, which was held in Montevideo in December-January, 1933-4, began a drive to settle their countries' obligations to American investors on a basis of their "capacity to pay," which is an enigmatic and elastic formula, carrying with it scanty hope or encouragement for the bondholders. If they or their heirs obtain 50% of what is owing to them, this result will exceed the most optimistic expectations of those who are familiar with the situation and its prospects.

Gradually, after the war, when European manufacturers got back into production and into their stride and reached out to regain their markets in Latin America, they succeeded and at the expense of American trade. They are pressing and expanding their successes.

Latin America in the future, as in the past, will never purchase more than it is compelled to from the United States, unless prices, credits and qualities can compete with European offerings, or unless satisfactory and inviting reciprocal tariff

adjustments are arranged between the United States and each Latin American country. So much for our chances of resuming our fortuitous and evanescent war-born trade supremacy in Latin America.

Thus one sees that even materially Pan Americanism has fallen short of its object. Its failure has been still more complete and discouraging, and for obvious and ineradicable reasons, in consolidating and strengthening spiritual, cultural and political ties and in inculcating mutual trust, coöperation and friendship, at least on the Latin American side.

III

Spiritually and culturally there is absolutely nothing that operates to draw us into closer communion with Latin America. North Americans and Latin Americans stem from sharply differing and conflicting bloods, cultures, traditions, customs, aims, schools of thought, ideals, and personal and national ambitions and outlooks. Fundamentally, we and they are in ancient, irreconcilable racial conflict. We are not whelped of the same litter. It is the identical racial conflict which, at bottom, causes the Englishman to dislike the Frenchman, the Gaul the Teuton, the Italian the Austrian, the Russian the Japanese, the white-skinned man the brown-faced man, and so on and vice versa.

In mass, the Latin American does not understand, evaluate, like nor trust us, more than we do him. He does not want nor try to. Nor do we. Fault cannot justly be charged to either. We and they were born that way. And in our relations, in our mutual attitude and purview, the light of each shines accordingly: "You in your little corner and I in mine."

None of the foregoing material provides food upon which Pan Americanism may

feed and grow affirmatively and importantly great and useful.

Latin Americans look askance at Pan Americanism, chiefly, perhaps, because the movement emanated from the United States. They regard it as a unilateral affair, devised by shrewd and unscrupulous Yankee politicians and imperialists, as an instrument to enable them to boss the guileless, generous Latin Americans and to get the better of them. They vaguely connect it in some way with the Monroe Doctrine, against which they persistently and bitterly rail, to which they refuse to subscribe and which they hold to represent a patronizing, unsought-for and unwelcome species of tutelage. Under Pan Americanism, their rôle, as they see it, is to practice Pan Americanism according to the pattern provided for it by the United States and to assent supinely and unquestioningly to whatever the United States decides should be done, or what it desires to do, in the name of Pan Americanism. Their inclination thus far has been to go along, but suspiciously and grumblingly, and to reap what benefits they may, which are inconsiderable, from organized Pan Americanism. Whether they are right is not relevant to this exposition. The fact is merely stated. They can hardly be blamed, for such expression, direction and policy-shaping as thus far has been given to Pan Americanism has, as a whole, proceeded from the desires and conveniences of Washington, as enunciated by the Department of State.

The Pan American Union, which is composed of the Latin American diplomats accredited to Washington, is run by the Department of State, through the Director General, whom it selects. He has always been a North American. It is inconceivable that a Latin American should ever gain the post.

It is asserted in Latin America that the United States has utilized Pan Americanism and Pan American Congresses to coerce the Latin Americans to blink at our imperialistic and interventionist activities in the Central American and Caribbean countries and to accord them tacit endorsement. Until the latest, the Seventh, Pan American Congresses were invariably conducted, and their agendas drafted, as Washington decreed they should be conducted and drafted. Washington took care to manage that topics and discussions which were calculated to annoy or embarrass it were adroitly, but implacably, sidetracked. Unpleasant and vociferous revolt was planned, and partly erupted, in Havana in 1927, against imperialism and the rights we arrogated under our extended and distorted interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. Warned and apprehensive, Washington advanced its premier special-pleader, Charles Evans Hughes, into the breach. By his eloquence and plausible dialectics and rhetoric he temporarily smothered the revolt and overbore and confounded the revolvers. But he merely drove the insurrection underground. There it fermented sourly and waxed.

In pursuance of President Roosevelt's well-meditated, perfectly timed and not-to-be-over-praised previous pronouncement of his "Good Neighbor" policy toward Latin America, Washington altered its tactics and put forth no effort, so far as could be detected, to muzzle or control the proceedings at Montevideo. The Congress, freed of trammels, resolved itself into an open forum. Every Latin American delegate who had opinions to deliver on the subject of what the attitude of the United States toward Latin America had been, was or should be, arose and orated. This discussion and condemnation of imperialism caused no shudders of resentment or

dismay or gelid paroxysms to rack the frames of the American delegates. They listened serenely, spiritually bolstered by their realization—which was shared by all present—that, in view of the recorded evidence of President Roosevelt's proclamation that the United States had finished with interventions in Latin America, the orators were merely threshing over old straw, belaboring a dead ass. Before the President's pre-Congress refurnishing of our somewhat tarnished international virtue, there was really nothing for the apocalyptical and passionate declaimers to charge with their lanced words, but evacuated trenches.

Latin American sentiment upon Pan Americanism and Pan American Congresses was expressed editorially by the powerful *Excelsior* of Mexico City on August 21, 1933. The editorial accurately voiced what Latin America, in its heart, thinks of both and of their works. *El Excelsior* said:

Six Pan American Congresses have been held in different cities of America and nothing practical has resulted from any of them. We are unaware of a single resolution adopted in these useless, costly and even ridiculous assemblages which has been translated into anything positive or beneficial. Pompous and hollow speeches, elaborate entertainments, cordiality which does not exceed the limits of diplomatic practice, promises, utopian projects, vagueness and, in a word, foolishness elevated to the nth power under the auspices of all the American nations—to the present this has represented the so-called work of these Congresses.

It is all right for us once or twice to enact this farce in the name of Pan Americanism, because we realize that humanity . . . enjoys being fooled . . . but to repeat the same comedy seven times in succession, with no one objecting to it or raising a protesting voice or appealing to the good sense of statesmen and to the

respect which is due the nations that they recover their good sense and get back to realities is inexplicable, and a thing that speaks badly for those who plan, organize and carry out these assemblages.

It is expedient at present not to waste money, time and serious effort fruitlessly. . . .

Is it possible that again, in Montevideo, after six comical, unsubstantial spectacles, we shall see a renewal of the *opera-buffe* . . . and to the same hand-organ music of the previous Congresses?

There are no obligations, no matter how urgent they may appear, which compel a country to make itself ridiculous seven times by participating in the tiresome nonsense perpetrated in the name of Pan Americanism. . . . The American peoples . . . should break the artificial chain of Pan Americanism, and thus rupture one more falsity, as soap bubbles are pricked or illusions forged by fools. . . .

Comment is not needed upon one—perhaps the most notable in its significance—incident at Montevideo. The delegates diligently exercised their fraternal and collective influence to endeavor to induce Paraguay and Bolivia to end their war over the Chaco. Announcement was made that they had succeeded; that the belligerents had agreed to make peace. The *vivas* which greeted this assurance had barely died away when Bolivia and Paraguay went at it harder than ever. As this is being written, nearly seven months later, the war in the Chaco is still on.

Another insurmountable obstacle to the success of organized Pan Americanism, that "tiresome nonsense" as *El Excelsior* rightly stigmatized it, lies in this: Pan Americanism is predicated upon the feasibility of a hard and fast union, combination, coalition, understanding, working arrangement—call it what you will—between two prime entities: the United States and, collectively, the Latin American countries. But, it is grievous to be

compelled to admit that beyond the theoretical, there is no sympathetic feeling, no solidarity, between any two Latin American countries. There should be, perhaps, considering their spiritual, cultural, racial and linguistic similitudes. But there is not. They are all supremely jealous and mistrustful of one another, especially those the territories of which adjoin. They are set on hair-triggers, for quarreling, for war. If they could afford it, war would be raging among them most of the time. Consider, for example, Chile and Peru, Colombia and Venezuela, Paraguay and Argentina, Paraguay and Bolivia, Argentina and Brazil. Some of the most bloody and tenacious international strifes recorded in history have been waged by the "sister republics" of Central and South America.

This being true, in face of the chronic, peevish and incessant dissonances among the Latin American countries themselves, what effective service are they in a position or disposition to render, in the way of harmonious, collective and continuing effort and coöperation, to the cause and prosperity of Pan Americanism?

If Latin America presents a solid front on anything it is this: Opposition to the United States; jealousy, mistrust, dislike of us.

IV

Omitting from consideration comparatively inconsequential accomplishments, which might as easily and as well have been managed without the range of organized Pan Americanism or the activities of the Pan American Union, neither has contributed anything worthy of mention toward a better understanding or a profitable working partnership between the United States and Latin America. Again to quote from *El Excelsior's* editorial:

"... the mountain labors and brings forth a wretched mouse."

If searching analytical processes are applied to our new "Good Neighbor" Latin American policy, what stands revealed? What are the bone and sinew beneath its amicable and altruistic surface semblance? In reality, it amounts scarcely to more than a gracious, timely, needed, and commendable gesture, spacious, generous and sincere. It puts the record straight and places us on record. We announced a sharp reversal of policy. We pledged ourselves against interventions by arms, such as those of which in the past we were guilty, in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Panama, Cuba. We abjured imperialism. We followed it up immediately by abrogating the Platt Amendment, which gave us the right to send our troops into Cuba at any time when it became requisite to protect our or other foreign interests there, in the prevalence of domestic disorder and the inability or failure of the Cuban authorities to keep order and extend protection. That was well done.

But it is completely erroneous to interpret this as a blanket and irrevocable surrender of our right, according to international law and practice, to do anything in Cuba, or in any other Latin American country, which we were specifically permitted to do by the Platt Amendment. We yielded nothing, save our privilege, granted by a special treaty and incorporated upon our insistence in the Cuban constitution. The treaty has been denounced; the section of the constitution in which the treaty was embodied has been repealed. So far so good.

But we have certainly relinquished none of our rights, duties or responsibilities to our own citizens, conferred upon us by the currently accepted and practiced warrant of international law; the right, duty and

responsibility of any nation to send its troops into foreign territory to safeguard the lives, if not the properties, of its nationals when the government of that country is powerless, refuses or neglects to provide that protection.

Should by evil chance several Americans, among them, perhaps, women and children, tomorrow be slain in Cuba during riots or rebellions, before the lapse of

twenty-four hours marines, followed later by army troops, would be policing the island and protecting our nationals; and, incidentally, the politics-drunken Cubans from each other.

In other words, President Roosevelt hasn't changed our relations with Latin America in the slightest. Pan Americanism remains a futile dream, and the Pan American Union remains a silly institution.

STUPIDITIES OF THE MILITARY

BY H. A. DE WEERD

THERE is an enmity of long standing between the scholar and the warrior. In his "Essay on Modern Education," Dean Swift reported overhearing the loud tap-room discourse of a military officer on the merits of the scholar. It ran: "Damn me, Doctor, say what you will, the army is the only school for gentlemen! Do you think my Lord Marlborough beat the French with Latin and Greek? Damn me, a scholar, when he comes into good company, what is he but an ass? Damn me, I would be glad to see any of your scholars with his nouns and verbs, his trigonometry, what a figure he would make at a siege or a blockade! Damn me —."

Although he is thus shown to be fairly effective when gunning for scholars in ordinary, the professional military man throws aside all restraint when confronted by that *bête noire*, the arm-chair critic. Such an encounter calls for the employment of the heaviest artillery and for terms of superlative reproach. Professional soldiers show under these circumstances the same lofty sort of resentment that a college of surgeons would demonstrate toward an intruding chiropractor at one of their own post mortems.

In my youth I had the experience of sitting at the feet of a great but very unprofessional soldier. It was after the Boer War and in a snug Dutch community. On long summer afternoons unassuming and human Christiann De Wet talked for hours on the front porch of one of my

neighbors. For nearly two years he and his companions, all un-trained and un-professional soldiers, had resisted a British army ten times as strong as their own. Within a few weeks from the end of hostilities they captured the second highest ranking British officer in South Africa, and ruined, in the course of the war, the reputations of half a dozen staff officers carefully trained at Camberley. One got the unforgettable impression, while this quiet Dutchman talked, that war was largely a matter of common sense, and that when men violated the dictates of common sense, they were in for military tragedy. Training, uniforms, stars and garters only made their fall more ponderous and ridiculous.

In the other professions progress is more or less assured by the healthy effect of criticism—*La critique est la vie de la science*. In the military field, however, criticism is ruled out in the interests of discipline. Jean de Pierrefeu, who drafted official *communiqués* at the French headquarters during the World War and who had an extended opportunity to watch the high priests of the profession at work, declares: "The army itself detests the critical mind. The subordinate who disagrees with his chief is classed at once as a subversive spirit. To be right is a matter of rank." Military men find it pays to keep silent and wait for seniority to bring them advancement, rather than to risk official displeasure by speaking out. Former minister Millerand pointed out at a meeting of the French cabinet on March 18,

1915, that all the generals supported the commander-in-chief on a certain issue. He also observed that at a conference of admirals, all the officers echoed their chief, Admiral Boué de Lapeyère. He was about to go on with his remarks, but said, "Oh, I was forgetting. There was just one officer who took an opposing view. He was cashiered." With no criticism from within, the professional soldier is naturally exasperated when mere outsiders take up the cudgels.

One of the common consequences of this professional restraint on criticism is the continued employment of obsolete weapons or methods long after better ones have been devised. The old refrain—"What is good enough for Admiral Nelson —," or "The rifle remains the master of the battlefield," or "I would like to see Captain Liddell Hart with one of his mechanized divisions on a Kansas gumbo road after a heavy rain"—has had countless military variations. The unhappy results of this backwardness were not so obvious in the petty wars before 1914, but they showed up in bold relief when Armageddon came. Here, for once, the professional military leadership of Europe had virtually the whole world, human and material, for their exploitation. The stage was set with an elaborateness never before attained. How did the military "brains" of Europe perform in this crisis?

Three comparatively new problems were thrust before them: trenches, barbed wire, and the machine-gun. Their confusion was immediate and impossible to conceal. They met these problems precisely as if the Russo-Japanese War had not been fought—and as if the nine-year interlude had been spent in profound professional slumber. They decided that the frontal attack, the war of attrition, "killing Germans," "bleeding the French army white," were the only ways in which the conflict could be ended. When

the history of the World War is finally written in its definitive form (if it ever is), and when it can be placed in its proper perspective in relation to the conflicts of the past, this dreadful performance on the part of the military leaders of Europe must certainly bulk as one of the most amazing aspects of that gigantic conflict.

II

In the years before the World War professional naval leaders, especially on the Allied side, showed little tendency to depart from the dreary routine of their military brothers. Here new ideas were rejected with a regularity which did honor to the most reactionary traditions. Some jewels from the crown of the British Admiralty will reveal how rock-ribbed were the keepers of the seas. For generations after Trafalgar no change of any consequence was attempted in the Royal Navy. It would have been an affront to the memory of Nelson. Admiral Sir Percy Scott, one of the greatest naval inventors who ever lived, has testified that gun mountings almost identical to those in the Elizabethan navy survived in the British fleet until 1877! Sails and rigging were retained for forty years after they ceased to be of any practical utility. It took four naval disasters, one after the other, to convince the Admiralty that this now dangerous and useless equipment ought to be removed from the steam-propelled vessels of the fleet.

After H.M.S. *Captain*, *Eurydice*, *Atlanta*, and *Condor*, encumbered with their useless sails, had foundered in heavy weather, sails and spars were finally abandoned. This was in the year 1901! The Admiralty had, of course, received any number of suggestions for their removal, but its method of dealing with such suggestions was highly effective. Duplicate written copies of the proposals for change circulated for several

months through the various departments of the Admiralty, until finally the dog-eared papers were returned with thanks but with no decision for action.

In 1899 Admiral Scott made a tour of inspection on H.M.S. *Terrible*, a ship which was regarded at the time as about the last word in fighting efficiency. He found that the sights for all the guns were utterly unserviceable, that the forward ports for the 9.2-inch guns were too small to sight through, and that the guns *could not be loaded* for want of room to open the breech. A reader unacquainted with the singular habits of the military mind might assume that these glaring defects were speedily remedied, once they were pointed out. On the contrary, it took years of heartbreaking effort on the part of Admiral Scott and others to *force* the necessary improvements. So consistently were new ideas rejected, especially when proposed by men in the service, that two torpedo experts who had devised an improvement in under-water firing, and who wanted their government to profit by their invention, sold it to the Whitehead factory. They knew that if they submitted it, rejection would follow, but felt there was a chance of its adoption if submitted by the Whitehead firm. The regulation naval target was a standing joke in the service. It was costly, heavy, and collapsed when struck by a shell. Yet when Scott devised a cheaper, handier, non-collapsible target, the Admiralty haggled for four years before adopting it.

In the simple but vital matter of the elevation of naval guns one finds an interesting example of the pre-war British naval mind at work. From 1905 on the guns of the German fleet were known to have a maximum elevation of 30 degrees. Every schoolboy knows that the greater the elevation of the gun, the greater the range of the projectile. Under such circumstances

many British officers felt that with a maximum elevation of $13\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, British naval guns would be fought at a distinct disadvantage if pitted against a German adversary. For four years they labored to get the Admiralty to increase the elevation of British guns. Finally in 1909 they achieved a victory. The Admiralty decided to increase the elevation—by a degree and a half! So 15 degrees remained the standard elevation in all but new vessels until 1915, when, ten years after the Germans, the British raised their elevation to 30 degrees. By that time, however, the German naval guns had an elevation of 40 degrees, so that in 1917 the British were forced to raise their elevation again—this time to 40 degrees.

With dogged tenacity the British Admiralty retained for years a searchlight which burned the hands of the principal operator and the glare of which made it impossible for him to see what he was doing. According to Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon the British deliberately rejected a thoroughly efficient submarine mine before the war and adopted a distinctly inferior one. The firing mechanism of the British mine seldom functioned and the moorings were so weak that they parted in a sea-way. Many were washed up on the Dutch coast where thrifty housewives converted them into flower pots. Similar backwardness appeared in the provision of sighting gear, of director firing, of turret and magazine protection in battle cruisers, of daytime offensive use of torpedo boats, of smoke screens and other matters.

The depth charge, perhaps the most important of all anti-submarine weapons, might have been available for use long before it was had it not been for the action of the British Admiralty. As early as October 1, 1914, this device was suggested by Captain B. H. Colomb, whose design included a firing mechanism controlled by a hydro-

static valve. Admiral Sir Charles Madden made a similar proposal on October 19, 1914, and designed a howitzer to "lob" out the depth charge. Working independently, Admiral Sir Percy Scott made a depth charge designed to be carried by surface and aircraft. Since the essential parts of the depth charge were simple in character, quantity production could have been achieved by the end of 1914. As it was, the Admiralty held up the depth charge until 1916, "trying to improve it."

Early in the war the British Admiralty decided to equip a fleet of dummy warships, and cut up sixteen fine merchantmen at a cost of \$5,000,000. When they were completed, the Admiralty apparently had no plan for their use. As a result, some of these vessels were used to make a breakwater on the island of Imbros, and the rest were reconverted back into merchantmen! This was done at a period when the shipbuilding resources of the Empire were being taxed to the utmost. A British squadron chasing the German Admiral Von Spee from his China base into the Pacific overtook some of his store-ships and colliers. Disdaining to capture these vessels laden with coal and supplies, they sank the lot—only to turn back in a day or two *for want of coal*. It was folly of this sort which caused Lord Curzon, when Viceroy of India, to comment with acid words on a paper submitted by his military advisers: "I rise from the perusal of these papers filled with the sense of the ineptitude of my military advisers."

German guns on sea and land consistently outranged Allied guns of similar calibre. Finally, in an attempt to explain their scanty achievements, Allied generals and admirals pointed out the deficiencies of their equipment, and with splendid audacity they put the blame on the politicians. The politicians were blamed for the want of suitable guns and shells; the public was

blamed for being niggardly with appropriations before the war. It is true that the public purse restricted the *number* of guns and shells purchased prior to the war, but the military men and their professional advisers were largely responsible for the *type* of weapon purchased. Anyone who has seen even a good picture of a Russian field battery of war-time vintage knows at once that the Russian military experts were a set of men devoid of humor. The gun might have had some merits, but the mounting was so low that an artillery man had to assume an awkward crouch in serving it. A tall recruit either had to get down on his knees or break his back. Far from making the task of the soldier easy, here his professional leaders had neatly contrived to make him look ridiculous.

III

Nowhere has the inelasticity of the professional military mind been more clearly revealed than in the pre-war army of France. Here a school of officers called the "Young Turks" were obsessed with a professional doctrine regarding the power of the offensive in modern war. They called it the doctrine of *l'offensive brutale et à l'outrance*, and preached it with fanatical zeal. The most eloquent advocate of this doctrine was a certain Colonel de Grandmaison, whose blindly accepted maxims make strange reading today. "In the offensive," he declared, "imprudence is the best safeguard. The least caution destroys all its efficacy." At the outbreak of the war the French soldiers were to sweep back the German armies in an irresistible offensive. Plan XVII, the strategic child of the "Young Turks," called for a double envelopment movement pressing through the Ardennes Forest in the north and through the Vosges and Black Forest country on the south. All

possible emphasis was placed upon the headlong and relentless character of the anticipated movement.

Pre-war German armies were equipped with eight machine-guns per battalion, while the French, spending their money on theatrical uniforms and well-nigh useless cavalry, limited their machine-gun purchases to two per battalion. Certain French cavalry units were fitted out with polished steel breastplates and ornamental metal helmets with long horse-hair crests—a fact which caused them to be referred to by the scurrilous British soldiers as “the bastards with the horsehair down their backs.” Red trousers and blue coats were standard equipment for French infantry, orange trousers and black coats for the artillery. Thus outlandishly costumed, the troops were expected to deliver irresistible attacks against eight enemy machine-guns per battalion. It was contemplated that these attacks would be made in parade-ground style to the exciting strains of regimental music. Not the slightest inkling of the terrific fire power of the modern machine-gun nor of its great defensive possibilities when supported by ample artillery seems to have disturbed the minds of the French general staff.

Three hundred thousand lives were squandered in the battles of the frontiers, which demonstrated the quixotic character of Plan XVII and exposed the follies of French doctrine. This failure not only exposed the Northern provinces to invasion, but it also made a free gift in the opening days of the war of a large part of the Briey mineral area to the enemy. When the *Commission sur la Métallurgie en France* attempted, at the end of the war, to get some explanation from the French high command as to how this happened, Joffre, the French commander-in-chief, could only say: “You are asking me a bundle of things about which I know nothing.” In the words

of a British expert, General Sir Frederick Maurice, “It took the British and the French four years of tremendous effort to recover from the initial mistakes of Plan XVII.” This is about as much condemnation as can be effectively put within the limits of a single sentence.

After the German retreat from the Marne, trench warfare fastened its grip upon the Western Front. When this line reached the sea and Switzerland, stabilization became complete. What followed was an “outlandish, innovatory war that did not conform to proper text-books, as it ought to have done; an unimagined war of flankless armies scratching each others’ faces across an endless hedge not dreamed of in staff college philosophy.” The embarrassment of the military mind became acute. All they had to offer was the long-rejected frontal attack, pompous declarations from field-service regulations, and a shrill cry for shells. In the ranks of the millions who served as soldiers, there were thousands of highly intelligent men, who, if they lived, were quick to see the unhappy predicament of their leaders. C. E. Montague’s exquisite book, “Disenchantment,” shows how the high-spirited new armies of England were gradually disillusioned. He wrote:

They [the new armies] talked about the failure of French [Sir John French, British commander in France]—of staff work that hung up whole platoons of our men, like old washing or scarecrows to rot on uncut German wire; of little bands of company officers and men who did take trenches in spite of it all, and then were bombed to death at leisure by the Germans, no supports coming up, no bombs to throw back—and here at home, old Regular colonels were saying to hollow squares of their men: “I hear that in France there’s a certain amount of throwing some sort of ginger beer bottles about, but the old Lee-Metford is good enough for me.”

Professional military men in England proposed to muddle through somehow with the old Lee-Metford rifle.

There could be no complaint about the valor of the troops. Time and again they were thrown against the German trench line now swathed in lanes of barbed wire. The failure of the Allied offensives from 1915-1917 was laid to shortage of shells and guns. The professional soldiers, who in the early days of the war wanted to conquer machine-guns with naked spirit, now wanted so many shells per yard of territory to be taken. Pierrefeue wrote:

The number of pieces of artillery considered necessary to demolish the fortifications and break down enemy resistance grew larger every day. In this, reason was no longer a guide; we positively wallowed in triumphant absurdity; a thousand rounds from a 75mm. to cut a gap of 25 metres in a wire entanglement; eight hundred rounds from a long 155mm. gun to destroy a hostile battery at a range of eight kilometres. Ballistics pushed to such a point of perfection had pitiable results.

Masses of Allied artillery were found to be opposed by growing masses of German artillery, and no appreciable progress was made toward "driving the Germans out of France."

If we judge the performance of the Allied military leaders on the basis of their own predictions and forecasts, they must appear in a distinctly unenviable light. Time after time their predictions were utterly upset by ensuing events. Former Minister Étienne records that at a meeting with Joffre in January 1915:

Joffre made him swear not to reveal even to his best friends what he was going to say. When Étienne had duly sworn, Joffre tapped the map with his finger. "There you are," he exclaimed, "that's the point where we shall cut through the line!" He was pointing to Soissons, where, at that

very moment, was the beginning of that painful setback which cost us thousands of men, and which, thanks to the clever arrangement of the communique, scarcely excited any comment.

Joffre used the phrase, "on the eve of a decisive victory," so often that President Poincaré, who had more patience with unproductive generals than most officials, cut in with the sardonic observation, "You mean yesterday eve, my general."

When no strategical or tactical success commensurate with the losses involved attended the Allied offensives in France in 1915-1917, the military leaders were quick to attach utmost importance to the wearing down process, the "killing of Germans," as a condition to ultimate success. Yet it seems past argument that:

The theory which has exalted the "*bataille d'usure*" or the "battle of wearing down" into the foremost position is contradicted by history and would have been repulsed by the greatest captains of the past. Nearly all the battles which are regarded as the masterpieces of military art, from which we have derived the foundation of states and the fame of commanders, have been battles of manœuvre.—There is required for the composition of a great commander, not only massive common sense and reasoning power, not only imagination, but also an element of legerdemain, an original and sinister touch which leaves the enemy puzzled as well as beaten. It is because military leaders are credited with gifts of this order which enable them to ensure victory and save slaughter that their profession is held in such high honor.

It will be difficult for future generations with fuller knowledge to understand why such costly and sterile doctrines as the *bataille d'usure* with its heartless calculations of so many German dead, so many Allied dead, with so many troops to spare, should have been imposed on the nations under arms by the military leaders. It will

be still more difficult to comprehend such a disarming statement as that of Captain W. D. Puleston, U.S.N. ("High Command in the World War"): "The quality of military leadership during the World War was probably higher than in any previous war." Imagine the embarrassment of those worthy shades: Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Cromwell, Napoleon, and Moltke. One feels that there must be stentorian laughter in the Valhalla of warriors.

The French people, who made up the nation under arms, had a somewhat different view of their own leaders, and many a quiet jest was based upon a deep distrust of their general staff officers. When the *Hampshire* sank, carrying with it Lord Kitchener and his staff, the word went around the Parisian streets in a wistful longing way: "Oh, a whole staff wiped out. That's a thing which will never happen to us." In the Roumanian peace the Germans insisted on the return of French officers serving in Roumania. When he heard this Anatole France commented with rich irony: "What a light that throws on the hideous treachery of the Germans! They are sending us back our own officers." Often during critical moments in the war the people turned to the official communiques for support. Here is a sample during the twenty-second month of the struggle: "The Military Governor of Paris draws attention to the fact that only reënlisted N.C.O.'s are allowed to wear cloth numbers. Commanding officers are requested to see that these orders are strictly observed." The word was passed, "France is saved."

IV

Petty quarrels, intrigues, struggles for advancement marked the unhappy course of the conflict. One professional soldier assassinated another with a callousness which

one encounters but rarely even in political circles. An arm-chair critic seldom attacks an officer who has shown marked competence or individuality. Yet, strangely enough, these were just the men to fall beneath the stroke of their superiors. Time after time the man who was right "took the punishment" and the man who was wrong got the decorations or promotion. Sir John French had no liking for one of the British corps commanders, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. When this able officer with a fighting reputation made protests against the costly and futile British attacks at the first battle of Ypres and urged the evacuation of part of that ill-fated salient, he was replaced by Sir Herbert Plumer, who advised and was allowed to carry out the very program for which Smith-Dorrien was sent home.

Joffre deliberately damned his professional rival Gallieni with faint praise after the first battle of the Marne, and just before he was retired with the empty honors of Marshal, Joffre put another rival, Ferdinand Foch, on the retired list. Watching the titanic struggle for ascendancy in Germany between Ludendorff-Hindenburg on the one hand and Falkenhayn on the other, General Max Hoffmann commented bitterly: "The race for power and position seems to destroy all men's characters." General Ferry, a French divisional commander, lost his position because he foretold the German gas attack in 1915. It required the intervention of Lloyd George and Prime Minister Asquith to save the British observer in Russia, Colonel Knox. The War Office did not like his truthful but pessimistic reports. General Coutanceau lost his position because he accurately foretold the German attack on Verdun in 1916. Falkenhayn dismissed the chief of staff of the Second German Army for being right about the British attack on the Somme.

In spite of the protests of French engineers, Joffre ordered the forts of Verdun to be dismantled. He concluded that because the Belgian forts fell so easily in 1914, forts were of no military value. The work of dismantling the forts was not completed when the German attack came. In fact, fortress troops and engineers were hurriedly trying to remove the last guns from Fort Douaumont when the German troops walked in. The French high command rubbed its hands in anticipation when the Germans occupied Douaumont, because they thought the French heavy artillery could soon reduce it to a shambles. Once comfortably settled in Douaumont the Germans within were secure against the heaviest pounding the French artillery could give it. Over 100,000 heavy shells struck Fort Douaumont during the war without seriously damaging it. Then, hasty orders had to be given by the French high command to try to hold the other forts, and sweating engineers had to replace the guns which they had just removed. It was these self-contradictions, the series of perfectly useless moves which so pitilessly exposed the shortcomings of the military mind.

It is a little difficult to understand why the military mind has so frequently been referred to as "practical" and "in touch with reality." The manner in which the military mummery was maintained in the face of circumstances which rendered it ridiculous, is plain evidence that the contrary is the case.

A sense of "reality" or humor would have been not only a face-saver, but to many of the "other ranks"—a life-saver. An illustration of what I mean occurred at the French military hospital at Joigny in October, 1918. There was a fearful rush of influenza patients and an acute shortage of staff. The chief medical officer was attend-

ing his own son who was desperately ill. The assistant medical officer was in bed with pleurisy arising from influenza. The nurses were simply swamped with work, one death occurring at least every hour.

In the midst of this confusion there appears a D.A.M.S. to inspect the used linen. Did he recognize the unhappy plight of the staff? Did it appear to him that an inspection of a lot of old rags under these conditions was a bit absurd? No, indeed. Every scrap of old linen and equipment must be solemnly laid before him. Finally, he pronounced that one or two pairs of socks, which were to be discarded, can stand further mending. Robert Graves records that after the High Wood disaster two out of the three remaining officers of a Middlesex company appeared at headquarters to report the shattered state of their unit. What reception did these exhausted officers receive? "Mr. Hill, it has been reported that certain of the men have appeared in the trenches with their shoulder straps unbuttoned—please see that this practice is discontinued." It is apparent that only with greatest difficulty can the military mind adjust itself to new conditions. For years British officers, when disposing of out-worn wooden pails, reported them "condemned for firewood." When metal pails were substituted, for years they too were "condemned for firewood."

An interesting example of the traditional professional method of covering up deficiencies and of irritation by the military leaders when these deficiencies are revealed by subordinates, critics, or "disturbers," is afforded by the ill-starred Mesopotamian campaign. After the battle of Ctesiphon the wounded had to be removed in whatever river transport was available. Boats which carried horses and mules up river were, without being cleaned or disinfected, packed higgly-piggly with wounded men.

When they arrived in Basra their condition aroused the horror of even case-hardened medical men. Major Carter I.M.S. wrote:

I was standing on the bridge of the hospital ship *Varela* when the *Medjidieh* arrived. She had two steel barges without any protection against the rain—. As the ship with the barges came up to us I saw that she was absolutely packed, and the barges too, with men. When she was about 300 or 400 yards off, it looked as if she was festooned with ropes. The stench when she was close was quite definite, and I found that what I mistook for ropes were dried stalactites of human faeces—. A certain number of men were standing and kneeling on the immediate perimeter of the ship. Then we found a mass of men huddled up anyhow—some with blankets and some without. They were lying in a pool of dysentery about thirty foot square—. I found men writhing on the deck—with their limbs splinted with wood from "Johnny Walker" whiskey boxes, Bhoosha wire and that sort of thing—.

The official report of General Nixon, however, ran true to professional form: "Wounded satisfactorily disposed of—. General condition of wounded very satisfactory. Medical arrangements under circumstances of considerable difficulty worked splendidly." Needless to say, Major Carter came in for rude handling as a consequence of his report. General Cowper Q.M.G. and D.A. threatened to put him under arrest and to take his hospital ship away from him for being a "meddlesome, interfering faddist." At the time of this horror the British Red Cross Society cabled to General Nixon an offer of two motor-launches to help take care of the wounded. To this the general replied: "Nothing required at present. If anything needed in future will not hesitate to ask you." The Mesopotamian commission was forced to conclude that "the want of foresight and provision for the most fundamental needs of the expedition reflects dis-

credit upon the organizing aptitude of all the authorities concerned."

The common soldier was a simple man, but he ultimately saw through the shams of professional soldiering. He measured the confusion of his leaders by the number of perfectly useless moves he was asked to make, by the number of dinners not eaten, by the number of attacks which were announced as "going to win the war" and which fizzled out with heavy losses. When he came to see that beef and pork were handled with greater economy than human lives, the common soldier became "fed up" with his leaders. All armies had periods of unrest or even mutiny as a result of these conditions. "With the Germans it was a continual filtering through of deserters to the Allied Trenches." In the case of the French there was widespread and spectacular defiance of orders on more than one occasion. Australian soldiers who went through the Somme offensive voted against extending conscription to Australia. Evidently they did not care to expose their fellows to the kind of professional leadership which produced this costly "victory."

V

While the military mind was wrestling with the problems of trench warfare and scarcely producing thistles—civilian "amateur" soldiers were introducing the two noteworthy innovations of the war, tanks and gas. It was a civilian "professor," Haber, who suggested to a skeptical German high command the use of chlorine and phosgene gas and who adapted them for war purposes. It was a civilian cabinet minister in England who gave the tanks their initial impulse. While British generals were still talking about the machine-gun as a "much over-rated weapon," it was a civilian cabinet minister who multiplied the existing scale

of machine-guns by sixteen. It was a civilian "professor" who first suggested the use of metal trench helmets which were to reduce the number of head wounds by 25%. This proposal was for some time opposed by the military leaders.

It was a civilian who adjusted the machine-gun to fire through the blades of an airplane propeller, converting this interesting machine into a useful military ancillary. Professional military men were wont, as General Foch did in 1912, to dismiss the airplane as "good for sport but useless for war." When the French astronomer Normann was working on an invention for locating enemy batteries by sound ranging, the professional gunners were frankly annoyed. A non-professional soldier, T. E. Lawrence, rallied the Arabs, broke up the Turks, and rendered valuable aid to Lord Allenby. General Botha, a non-professional

ex-Boer, helped to defeat the Germans in Africa. The fisher folk of England with their trawlers and drifters sank more German submarines than any class of vessel in the British Navy.

With pride undimmed by their performance on the world stage from 1914-1918, the professional military men are again studying their time-worn dogmas, harnessing their potential man-power to out-moded chariots, and looking wistfully toward a new Armageddon. While the tax-payer nods, the generals and admirals soberly build their tin-clad warships and continue to buy "pursuit planes" which are below the standard of "transport performance." Only one voice is raised to call attention to the shortcomings of previous military leadership and to give faint warning against the potential menace of the new. It is the voice of the arm-chair critic.

GONE NATIVE

BY JOHN COLLIER

I WAS grand pooh-bah for Mecklenberger's—rubber. My spot was Kabeke, a river place, of course, and just about the worst of them. When I'd been there about a year, and that was in the year after the war, Charles Harker came through.

You'd call him an odd sort of chap. Perhaps it's odd, though, there weren't more like him in those days. I'd known him before the war, and I'd seen him soon after: two utterly different men. I often think the worst casualties were among those who went through the thick of it without a scratch.

We'd known one another pretty well as boys. His father was the parson of our village. Hon. and Rev. sort of parson, his father was, a man with a face like Dante's. Charles was like most other young men of his sort: a bit intense, perhaps, a bit Rupert Brooke-ish. He enjoyed things.

Anyway, the war changed all that. I was sent out early; I never came across him in France. But when he came back, I saw he was worse than shell-shocked—he was *man*-shocked: the worst case of it I ever saw. I rushed round to see him. He came out to meet me, said all the sort of things I was saying. The only thing was, he couldn't quite conceal a steady, quiet, final sort of disgust with me because I was human.

However, he was obviously intent on getting over it, and I wanted him to, so I noticed nothing. He seemed to be getting it out of his system, and I had forgotten

that when some bruises disappear, it means they've gone in. Then there was a rather nasty bus and car smash right under our very noses in the village. He behaved with great humanity—and with an utter, fundamental indifference that made me realize things. Not so when a dog was trapped, however.

Then I got the Mecklenberger's job, and the next I saw of him was out there at Kabeke. He'd left almost immediately after I did: gone to Brussels, put his bit of money in a Belgian firm with an English name—African Timbers. Now he was out to prospect for rare woods.

Of course, he had to push on to higher ground than my beastly swamp. He went on two or three hundred miles till he got on the first slopes of the Mountains of the Moon.

That's the gorilla country.

The mountains lift themselves out of the jungle, like a bather out of the surf. The jungle rushes up at them, mounting high in every watered scoop; giant fern, giant heather, trees that *are* trees again; and then the bare shoulders of the hills lifting into the giant sky. There's nothing like really high country in the tropics.

Charles made his base pretty high up, with the whole mountain-side falling away below his verandah, and ten thousand square miles of jungle stretched out like a carpet beneath. As I say, I used to go up there every half year or so: Charles gave me half a welcome. Half of him was very

glad to see me, that is, and half wasn't. Half was enough for me, though, throwing our old friendship, and the cool nights up there, into the balance.

The first time I went, nothing much happened. I took a boat's crew as far up the stream as we could get, left them in camp, and did the rest with a couple of boys, so as not to put too much strain on his arrangements. I liked the place he'd made for himself—the only odd thing about it was that he'd put his own boys right away from him. Their huts were out of sight and earshot, away round the face of the hill. The usual misanthropic sort of chap, who squats three hundred miles from the nearest white man, is generally extra matey with the blacks.

At our first greeting I must say I thought it was going to be a very sticky visit. Imagine some unhappy, deformed creature, who had become a solitary in order to forget it, being suddenly confronted with a mirror. I could see that I reminded him that he was human: the very thing he was trying to forget. Still, he said all the polite things, and that night, when we sat outside in the darkness, our chairs slightly divergent, so that we were just two disembodied voices, the other side came out. He was as lonely as the devil, of course. There was something terribly pathetic about it.

"What's going to happen to him?" I thought. "And what's going to happen to Joan?"

That was still more serious. I knew her as well as I knew him: her family were neighbors of ours. They'd got engaged on one of his leaves, when she was hardly out of the school-room. She'd talked a lot about him to me after I was crocked. You know the sort of notions girls of that age can get about a man, especially in war time—knight in armor sort of thing, you

know. She'd scarcely seen him since, except for that short spell after he was demobbed. I didn't know how things stood between them. But I did know the idea of him she'd built up, and the sort of loyalty she had to it.

"How about Joan?" I said to him.

"She's very well, thank you," said he.

There was no getting past that. I can tell you, I felt damned worried about it. I liked the girl, you see. In fact . . . Well . . .

II

Anyway, I felt a jolly sight more worried next time I saw Charles. I'd had a letter or two from Joan in the interior, asking things about him which you'd have thought he'd have told her himself. It was obvious he was writing either nothing at all to her or something very strange indeed.

When I next saw him, he was definitely worse instead of better. He still made the effort at being hearty, and it still sincerely expressed some real need in him. But he wouldn't look at me. He kept his eyes on the ground, in the corner of the room, anywhere. Sometimes, as if he couldn't resist some morbid curiosity, he'd give me a long stare, but that was always when my eyes were elsewhere. I'd feel it, and, as soon as I looked, he'd move his eyes away. There was enough of quiet madness in it to give me a shiver.

Our talk, too, was a strange, crippled sort of thing. It was as if he wanted to get through to me, but every subject we opened on led him in a sentence or two to the edge of his phobia about the world of men. Then we'd dry up for half an hour, and try again, and dry up again.

We got going once, though, on the sensations of being alone on those mountains. He had quite a burst of eloquence. Talked

of a sort of Nirvana: of losing all consciousness and identity, of actually becoming every wind that blew on his face, every smell it brought, every tree he could see, every cry he could hear.

"There's one thing," he said, "the brooks about here haven't got any books in 'em. Now the Kennett," (our village at home was on the Kennett), "that's a whole damned library. You can't wash off your leprosy in a library. The stones here don't scream sermons at you. God! I remember the stones of Rheims! Sometimes I think if I couldn't clean myself in this vast innocence, which is so vast that even what collects in my mind can't stain it, I should . . . I should go mad."

"Oh Lord!" I thought.

"*I've got a friend,*" he said.

The strange tone in which he said it made my blood run cold. It was vague, so remote, lost, shy. As if I could create ordinariness by assuming it, I said: "Who? M'baku? I like the look of that chap. Straight as a die, I should think."

M'baku was his head boy.

"Ugh!" said he. "That . . . ! No."

"No," he said, "I met him down below there. I went down alone to look at some wood I've got seasoning—to try it. He was there."

"What? A pigmy?" I said. For there are only a few wandering pigmies over all these hills. "You can't talk their lingo."

"I don't want to talk," he said. "And it wasn't a pigmy, anyway. It was a . . . what does it matter? We looked at one another. His gentle curiosity took the mess on my mind as if it was the rind of a fruit—took it, and looked at it, and dropped it. You know that gesture?" He made a movement with his hand, as if in imitation.

"What the hell's that?" I thought, for it seemed familiar. However, I had something to ask him. Before I could get it out:

"I was curious too," he said. "But I didn't drop what *I* saw."

"How long is it before you go home?" I said. Which meant also, "What about Joan?"

"You can imagine what it meant," he said. "A response. A response on the part of all this." He waved his hand to the wide ranges, and the foothills below us. "An acceptance," he said.

"But you won't be staying here much longer?" I said. "Surely!"

"He joins . . ."

"Charley," I shouted, "you've got fever. Listen to me. Answer. When do you go home?"

He didn't answer. I heard him get up, saw him stand like a shadow against the blaze of stars, and he had entered the door of his room, which banged forbiddingly.

I sat on, devilishly uneasy. "Either he's really going mad," I thought, "or he's got neurasthenia or something, and it's getting worse here. Either way, he ought to be got back. Joan ought to know something about it."

There was nothing to be done that night. I turned in. Next morning, there was a note on the table: "Called away for a few days. Sorry—unavoidable." There was no signature to this old scrap of formality, picked up off habit's rubbish heap. I didn't like the automatic touch: still more I didn't like the absence of even an initial.

I didn't know whether to go or not. I thought I must stay and see what he was like when he came back. I had to write something to Joan, you see. I couldn't think what the dickens I was to say to her in any eventuality.

What made it all the more difficult was my utter ignorance of how things stood between them. However, I dealt with that to some extent. I thought it over carefully,

and then proceeded to ransack his room. It was necessary to know certain things, and I could only find them in one of Joan's letters.

The letters were there all right. I set to work quite cold-bloodedly to read them. It was necessary, that's all. It was a job I disliked, for more reasons than one.

They were in a box, messed up with a lot of other papers. I saw the last one, which I had brought up with me, still unopened. I didn't know when he had last replied to her, as his out-going stuff—what there was of it—came down to me in a bag, which I passed straight on.

What I wanted to know was what she felt about the whole business. Well, there were her letters: the letters of a girl who'd probably not seen the fellow as much as five months in all, in the five years she'd been engaged to him. Well, I don't know: I imagined myself able to read between the lines. The lines themselves didn't amount to much. How could they? I mean, this seemed to me a young girl's idealistic sort of feeling, which had never had a chance to develop, and which was too constant to fade off, so to speak, as I suppose usually happens. I found myself extraordinarily touched by it. It put me in mind of what one of those Russian writers says—about a whole field of flowers being mown down in a young girl's heart when her first love affair goes wrong. I suppose they're mown down when it goes right, often enough.

One thing seemed quite clear to me: that this business mustn't go wrong, if it hadn't already done so. Whether it was possible for Charles to get cured, or whether the whole thing was going to turn out a tragedy, the important thing was that it should be all clear and straightforward: not go *wrong*, if you understand me; none of this business of unopened letters—of Joan not knowing, and all that.

III

I wanted one more look at Charles, and I hung about there waiting for him. A couple of nights later he came back when we were all asleep: he just came out of his room as usual in the morning. I had the impression he was surprised to see me: otherwise he was very cordial, and talked very sensibly. Too sensibly, perhaps: but how was I to know that what looked like a step in the right direction might equally be a disguise for a step in the wrong one? I noted all the little points I could—the chief of them was still that trick of keeping his eyes off me—and then I left.

I went on past my own place, down the river to Tuahlo—a long trip. There was a proper doctor there. I told him everything I could think of. He was very “if” and “possibly” about it, but said in the end it was far more likely to be some neurosis than actual insanity.

That was enough to go on: at least, it was all I had, and I wrote to England accordingly. I told Joan every point I knew, right down to the reading of her letters, everything the doctor had said and so forth. I told her I hadn't the faintest chance of moving Charles an inch, and that I didn't know whether she had, or whether she hadn't. I left everything to her. Which is to say, I left it to courage, loyalty, and one or two other things she stood for. I know her pretty well, you see.

Well, that letter was sent off by a plane from Tuahlo. I went back to my place to attend to one or two things I could not dodge, and before I was through I went down with black-water fever—the real thing. It was some weeks before I was fit to move, otherwise I should have gone up to Charles before. Meanwhile a cable had come, to say that Joan was on her way out.

I left a lot of instructions against her

arrival, and set out for Charles's place. We were three parts upstream and had put in for the night at a good camp, and I took one of the boys and a gun and went off to fill the pot. When I got back, the others were in a state of great excitement: they swore they'd seen a whole canoe-load going downstream like wildfire. It was ten thousand to one these must be Charles's people. My lads swore there was no white man aboard. I didn't know whether to go after them, or to press on. In the end I decided the river was split up too much to make it worth while following them, so I moved on at top speed, not knowing what the devil I was going to find when I got there.

We left the stream, and went on over the hill-tracks: at least we came out under the bluff where the hut was. From there I could see not only Charles's hut, but the place where his boys had their camp. It was ten o'clock in the morning; there was no smoke rising, and not a sound.

Charles was there, though, and must have spotted us as we went on up. When we were still about half a mile away, I saw his door open, and a figure, which must have been his, come out for a moment.

God knows what passed in his mind. It took us a full quarter-hour to get up to the hut itself, for the track was winding, as well as devilishly steep. When we got there he came out again, dressed up to the nines, but with his things all buttoned up askew, and still bleeding from a hasty shave.

You remember, when you were a child, how false it sounded when grown-ups spoke to you in what they thought to be "children's language." That's how it sounded when he spoke to me, using all the "old fellow" and "pleasant surprise" catchwords—only slightly wrong, like the buttoning of his jacket. Apart from that, he received me just as if I had dropped in

for half an hour, most inopportunistly, in England. Wanted to get rid of me at the first possible minute, and yet was most anxious not to show that he did.

"Look here, old chap," said he, "do you mind if your boys wait for you down below there. The fact is (you mustn't mind), I don't think my friend likes them."

"Your friend?" I said, startled out of my skin.

"In there," he said, lowering his voice and pointing to the room I'd previously had. "Don't make a noise. He's asleep."

Well, I managed to pull myself together, and met his fake with a fake of my own. I put on the "dropped in for half an hour" manner, but made it clear that it was spending the day as far as my intentions went. And I meant to find excuse enough to spend the night too. I wanted to see that friend, or to be sure it was a delusion.

However, I hadn't to wait as long as that. Charles showed himself extremely uneasy, but I politely forced myself inside. The place was in a frightful mess. He spoke very disjointedly, and always in a whisper. I followed his example, in order to keep him consistent, but what little noise we made was evidently enough. Before long we heard a movement from the inner room.

"Good God!" I thought. "There *is* some one, after all, then!"

Whoever it was, it was pulling at the door, and even at the time I wondered why he couldn't work the simple latch.

Charles looked at me, as green in the face as a criminal caught red-handed. I suppose, at the sight of me, his old associations made their claim on him.

Then the door flew open. I believe I let out a yell. Standing in the doorway was a very hefty young male gorilla.

I don't know which of the three was most taken aback. Charles with the ghastly

remnant of his fake sociability began actually to perform some sort of *introduction*.

"Get this brute out of the way," I roared. "Joan's coming. Do you hear? Joan's coming."

"Joan?" he said.

"Yes," I cried. "She's coming. Soon. Now." And I pointed out of the window. As I did so, my jaw dropped, for I'd spoken more truth than I knew. I saw a string of dark figures, and one white one, threading a way up the lower track. It could only be my boys bringing Joan on, as I'd told them to.

Charles saw it, too. The sight and the stress broke down his last vestiges of sanity. He began to gibber.

"Get that brute out!" I roared again.

At this, the gorilla began to snarl—God knows what the creature understood. Charles put his hand on its shoulder, and it subsided.

"You must go," he said to me, regaining his caricature of sanity. "I'm sorry, but we simply can't receive anyone today."

"At least you must make your excuses direct to Joan," I said. "Come. You really must."

I took him by the arm. It was as if I had convinced his legs but not his poor crazy wits. He walked very haltingly beside me, trying to explain everything. "He's my friend. . . . He makes me quiet, whole . . ." Oh! It was a terrible business.

At one minute I thought—"Damn it!

You'd better go back to your friend, you poor devil!" Then I thought of what was bound to happen. On the other side—there was the padded cell.

However, before we got to where my boys were, the gorilla decided it for us. He saw the niggers, and me leading Charles towards them, and he came after us roaring louder than a lion. One of my chaps fled for his life: the other ran up towards us with the gun. Charles threw himself down in a sort of fit. The damned ape was racing towards us, and I couldn't move him an inch.

Fortunately my chap had got the right gun—the rifle, that is. I'd trained him, and my God! I was glad of it. He took the shot like a crack, and dropped the creature dead as a stone.

Charles, when he saw it, ran straight for the boy, who, when he saw what Charles's face was like, dropped the gun and fled as fast as the other had.

Charles rushed up, took the gun, and actually pointed it at the black. Then he gave a sort of laugh—as if to say, "What's the good?" I was nearly up to him by this time, but I saw what he was going to do, and (I told Joan afterwards) I slowed up.

And he did it.

Better than a padded cell, poor devil. A fine fellow, he was, too! That's the end.

I managed to stop Joan in time, and I made some attempt at telling her. But that's the beginning of another story, which I haven't finished yet.

PROGRESS AND CONFUSION IN SCIENCE

BY DAVID RAMSEY

TO THE average layman, modern science is a perplexing paradox. On the one hand, he reads of the discovery of new and revolutionary conceptions; on the other hand, he finds that these discoveries are not hailed by scientists as evidence that we now have a more exact picture of the universe. Instead they seem to view each new truth as a snare and delusion leading to confusion and untruth. Life and the universe are declared to be a book destined to be forever closed to man. As fast as he rips away one barrier to knowledge, seven more mysteriously appear to frustrate him.

If this position is correct, then science is indeed caught in a frightening dilemma: the more knowledge we accumulate, the more confusion do we uncover. To solve the dilemma many scientists have introduced anthropomorphic concepts such as a Great Mathematician or a Spiritual Fourth Dimension to rule a universe ridden by chance and uncertainty.

Even that old-fashioned agnostic, Bertrand Russell, takes the same extreme position that "the universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness." What is back of this movement among scientists and philosophers to substitute the hypostatization of myths for scientific hypothesis and irrational faith for rational analysis? Why do scientists draw philosophic conclusions from the discoveries of modern science which they themselves contradict

every time they perform an experiment in a laboratory? To answer such questions effectively we must examine certain developments in modern physics which led scientists to proclaim the breakdown of causality in nature and to question the accuracy of scientific law.

During the Nineteenth Century scientists believed that matter was composed of small, hard, massy particles. This billiard-ball theory was exploded between 1895 and 1900. It was found that an electrical discharge in a vacuum tube produced a stream of rays coming from the negative metal plate fixed inside the tube. J. J. Thomson identified these rays as consisting of electrically charged particles now known as electrons.

These particles were much smaller than atoms, and all the electrons were charged with negative electricity. Consequently, they would repel one another according to the well-known law that like repels like. Obviously then, the stability of the atom depended upon some charge of positive electricity associated with the electrons.

Sir Ernest Rutherford then brought forward his famous "solar system" theory of the atom. This declared that the positive charge or proton was located at the center of the atom, and that the electrons revolved around this nucleus like the planets around the sun. This model of the atom was confirmed by subsequent experiment, but was not very satisfactory from the theoretical point of view. According to the

theorists the revolving electrons must necessarily radiate energy and approach the nucleus ever more closely, until finally they fell into the nucleus and the whole atom disappeared into radiant energy. On the basis of the classical laws of physics such an atom could not exist.

Max Planck, however, had discovered at the turn of the century that heat radiated from a hot body was not emitted in a continuous manner, but in little bundles or *quanta*. In similar fashion the heat absorbed by a body was not absorbed continuously, but in jerks and in little packets. Later it was found that all forms of radiant energy—heat, light, electricity, etc.—are discrete and not continuous in nature.

While working in Rutherford's laboratory, the brilliant Danish physicist, Niels Bohr, proposed that the quantum theory of radiation with certain modifications be applied to Rutherford's model of the atom. The quantum theory, it was found, could account for the stability of the atom and could explain well-known experimental data which hitherto had not been understood.

Here was another example of how an old scientific theory was replaced by a new and more comprehensive explanation. But a curious paradox appeared, typical of the disconcerting facts that have turned up to plague physicists in the last three decades.

It was found that the old theory of radiation, according to which radiant energy spreads out from its source in the form of waves, could not be abandoned. For example, the wave theory of radiation explained many phenomena connected with the propagation of light which were not explainable in terms of the quantum theory. On the other hand, while the wave nature of radiation correctly interpreted these problems, there was a large class of phenomena such as the emission of electrons

from a metal plate under the impact of *x*-rays which only the quantum theory could elucidate. The two theories could not, however, be reconciled nor could one or the other be scrapped since there was strong experimental proof of both interpretations.

This was among the first of the paradoxes which precipitated the "crisis" in physics that Poincaré, the French mathematician and physicist, called attention to in 1907. Since that time the question as to whether light was a continuous wave process or consisted of minute solid particles which are hurled in discontinuous fashion through space has continued to puzzle physicists. As an English physicist has put it, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays light seems to behave like a corpuscle or thing; and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays it behaves like a wave. We shall see that, unfortunately, too many physicists try to reconcile this paradoxical behavior by letting God take care of the matter in church on Sundays.

In the meantime, the Rutherford-Bohr theory of the atom collapsed under its own weight. It had stimulated research and had been extraordinarily fruitful in solving problems relating to the nucleus of the atom, but by 1925 it was apparent that the model was only an approximation of something more complex. Since that date an entirely different theory has been developed.

II

In the new theory the electron ceased to be a particle and became a system of waves located in what is called a "configuration space." It was the French physicist, de Broglie, who first pointed out that behind the problem of matter is the same paradox of "corpuscle [particle] or wave" long

known in the theory of light. He ventured the guess that material particles such as electrons are always accompanied by waves.

The "wavicles" of de Broglie's theory were given systematic treatment by the Austrian physicist, Schrodinger, and it was not long before the new wave theory of matter was experimentally confirmed. Two American physicists, Davisson and Germer, conducted experiments which showed that electrons behaved like waves. The discovery of the dual character of light—wave and particle—was thus followed by the discovery of the dual nature of matter—particle and wave. The experimental demonstration of the material character of radiant energy and the apparent "dematerialization" of matter into waves are the sort of contradictions which have been accepted by now; they have not as yet been adequately explained.

The wave-mechanics of the atom, for all of its abstruseness (in order to describe two electrons revolving outside the nucleus of an atom, it is necessary to use six mathematical dimensions to obtain the probabilities of their position), has been verified experimentally. It gives the only adequate explanation of the remarkable properties of radioactive atoms. And with the aid of quantum mechanics, Dirac in 1930 predicted the existence of electrons with a negative mass. In 1933 the positive electron known as the positron was discovered by the English scientists, Blackett and Occhialini. Thus the statistical conception of matter as waves has passed the ultimate test of science—verification by experiment. But while accepting quantum mathematics as a tool that deepens our knowledge of nature, we must not be misled by the abstruseness of the technique to conclude, as many scientists do, that the principle of causality can no longer be applied to na-

ture, and that matter has dissolved into something non-material. Einstein poses the problem in the following sentences:

"The latest and most successful creation of theoretical physics—namely, Quantum Mechanics—is fundamentally different in its principles from the two programs which we will briefly call Newton's and Maxwell's. For the quantities that appear in its laws make no claim to describe Physical Reality *itself*, but only the *probability* of the appearance of a particular physical reality on which our attention is fixed."

Attention was first called to this problem by Heisenberg in 1927. He developed what is known as the principle of indeterminism, also called the principle of uncertainty. He deduced from the statistical conception of waves that electrons are not "thingish" or material, but merely probabilities that a possible process might occur. From this concept Heisenberg drew the conclusion that, in all physical measurement, whatever is used to measure an object somehow changes it, so that we can never actually hope to observe any object in any particular position as it really was before we made our measurements or observations. Thus, for example, whatever instruments we use to measure the speed of a bullet somehow slow or deviate the bullet by an amount that cannot be exactly determined.

This alteration of the object by the means of observation was given in classic form by Heisenberg in a statement on the electron. He contended that to study a moving electron we must attack it with a beam of light or another electron, both of which change its velocity to a degree that cannot be exactly determined. Hence in determining the position or the velocity of an electron we can determine either the position of the electron or its velocity but we cannot accurately determine both. The

more exactly we determine its position, the less accurately can we determine its velocity, and vice versa.

Subsequently, Bohr extended Heisenberg's principle of indeterminism to include all natural and social phenomena (see his book on "Atomic Theory and the Description of Nature"). Such a step was inevitable. Once you begin by asserting that physical phenomena are ruled by chance, you will eventually end up by asserting that all things in nature and society happen, not according to scientific law, but according to "pure chance."

The principle of indeterminism precipitated a split among scientists and divided them into two main camps—the determinists and the indeterminists. The former contend that all events are causally conditioned and can all be predicted with certainty. The latter contend that it is impossible to predict any physical event.

Outside of these two principal camps is a growing number of scientists who base themselves upon a consistent materialism. They reject the obscurantism of the indeterminists and emphasize the necessity of a restatement of determinism and causality which will remove the shortcomings of the naïve mechanism that characterizes the billiard-ball philosophy of the first school. Men like Struik of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and H. Levy, the English mathematician, are among the scientists who have come forward recently as exponents of dialectical materialism, which is opposed to the philosophical idealism of the indeterminists and the naïve mechanism of their opponents.

The dialectical materialists point out that the errors of the indeterminists flow from their rejection of the independent existence of the physical universe. By making physical phenomena the products of our minds, the indeterminists make any scientific

problem insoluble since in the final analysis it must, therefore, be referred back to some Divine Creator or Great Geometer. Only mystics can believe that if the earth and all its inhabitants were suddenly destroyed the physical processes of the universe would come to a dead stop just because there was no one present to make observations. Max Planck has pointed out that "belief in some sort of reality outside us alone provides the necessary support in our aimless groping." The fundamental concept of science is then the objective existence of the world independent of our perception and thought. This hypothesis, if you want to call it that, is the very core of science, and is verified every day in every laboratory.

In the second place, the dialectical materialists submit that the denial by the indeterminists of the independent existence of the world leads them to the false idea that matter has vanished and been replaced by non-material systems of waves. The expression that matter has disappeared is not a new one. It has been used ever since the billiard-ball model of the atom was found to be untrue.

What has happened in physics is that the building-blocks of the universe have turned out to be very complex. At present there are no less than six such building-blocks—protons, electrons, neutrons, positrons, deuterons, and alpha particles; and at the moment physicists are looking for still another one—the negative proton. It is not a question of what is the *ultimate* particle of matter. This is the same kind of meaningless question as the one which asks when the world was created. It is rather the fact that there is a world existing independently of our cognition of it. This is the material stuff that science deals with, and will continue to deal with, even if tomorrow scientists find that the electron

itself consists of innumerable sub-particles or sub-waves.

In the third place, the indeterminists give a mystical interpretation to the undeniable fact that in no single instant is it possible to "exactly predict" a physical event. That is, we cannot exactly predict the course of a phenomenon in the sense that our prediction is final or eternal. But the predictions of science are attaining a higher and higher degree of exactitude, as the truth content of scientific laws continually rises. Scientific laws become more and more exact in so far as experiment shows that they coincide ever more closely with objective reality. The carrying out of our ideas in practice and their verification by experiment prove this approximate correspondence with reality. Between our approximation and a theoretically "perfect" exactitude, a gap may exist. But it is a gap entirely too narrow to admit those winds of chance that the indeterminists are so eager to ride into chaos.

In the fourth place, when Heisenberg speaks of the indeterminism that characterizes the behavior of an electron, he simply means that an electron cannot be measured (determined) directly and must be dealt with statistically. This does not mean that an electron, therefore, possesses free will, as is claimed by Eddington. The behavior of an electron is not due to "pure chance," but is the result of causal relationships, the statistical regularity of which can be determined. The notion that physics can only make statements about "probabilities" and cannot make correct analyses and predictions of phenomena completely ignores the point that there can be no probability without causality. The growth of statistical laws does not, therefore, mean that scientific determinism has broken down or that there are no scientific laws which predict events with a high degree of accuracy.

III

Classical physics studied the one-to-one relationships of the particular, such as the movements of bodies like the pendulum. But during the latter part of the Nineteenth Century men like Boltzmann, Maxwell and Gibbs, introduced statistical techniques to deal with the problems having to do with the behavior of the general—with aggregates or classes. Thus we cannot determine the behavior of an individual molecule contained in a vessel full of gas. But we can accurately determine the behavior of the whole aggregation of molecules. The mutual interactions of the molecules composing the gas give us the general law expressing the outcome of these interactions.

A statistical law is not based on pure chance as the indeterminists would have us believe. Naturally, statistical laws are dependent upon the available data. The more complete the data, the more exact is our scientific prediction. But statistical predictions have a deterministic basis, and statistical regularity is the result of causal relationships.

In the fifth place, all experiments involving probabilities, like coin-flipping, are causally determined. That there are no probability phenomena which are not based on causality has been demonstrated by Professor D. J. Struik. The complete method of attack on probability problems, centering around the ergodic theorem, was discovered only three years ago. The indeterminists hypostatize the connections between aggregates of events, and the whole process of determining the probable occurrence of events is wrapped in mysticism. In the new theory, the physical interpretation of the mathematical probabilities is found by a causal analysis of the experiment under consideration.

In the sixth place, causality is not something that we read into nature. We comprehend the connections between events in nature by extracting the relationships that exist between these events. It is these relations that constitute what we perceive as cause and effect. Night follows day because there is a causal link between the earth and the sun. Only a disturbance of this causal link will upset the relations that exist between the sun and the earth.

The world picture, consequently, is governed by a rigorous determinism. We can predict scientific events with an accuracy conditioned by the limitations of our knowledge. Probability can be raised to the point of *practical* certainty. Every barrier that indeterminism erects against a deterministic solution of the problems of the universe falls before the attack of experiment and social practice, which link our picture of the universe to reality.

We thus see that the current statements by mystical scientists like Jeans and Eddington, that materialism has been killed by modern physics, is grossly exaggerated. Materialism is more alive than ever; but it is a materialism that takes account of such things as change and development and movement. Modern materialism tackles the problem of freedom and necessity and shows, not their supposed antagonism, but their intimate connection. To a materialist, "freedom is the recognition of necessity." The blind necessity of nature, to paraphrase Hegel, is blind only in so far as we do not understand it. The indetermin-

ists falsely imagine that they are independent of nature's laws, because they say so verbally. In actuality, we can attain real freedom only when we understand these laws and apply them to our ends.

It can be seen by now that the indeterminists are anthropocentric. They try to make the sciences an expression of the mind and conceive of nature as a kind of mental projection. Their indeterminate universe is being used by people who have political and social axes to grind. For, if nature is irrational and indeterminate, then all attempts to produce a rational organization of society upon the basis of social economic planning are bucking the great Uncertainty that constitutes the universe.

The indeterminists are not consistent. They maintain that there is no real causality in the world—no strict scientific law. But they are not content to let the world be ruled by mere chance. They open the door to magic and faith. And the indeterminists use the hole in the atom to push through a Creator who takes care of the anarchy that they have created.

The indeterminists are a hindrance to scientific progress in that their views attack the only basis upon which science can rear its structures. Their views are picked up by reactionaries who utilize them to attack everything that stands for reason or progress. If science is to go on developing steadily, it must reject the false philosophic doctrines of the indeterminists, which will lead only to scientific retrogression.

THE NEW DEAL WOOS THE ARMY

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

IN ONE of his ablest addresses John Randolph, honest and bitter statesman, denounced the United States Army as a gang of mercenaries, useless in that it was no good for peace, pernicious in that no self-reliant American would trust to it the military safety of his country. In time of war, said Randolph, 7,000,000 free American citizens will fight for their own hearths; in time of peace the military should be sent back to the brothels where it was recruited. It is fortunate that John Randolph is not alive today. Even his magnificent spleen could not stand the strain of recent developments in the status and power of the United States Army in this the second year of the New Deal.

Only one factor in the situation would comfort Randolph. The record of graft in the United States Army, the roster of scandal, is still as packed with meat and juice as in his day. All that has changed is the Army's power, changed so that more and more peace-time activities have fallen to the Army's hand, changed so that the issue is no longer how many of the Army's battles the civilians will fight in war, but how much of the civilians' work the Army is to do in peace. And by civilians' work is not meant rivers and harbors, but work of such social importance, work of such political authority, that as a nation we must soon prepare ourselves for a new concept of American military affairs, approaching the European situation in which the military caste is a powerful peace-time political

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factor. This is one of those chipper little gifts the New Deal has presented to the American people in its genial handling of public affairs.

The attitude on the part of the New Deal that has led to the extension of Army power is one of fondness for the do-or-die form of military organization, faith in the integrity of Army personnel and the necessity of finding somewhere an organization habituated to taking over in an emergency and doing big things in a big way. With a dozen social experiments in progress, each involving no less than a million people and a billion dollars, the Army was as conveniently at hand as those hired house staffs of butler-maid-two-waiters-and-a-footman that the agencies send when you call up. It saved a lot of trouble for the bigwigs of the New Deal when they realized that all they had to do was to make the bugles blow, and there would be a regiment of new executives outside the door, arrayed in lines of four with shoes polished and shoulders square.

That, as a result, the Army now controls a civilian organization of 360,000 young men in the Citizens' Conservation Corps; that it now has officers sitting as the government representatives on the code authorities of almost thirty more-or-less important American industries; that the Army is in absolute command of Public Works Administration funds of \$344,000,000; that, in six States, Army officers have been sent in to take Civil Works Adminis-

tration projects away from civilians suspected of lacking an officer's sense of honor; that the Army was called in to run the air-mail when the private lines took their brief exit; that the form of military organization has been followed in every major recovery agency and every code authority; that a disquieting tendency reaches through the Administration to turn to men of unquestioning obedience for administrative posts—these are some of the fruits of the New Deal that the United States in the future will have to reckon with.

When these facts are mentioned in high places a two-point reply is quickly forthcoming: we had to use the Army because the Army is honest; and, anyway, these are purely peace-time jobs in which the spirit of militarism has no play, in which no militarization of the nation is being effected, and no permanent change in Army status. Both defenses are frauds.

II

It so happens that the same year that marks a sensational growth of Army power marks also sensational disclosures of Army incompetence and Army graft. And as for the spirit in which the Army views the New Deal tasks set before it, it might be apropos to bring in a statement by a great Army personage, no less a master of men than Harry H. Woodring, the Assistant Secretary of War:

Let me speak frankly! If this country should be threatened with foreign war, economic chaos, or social revolution, the Army has the training, the experience, the organization, and the men to support the government and direct the country in the national interest.

Making the point clearer:

Our Army happens to be the only branch of the government which is *already organ-*

ized and available not only to defend our territory but also to cope with social and economic problems in an emergency. It is our secret insurance against chaos. [The italics are Mr. Woodring's.]

Clearer still:

If the Army were so directed, it could organize the veterans of the World War, the C.C.C. men, and through them the administration of emergency relief, into a system of economic storm troops that could support the government's efforts to smash the depression.

And most thrillingly clear of all comes this statement welling up out of Mr. Woodring's heart:

Sooner or later, in my opinion, we shall have to clear away many of the emergency organizations and simplify the government picture at Washington. Although the Democratic platform called for the reduction and consolidation of government bureaus, since March 4, 1933, it has been necessary to create fourteen new Federal departments at Washington. Many simply duplicate or extend the services which the Army is already organized to supply.

It would not be too much to say that with proper Constitutional authority the Army could take over and run them in the interest of the New Deal.

It is my opinion that the Army *should* take over immediately some of the activities which are now being handled by some of the new executive agencies. Whether or not it is true, as many hold, that the C.C.C. camps are the forerunners of the great civilian labor armies of the future, I believe that this activity should be expanded and put under the control of the Army.

Mr. Woodring expounded these doctrines about ten months ago in that famous article in *Liberty*, which was so tastefully adorned with a photograph of National Guardsmen putting strikers to rout. The ten months must have been a happy time for him. Since he spoke many a New Deal function *has* been "expanded and put under the control of the Army."

It is one of the pretty concepts of the New Deal that the code authorities of the three hundred codified industries are representative not only of industry but also of government and labor. The plan is that when the industrial members of a code authority are fixing up to raise prices or lower pay, the government member will raise his hand and tell everybody about the public's and the consumer's interest in the matter; then the labor member will expound labor's side of the situation; and this meeting of minds will result in a balanced program, fair to labor, industry and the general public. But the facts have turned out far different from this pretty dream. Industry writes the codes and names the industrial members of the code authorities. The industrial members alone have the right to vote. The notion of having labor members seems to have snagged somewhere near the commencement of the New Deal. Very few codes have them, and the labor members are generally of the safe sort. Non-industrial interests depend largely on the government members for representation, and it must be remembered that both government and labor members attend code authority meetings only by grace and invitation of the industrial members; General Johnson himself saw to it that they need not be invited to such meetings as the industrial members may desire to exclude them from.

It should be perfectly obvious, therefore, that the government members must be men or women of deep social consciousness, equipped by training and background to handle the issues involved, sufficiently skilled in the forms of the social struggle to be able to overcome by persuasion and public appeal the legal disadvantages of their position. The best men available in the country would be none too good for these unhappy posts. A government really

intending to exercise supervision over the processes of industry in exchange for liberalization of the anti-trust laws would pick its members of the code authorities with as much care as possible; the appointments would be considered among the most important within the power of the administration. The N.R.A., under Roosevelt, Johnson, and Richberg has ducked the task and run away from the opportunity. It has passed along to industry a host of valuable price-fixing and monopoly privileges, and for supervision has depended on a crew of unknowns, many of them Army officers, blessed with all the Army's traditional concern for social justice and the rights of the underdog. Many of the codes are entirely without government members; and for many of the most important of the remainder, our military establishment has been called upon to supply men. Often, one officer has been made the government member of as many as four code authorities.

For some reason or other, official N.R.A. reports on membership of code authorities do not often name an Army member's rank and station and are quite vague about identifying those higher-than-Army officers, the officials of the War Department who have also been summoned to do N.R.A. duty. Business men who are made government members of code authorities in other lines are listed with the names of their firms, but many of the Army members are listed without title and with addresses innocently given as such-and-such a room number, such-and-such a building, Washington, D. C. For instance, one Carl C. Oakes, 2511 Munitions Building, Washington, D. C., turns out to be Lieutenant-Colonel Carl C. Oakes, United States Army, attached to the office of the Assistant Secretary of War, our friend Mr. Woodring—and government member of

the code authority of the fabricated metal products manufacturing and metal finishing and metal coating industry. By tracking down addresses and identifying names it appears that the following industries are coding along with an Army officer (in rarer cases a Navy or Marine man) to check them in the public name and for the common weal:

Paint, varnish and lacquer; fertilizer; grinding wheels; cement; salt products; shipbuilding and ship repairs; special tool die and machine shop; machine tool and forging machinery; wrecking and salvage; lime; builders' supplies; cast iron soil pipe; alloy castings; cast iron pressure pipe; end grain strip wood block; fabricated metal products and metal finishing and metal coating; feldspar; hardwood distillation; electrical industrial trucks; chains; hand hoists; clay and shale roofing tile; cooking and heating appliances.

III

The appointment of these military nobodies is one of the last gasps of the N.R.A. hoopla. It means that in the very largest industries, where there are few government members, the attempt at day-by-day guidance of industry has been given up altogether and openly; in the industries in which Army men have been used, face has been saved but assurance supplied that no vigorous effort will be made to guide, direct or control in any meaningful manner. Industry has won a new power, but despite the elaborate N.R.A. structure, even in its most elaborate recent revision, the same forces are still in control for the same old beneficiaries. The major difference is that where before an industry might have had to explain occasionally to a Federal prosecutor or a Federal Grand Jury it now does its explaining to an Army officer. Army men are noted for their politeness.

Ranking next, probably, to the N.R.A.

as the recovery agency which has been used most to extend the Army sphere of influence is the C.C.C. camps establishment. More than half a million men have passed through the hands of the War Department in connection with this forestry enterprise since its inception. Enlisted personnel in the thousands of camps is kept close to the 369,838 authorized by law, and 4,000 Army officers are continuously employed supervising and training the men in the field. The General Staff of the Army is immensely proud of the fact that in seven weeks after C.C.C. legislation was first introduced it had almost a third of a million youths in residence in 1,315 camps scattered throughout the country. Nor is this enthusiasm invoked by the thought of the trees to be planted and the hillsides to be protected against erosion.

The General Staff has made it clear, as Mr. Woodring has made it clear, that the C.C.C. is a demonstration of what the Army can do in rapid mobilization of the civilian population in event of "emergency." Military apologists in this country always stress the point that American defence is based on swift training of a civilian Army, and nothing delights the generals more than a chance of putting a few hundred thousand civilians through an approximation of the military life. Successive Republican administrations gave the generals the Citizens' Military Training Camps, but these provided training for only a few thousand young men one month in the year; it has remained for the Roosevelt administration to provide a training opportunity the most ardent jingo had never hoped for before. It is the custom in administration circles to deny the military nature of the C.C.C. experiment, but we have the spoken word of Army authorities as to the military usefulness of the campaign and the neatness

with which it could be made to fit into possible war plans. George Durno, experienced Washington correspondent and author of one of the more conservative Washington columns of comment, pointed out on September 1 that:

Administration decision to ask Congress next January to perpetuate the Civilian Conservation Corps was based on two major premises. One has been advertised; the other has not. Both are important to the whole nation. . . .

For over a year approximately 300,000 youths have been doing badly needed work in the forests, learning a healthy routine and sending home millions of dollars collectively to dependent families. But equally important is the fact this forest army stands as Uncle Sam's answer to the compulsory and semi-military training in which nearly every other world power is indulging. . . .

Yankee traditions are flat-footedly opposed to compulsory military training as such. The exigencies of the depression have made possible a voluntary approach. Boys of the C.C.C. are not drilled in the manual of arms or the technique of the machine gun, but under Army officers they are taught the routine and discipline of military life—meanwhile working themselves into a state of physical fitness that would make them immediately available for any emergency.

There it is again: the word "emergency," so frequently used by Mr. Woodring. One wonders what "emergency" it can be that official Washington is always on guard against. The thought that any foreign war situation might become an actual emergency for this country is almost ludicrous. With Woodring warning against "economic chaos" and "social revolution," with strike-breaking now the chief function of the National Guard, with the regular Army ready to "guard" property, with C.C.C. boys already "preserving law and order" by engaging in man-hunts in co-operation with the police when there are

no trees to plant at the moment—how much incentive would be needed before the foresters could be utilized to "protect life and property" when life and property are "threatened" by a strike? The thought is just thrown out as a suggestion; no one—except the far-sighted Assistant Secretary of War—may expect such a thing; but then no one expected concentration camps in Georgia, either, until at least another five years had passed.

After the N.R.A. and the C.C.C. come the other recovery agencies: P.W.A., F.E.R.A., and, as a sort of offshoot recovery project, the brief government management of the air-mail lines. The old slogan is changed; when the Administration is embarrassed it reaches, not for a Murad, but for the United States Army. Gone entirely is that tendency which did for a long time exist in this country, and which ought to be pronounced in any democracy, to keep the Army and Army affairs decently out of sight, treatment fitting for an obscenity of our civilization. When complaints of graft disturbed the serenity of the Civil Works Administration in February of this year, Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins called for the troops. In half a dozen States Army men were put in charge of various projects. When an Army man went to California "to take over," the San Francisco *Chronicle* stood up and cheered that the C.W.A. was being "taken out of the clutches of the politicians."

Apparently no descendant of John Randolph was present to gag at this self-abasement of civilians in the face of Army rectitude, no one to wonder whether a bit of graft might not be better in the long run than the dubious blessings of military management of civilian business. Hopkins was too sold on the Army to listen to any objections based on theoretical concepts of

democracy. To him "the service is immune to political and business influences" and "they know their business and they make good administrators." Nasty politics, our whole machinery of self-government, and nasty business, our daily work and life, are to be viewed with suspicion, and a stranger brought in to fix for us. Democracy must be put into a military strait jacket so that it won't cut its throat by foolishly attempting to function.

The most honest of all the recovery agencies, and the most cautiously administered, is Secretary of the Interior Ickes's Public Works Administration. Those who have attempted to negotiate with Ickes for public works grants and loans uniformly testify to agonizing delays, painstaking quibbling over any and every point of each project, last-minute refusals whenever faint doubt of legality or usefulness occurs to the Secretary.

Yet the Army, reaching into this agency as into most others, has been able to cut itself a gigantic slice of P.W.A. cake, with the Navy securing even more. It is true that the grants to the Army and Navy were made by special Congressional enactment and are not of Ickes's sole doing, but this very fact emphasizes the favored place the military establishment occupies in the present Administration.

During the fiscal year ending last June 30, the Army had a total of \$765,000,000 to spend, of which only \$227,000,000 were for military activities; the rest represented its participation in New Deal agencies, including supervision of the expenditure of \$344,000,000 of P.W.A. funds. The Administration wangled \$10,000,000 for an Army motorization program, and \$7,500,000 for an Army aviation program out of the P.W.A. opportunity, in the name of increasing employment and providing public works. The Navy did far better for itself;

it received the biggest new construction boost ever planned in peacetime, also in the name of public works. For several years the annual average of money for new naval construction had been about \$30,000,000. The New Deal changed all that. One of the P.W.A.'s first grants was \$238,000,000 to the Navy for new vessels, and soon after, the Vinson Bill was passed, providing for close to \$570,000,000 additional. At a time when the rigors of the New Deal were demanding utmost economy in government, when postal substitutes were striking against \$7-a-week wages, and regular workers against payless furloughs, the Vinson Bill made an ultimate increase in the Navy necessary, entailing the enlistment of several thousand additional men, and boosting the permanent annual Navy budget by a good many millions of dollars.

The deep friendship of the New Deal for the armed services of the nation is hardly in need of further demonstration. The one incident that served to complete the picture, and on a rather tragic note, was the impressment of the Army into the air-mail business when the private air lines were shown to have obtained their fat subsidies rather more by Hooverian favor than on strict merit. Once again the Administration, in a tight spot, reached for the Army.

The Army took this further extension of its field in its stride; made ready in a short time to carry the mails; succeeded in killing ten of its flyers in the few weeks that it flew the standard routes. To be sure, in the same period twelve were killed in the regular scheduled liners of the private passenger-carrying companies, but the manner of the Army deaths brings us naturally to the other side of the story of the New Deal's partiality toward the military establishment.

IV

According to interpreters of Administration policy, the Army is being used to an increasing extent because of its efficiency and honesty; in Hopkins's phrase, because it is "immune to political and business influences." How honest, how efficient, is the Army? Surely its score on these counts should be very high to make up for the obvious dangers of extending the authority of the one government agency that any democracy must deliberately keep in check.

It so happens that charges of Army graft, and revelations of Army inefficiency, have never been more frequent than in the same year and a half of the New Deal in which the Army has won so much increased influence and power. Army graft is an old story. Every standard history of the United States devotes a matter-of-fact chapter to it at the conclusion of each of the nation's wars. For current developments the morning newspaper has been almost a continuous serial story of Army mismanagement. It is impossible to read AP Washington dispatches for three days without stumbling upon some juicy item.

The \$10,000,000 P.W.A. Army motorization program had hardly been announced when Washington was thick with rumors that a lobby was in control of the entire business; that only one brand of car was being bought; that Army officers were being suborned by being permitted to win easily at poker in the capital's well-known smoke-filled hotel rooms. A Grand Jury probe was demanded by Secretary of War Dern, and wound up a series of hearings without recommendation, but in the course of the inquiry various interesting stories came out. One was the tale of Joseph Silverman, dealer in surplus Army materials. Mr. Silverman bought many things from the Army, among others, a

stock of raincoats at 25 cents each, which the Army, a short time later, needed badly and had to pay \$1.38 $\frac{1}{4}$ apiece to replace. Silverman was barred from further dealings with the Army when he attempted to resell to it goods he had originally bought from it at a much lower price, but not before it came out that three United States Senators and Mr. Hoover's Assistant Secretary of War, Frederick H. Payne, had interceded to win special favors for him.

While this was happening, and while it was discovered that one of the reasons for the efficient Army's pitiful record in carrying the air-mails was the fact that it had been badly nicked in the purchase of its planes, the story of the lease of the Army warehouse at Port Newark to the Mercur Corporation was made public. This company was supposed to pay 90% of its net profits to the Army for the warehouse, retaining only 10%. The company was organized with a capital of \$5,000. It paid its president \$25,000 annually. It took in revenue of above \$4,000,000. For some strange reason, and despite its large income, the company had paid the Army only \$8 in eight years. A vile story was told of Army officers entertained in New York night clubs and at World Series games in connection with securing the lease. Mayor Ellenstein of Newark complained bitterly before the House Military Affairs Committee that the Mercur Corporation was making improvements on the property with P.W.A. funds, while nearby communities couldn't get a P.W.A. nickel for legitimate public works.

Early in June a House Investigating Committee charged that General Benjamin B. Foulois was guilty of "dishonesty, inefficiency and incompetency" in connection with the purchase of Army planes. The Chief of the Army Air Corps, it appeared, had violated the law in an attempt

to spend \$7,500,000 for airplanes without competitive bidding. The \$7,500,000 came from P.W.A. funds, of course, those precious funds that are given so stingily to cities for fear of graft, but are ladled out to the Army and Navy because these upright services are above suspicion. Specifications for the planes appeared to have been drawn so that certain companies would get the business, excluding companies with new designs, though the new designs might have been for better, faster planes. It was learned that the Army, the New Deal's main reliance for righteous administration of public affairs, had ended a five-year program for securing 1,800 planes in eight years, with its money gone and only 310 combat planes on hand. While public interest in these disclosures was high, Jonathan Mitchell, writing in the *New Republic*, reported on certain curious circumstances as follows:

Invariably we are told that the single purpose of our air force is to protect our great cities from destruction. If this were true, you might imagine that, while spending millions in planes, the Army would also have spent something on anti-aircraft defenses. The fact is that the Army possesses just one experimental battery of anti-aircraft guns. . . . The explanation of the discrepancy is extremely plain. The Army manufactures a good part of its ordnance in its own arsenals, and no profits are involved. On the other hand, airplanes are bought from private manufacturers, and profits are enormous.

Some of these private manufacturers have practically had their plants built for them with military funds, under the guise of "advancement of experimentation," and have then sold planes built in those plants to the Army at such advantageous terms that profits of 50% a year are not uncommon. Designs developed with American military funds have been used in planes

sold to foreign nations, without protest from the Army air service.

So much for the virtue of the service on which the New Deal depends to keep it free from graft in the distribution of large sums of public money. It becomes easy to see why the Army has confidence in its knowledge of American business and feels itself able to help in running the code authorities. The relations between the Army and American business are close and of long standing. The Army has made contact with business in some of business's most technical and intimate aspects. So much for so much is old stuff, both for industry and the Army. The Army can be counted upon to be most sympathetic in its view of the problems of trade.

V

It is unfortunate that the same training which has given the Army its understanding of business has tended somewhat to blunt its sense of duty to the public, the taxpayer and the ultimate consumer. It is a pity that, to achieve these benefits, the grand old arguments of the grand old founding Fathers as to the menace of a powerful standing Army have had to be ignored. There was no time, in the rush to put over the New Deal, to recall the violent debate in the first Congress over the proposal to establish a standing army of 896 men, to recall the castigation the military then received as a menace to republican principles, to remember how the histories of Greece, Rome and England were searched to find arguments against an Army of any sort. In the breakneck pace of the New Deal it was impossible to examine closely the principle that it is better for civilians to run their jobs poorly than for Army men to run civilians well. That is something we may have to take up later.

THE HINDENBURG MYTH

BY S. MILES BOUTON

FEW figures in modern history have taken a stronger hold on popular imagination than did Paul von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg, last President of the German Republic, which died a year and a half before he died. Here, for the first time in some 2,300 years, was a new Cincinnatus, and the parallel is really striking. Cincinnatus was called from the plow to the field of battle when he was sixty-one; Hindenburg when he was nearly sixty-seven. Both retired after their military service. Cincinnatus was called back to head the government when he was eighty; Hindenburg was in his seventy-eighth year when he answered the call of the German people to guide their ship of state.

Such a career naturally excites interest, and the personal appearance of the Field Marshal—a big man physically, with massive, square head; Early Gothic, if one may use an architectural simile—added to that interest. And when Adolf Hitler, become Chancellor, started his policy of torturing, robbing and murdering opponents, and did away with all constitutional and legislative safeguards to both person and property, civilization looked to Hindenburg as the last check on the former Austrian's fanaticism and brutality. Even when he was reported to have sent Hitler a telegram of approval of the bloody "purge" of the National Socialist party of June 30, faith in his restraining influence seems not to have wavered.

It is highly probable that he never sent that telegram or even knew that one had been sent. It is impossible to reconcile his character and record, his descent from a long line of aristocrats, with the slaughtering of helpless men and women, among them his old comrade General von Schleicher and his wife, Herr von Bose, son-in-law of Admiral Raeder, commander of the German navy, and others who stood close to the aged President. Moreover, he was even then very ill, and he had been for weeks virtually incommunicado on his country estate in Neu-deck, which had as much as a year earlier been termed in popular jest "the smallest concentration camp in Germany." Quite apart from that telegram, one looks in vain for the least evidence that he ever exercised any restraining influence whatever on Hitler and his lieutenants, and the bloodiest outrages committed by these men came while Hindenburg was still in office—not after his death. Indeed, there seem to have been rather less outrages against common decency and humanity since his death than before, although this is probably due to the ease with which the German people as a whole can be intimidated by such a show of brutal violence as the Nazi "purge."

Hindenburg's death might have made some difference in economic, political and religious developments in Germany if it had occurred five years earlier, but it will not affect by one iota the course of affairs

in Hitler's Third Reich. Only the traditions, even sagas, that have grown up around the venerable Field Marshal are responsible for the current belief that still more terrible things would have happened since January, 1933, if it had not been for his restraining influence. For the last two years of his life—and probably much longer—Hindenburg was merely a figurehead, and a figurehead covered by the sails of his own vessel.

II

The genesis of the Hindenburg Myth is understandable: indeed, it would have been anomalous if it had not been born in a militaristic nation in the circumstances. Outside of army circles Hindenburg had been no better known than any one of a hundred other generals. He had the usual career of the sons of old Junker "officer families." He became a cadet at twelve, received a slight wound at Königsgrätz in 1866, and served with some distinction in the Franco-German War of 1870-71. He retired in 1911 with the rank of General of Infantry. In a tribute to the dead Field Marshal, Lieutenant-General von Moser says that his career, "while indeed one in every respect honoring and very successful in the highest positions as general staff officer and troop leader, differed very little from the career of other German generals." And he adds that "his sudden emergence was unique."

The general outlines of his World War career are well known. When that war broke out in August, 1914, the Russians irrupted into East Prussia—two vast armies, numerically far superior to any that Germany could oppose to them without abandoning the orthodox Schlieffen plan for crushing France immediately. Hindenburg, who was born in Posen, then a

Prussian province, had for a considerable time been stationed in Königsberg, capital of East Prussia. He knew every road, lane and cowpath, every lake, pond and puddle, every forest and field in the district now invaded by the Czar's troops, and for that reason, and that one only, the Kaiser called on him, now nearing his sixty-seventh birthday, to take command of the armies in the East. Three years earlier he had taken part in the annual "Kaiser maneuvers" in the Masurian Lake region of East Prussia. Now he was to wage real warfare on the same ground.

His smashing victory caused a sensation everywhere in the world at the time. The Russian General Samsonoff was terribly defeated. The Germans took over 90,000 prisoners, and it was alleged that 70,000 Russians had been driven into the Masurian Lakes and drowned—a statement assuredly greatly exaggerated. By the end of the month Hindenburg had driven the last Russian from German soil.

A nation need not be militaristic in order to make military men its chief heroes. One recalls the campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." One recalls General Grant—good soldier but helpless as statesman—in so many ways a parallel to Hindenburg. Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet, an achievement about equal to the destroying of a flivver by a tank, and there are probably few Americans of middle age now who did not wear a button proclaiming that "Dewey did it," or who did not join in the general acclaim for the hero of Manila Bay. A grateful nation gave him a house, and he gave it to his wife. A grateful nation—actually, however, great estate-owners and politicians desirous of rewarding the simple old man who had, probably without realizing what he was doing, warded off a menace to their domination—gave Hin-

denburg an estate, and he placed it in his son's name to avoid inheritance taxes.

The Hindenburg Myth had its beginning with the victory over Samsonoff. Following the battle of San Juan a satirist wrote a sketch about Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Riders, and entitled it "Alone in Cuba." In like manner the Germans regarded Hindenburg as having been alone in the Masurian Lake district. Later more objective critics pointed out that Generals von François, Hoffmann and Ludendorff were also there, and it is now generally conceded that a very great part if not the chief part in winning the victory was played by Ludendorff, whose political ineptitude, amazing even for a German, was later to discredit him so utterly that his own people forgot and even denied his merits.

But the bare truth is that neither Hindenburg, Ludendorff, François nor Hoffmann won the battle. It was won for Germany by General Rennenkampf, commander of the Russian army to the North. Germany's only hope of success lay in defeating each Russian army separately. Hindenburg, deciding to deal the main blow at Samsonoff, left but a thin line to hold Rennenkampf back from the Königsberg line. And when the battle began he even detached a division from that already thin line, and it marched for two days southward, almost within rifleshot of the Russian North army, and reached Masuria in time to take part in the great conflict there.

It is incredible that Rennenkampf did not know the weakness of the army opposing him, or that fresh troops were marching southward along his front. He could either have smashed that army or, failing that, could have compelled Hindenburg to detach so many troops from his own army that his plan of rolling up

Samsonoff's flanks and encircling him could not have succeeded. But he never made even a demonstration.

Rennenkampf's failure to attack may, of course, have been due merely to inefficiency, or to the timid caution of the *cunctator*. But a high general staff officer gave me a different explanation in Petrograd (now Leningrad) in the summer of 1917.

"Every Russian general was jealous of every other general," he said, "and Rennenkampf hated Samsonoff. I will not go so far as to say that he wanted him defeated, but he was quite willing to see him badly battered, so that he himself would be called on to save the day. He probably did not foresee that Samsonoff would be crushed in such a short time."

But of this the Germans knew nothing, and, as Hindenburg followed the Masurian victory with further victories over the Russians and eventually occupied almost all of Poland, his fame as "Liberator" increased, despite one clear defeat near Augustovo. Throughout their history the Germans have been the world's most ardent hero-worshippers, and here was a hero who both acted and looked the part. Only persons who lived in Germany in those days can realize the tremendous hold which he took on the admiration and affection of the whole people. Not since Frederick the Great—and not even he in his lifetime—had any man taken such a dominating place in the popular imagination. General von Falkenhayn was still commander-in-chief of all German armies, but he was already completely overshadowed by the victor of Masuria.

Hindenburg succeeded Falkenhayn on August 29, 1916, and went to the west front, but Ludendorff went with him with equal authority, and military critics are generally agreed that he was by far the

abler strategist. Indeed, it would be difficult to find anything substantiating Hindenburg's fame as a military genius. He seems, on the contrary, to have been devoid of that imagination that sets the genius apart from the methodical leader. But the mere sight of him inspired the German soldier and was a decided factor in keeping up the morale both at the front and at home. He reminded one of the colossal statues on the great monument to the Battle of the Nations at Leipzig. His stolidity and tenacity, together with his lack of imagination, kept him from breaking down under the terrible responsibility resting on him, while Ludendorff, a more highly educated and more alert man intellectually, did break down.

Final defeat came and Ludendorff fled to Sweden in disguise. Hindenburg remained and "led the armies back in good order." But this also is merely another part of the Hindenburg Myth. Following the revolution in Berlin on November 9 and the Armistice two days later, the soldiers at the front threw out all officers and formed their *Soldatenräte*, the Soldiers' Councils, chosen by the enlisted men and non-coms, and the army straggled back under their leadership, with red flags flying. Nor was Hindenburg on the scene when the first of the returning troops entered Berlin on December 10, 1918, and he did not appear again in the public eye until he was elected President in the spring of 1925. All he did was to remain in Germany, but the picture of him leading the defeated armies back persists.

III

When Friedrich (Fritz) Ebert, first President of the Republic, died at the end of February, 1925, the parties of the political Right chose Jarres, Burgomaster of Düs-

seldorf, as their candidate. The Democrats, Socialists and Center party selected Wilhelm Marx, a Rhineland capitalist, as their nominee, and the Communists put their own candidate in the field, with the result that no candidate secured the requisite absolute majority and a run-off election became necessary. It was obvious that Jarres could not win. Presidential timbre was lacking on the Right. While the ablest men of the country were on that side, they were compromised as monarchists, Junker, reactionaries and what not.

They turned to Hindenburg. In the first period following the revolution the Field Marshal had been denounced in the Democratic and Socialist press as a "mass murderer," but more than six years had passed since then, and passions had cooled considerably. The Hindenburg Myth had continued to grow. It could fairly be expected that a considerable number of Socialists would support him, for most of them had fought under him, no armchair jobs having been given to members of that party. And it was Hindenburg who, with General Groener, had counseled the Kaiser to flee to Holland—another factor likely to count in his favor with German republicans. And thus he was drafted, against his protest, and came to office when he lacked but five months of being seventy-eight years old.

The countries that had fought the war "to make the world safe for democracy" comprehended neither the character of the President-elect nor the factors responsible for his election. The chief factor was, of course, that he had become the greatest national hero since Frederick the Great, but there were others. Marx, the opposing candidate, was an ultramontane Roman Catholic; Germany is two-thirds Protestant, and Marx's Center party had alarmed the great estate-owners, heavy in-

dustry and finance by making common cause with the Social-Democrats ever since the revolution. But the rest of the world saw in the old Field Marshal merely the chair-warmer for the Hohenzollerns, and predicted gloomily that his election meant the end of the Republic. Yet for six years he confounded all dire prophecies, and if he had died at the end of that period his fame would have been secure even among his former critics. That death did not come to him then was a calamity for Germany and for the whole civilized world.

His subsequent betrayal of the Republic, of democracy and of Twentieth Century civilization seems at first sight irreconcilable with the man's character, for of his integrity and utter honesty of purpose there can be no doubt. Yet the explanation is obvious. It must be remembered, in justice to Hindenburg's memory, that few men have ever assumed high office with such an inadequate equipment. His whole education was gained in a military school, and he became an active lieutenant before he was nineteen. Except as to military affairs, he had less education than a junior high-school student. Like Adolf Hitler, he knew no language but his own. He knew nothing of economics, nothing of finance, nothing of war but how to wage it. He knew nothing of political affairs. It is of record that he once said: "Since my days as a cadet I have never read a book that did not deal with military affairs." It is probable that he never read any good newspaper regularly. And he was nearing the grave when he took office.

He never knew what it was all about.

It is plain that he recognized this, for he took over Ebert's Secretary of State, Dr. Otto Meissner. Meissner, a native Alsatian, was—or had been—a Socialist. He

quickly assumed a position of great influence over the aged President, who came to depend on him more and more. It must also be said in fairness that as long as there was a dependable Republican majority in the Reichstag, Meissner's influence was salutary, and he also guarded Hindenburg from all avoidable demands on his time and energy. It is noteworthy also that, although the Field Marshal's whole traditions and upbringing were of a nature to make him distrust the Marxists, and even to make him regard them, as the Kaiser once termed them, as "fellows without a fatherland," some of his closest friends and even intimates were of that party. One of his most highly-prized hunting companions was Otto Braun, Socialist Premier of Prussia. He also cherished highly Dr. Zechlin, a Socialist, who was for a considerable period press chief of the Reich government, and, as such, reported political events daily to the President. Hindenburg, although himself devoid of humor, enjoyed Zechlin's reports because they were spiced with humorous remarks and comments. But he had no use for Philip Scheidemann, the Socialist leader who had proclaimed the Republic—against Ebert's will—and who announced the abdication of the Kaiser before it was received, and also announced that he had abdicated as King of Prussia—a falsehood, for that abdication did not come until later, when all hope was lost.

IV

It is known that Hindenburg disliked and distrusted Hitler from the time he first met him in November, 1931. He did not know much about politics, but he knew men, and this Austrian corporal, with his weak face and shifty look, who had but recently become a German citizen through

the backdoor by being appointed a privy councillor by the government of a State already controlled by Nazis, did not measure up to the Field Marshal's idea of a man. In 1932, as will be remembered, Hitler was a candidate for President against Hindenburg, and another run-off election became necessary because the Communists had insisted on placing their own candidate in the field in the person of that Thaelmann whose imprisonment without charge, hearing or trial for more than a year and a half has revolted the whole civilized world. Hindenburg was elected, but Hitler polled some 13,000,000 votes.

In the autumn of 1932, after rejecting Hitler's demand for dictatorial powers, Hindenburg consented to changes in the Weimar Constitution which removed the last barrier to that absolutism which he had rejected, and which shattered every protection to the rights of man that had been first granted in Magna Carta, and which are guarded by the constitution of every politically enlightened country today. In the first week of January, 1933, General von Schleicher, murdered with his wife by the Nazis on the following June 30, said to a Dutch newspaper correspondent:

"The great Adolf has blinders on. He can't realize that the old gentleman [Hindenburg] doesn't want him."

Yet "the old gentleman" made Hitler Chancellor only some three weeks later, and was thus responsible for plunging his people into wretchedness, and for the reign of terror that has placed his country outside the pale of civilization and will, unless the madmen at its head be overthrown before they can finish rearming, plunge Europe into another war. There is only one possible apology for Hindenburg—that he did not know what he was doing. Any other explanation is irrecon-

cilable with his whole record up to the time he dismissed General von Schleicher as Chancellor.

I have written above that there is no foundation for the current belief that Hindenburg acted as a brake on Hitler. If the reader will consult the files of the press since "the Leader" became the sole arbiter of Germany's destinies, he will find dozens of reports or surmises that the President had intervened or was about to intervene to protect the Jews, to protect religion, to protect this or that person or institution. But he will find only a single instance where he actually interfered with any action by Hitler or to protect anybody or anything. That sole instance came at the beginning of last July, when Hindenburg ordered the Reichswehr to see that Franz von Papen, his closest friend, was not murdered along with the other victims of Hitler's "purge." He did not even intervene in any manner to protect his old hunting comrade Otto Braun.

In view of the aged President's admitted honesty and good intentions, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that he found himself in the situation of a mountaineer called on to navigate a great ship through perilous seas without a chart, and even unable to read a chart if he had had one. There is probably significance in the fact that the men around him permitted him to give no interviews, with, as far as I recall, a single exception. Access is comparatively easy to most heads of government except royalty, but Hindenburg was protected from keen observers who might have helped upset the sagas that had grown up around him.

There is also much reason to believe, despite the polite reports of diplomats, that his mind was clouded in the last two or three years of his life. Disrespectful jokes came into existence—a thing which

does not ordinarily happen without some foundation in truth. "I did not know that we still had so many Russian prisoners," he was reported to have said on the night of January 30, 1933, when the brown-clad Nazis marched down Wilhelmstrasse past the Chancellery. To a visitor in the President's palace, who had unwrapped a sandwich and laid the paper on a table, Meissner was reported to have said: "For Heaven's sake, take that paper away before the old gentleman comes in and signs it."

Five days after his death it was officially announced that he had left no political testament. But one was "discovered" a week later, in time to be used as propaganda for the so-called "election" of August 19 last. Despite widely expressed doubts as to its authenticity the government has never published a facsimile of it. All the circumstances evoke suspicion, and strengthen the probability that the jest about the Neudeck "concentration camp" was no jest at all, but sad fact. The whole record of the gangsters now ruling Germany shows that the forging of a will would be a mere peccadillo for them.

Friends and acquaintances storm me for details about life in Germany after my residence of almost a quarter of a century there. I am generally able to answer their questions, but they are not satisfied with what I am able to tell them about Hindenburg. I saw him at the front, I saw his triumphal entry into Berlin in May, 1925, after his first election as President, and I saw him many times since and heard him talk. But I search my memory for anecdotes and general human-interest items about him, and find none. Even the German journalists, who naturally were closer to him than any foreigner, have reported, as far as I know, only a single alleged anecdote about him.

"What do you do when you are nervous?" one man is said to have asked, and Hindenburg is reported to have answered that he whistled.

"But I never heard you whistle," protested the questioner.

"Neither did I," said Hindenburg.

I am willing to wager a hundred to one that no such colloquy was ever held. Quite apart from its triviality, the old gentleman was too modest thus to praise himself. When I was a young reporter on a small-town paper it was customary to end the obituary notice of any run-of-the-mill citizen with the statement that he was "a good husband and father." So was Hindenburg—and a good soldier. And, having said that, one has said about all there is to say.

But more myths and sagas have grown up on German soil than anywhere else, and today there is a widespread trend back to the gods of the old Nordic mythology—to Wotan, Thor, Balder and the other dwellers on the Nordic Olympus. Over a hundred years ago Heinrich Heine predicted that the mystic and metaphysical cast of mind of the Germans would bring about precisely such a trend. "The old stone gods will arise from the débris," he wrote, "and clear the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and Thor with his giant hammer will finally spring up and shatter the Gothic cathedrals."

On such a culture-medium the Hindenburg Myth will live on, and grow as it lives. The Germans are already back in the Middle Ages in many respects. If the retrogression continues, future generations may find the old Field Marshal sleeping beside Frederick Barbarossa under the Kyffhäuser Mountain, awaiting the signal to come forth and lead his people to victory again. His death adds another divinity to the population of that Valhalla that

seems on a fair way to replace the Christian Heaven as the bourne of all good Germanic "Aryans." He will take his place on the right hand of Wotan with Arminius, Siegfried, *der getreue Eckart* and other deities who preceded him. If he had known how to jest, he could well have said, with the dying Vespasian:

"I believe I am about to become a god."

His arrival lends class to Valhalla, for he comes as a well-intentioned soul with a long record of faithful discharge of duty and unselfish devotion and service to his

people—a kindly man who fought only when he had to fight, and who never murdered men and women in cold blood because he did not like their opinions or feared that they might vote against him. One could find many worse gods, and one would have to go far to find many better ones.

But despite all ominous fears and headshakings, the only place where his death will make any difference, apart from purely sentimental considerations, is precisely Valhalla.

SINGERS ARE DUMBER THAN FIDDLERS

BY BERNARD PRESTON

IN A recent number of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* appeared an erudite article entitled "Fiddlers Are Dumber Than Pianists."¹ Encouraged by the convincing clarity of the case as set forth by its remarkably logical author, I purpose to settle a kindred question, engendered by his theme, namely, "Are Singers Dumber Than Fiddlers?"

Following the admirable process of elimination employed by my predecessor in this field of enquiry, let us first have it clearly understood that we reject from this discussion all pseudo-types, who have really no claim to any regard whatever. For instance, ballad singers. If some misguided person wants to tell the story of "The Black-bordered Letter"—let us say, for a horrible example, inconceivable as it is that any one should be willing to hear it—in heaven's name let him relate the maudlin tale in speech rather than doubly afflict his hearers by attempting it in song. Yodellers are others who might find a useful sphere in the Tyrol or other mountainous regions, where there are plenty of distances to span; there, no doubt, a properly arranged system of signals in their peculiar medium would prove of inestimable value. But these ear-splitting falsetto lilts should never be heard within doors; let them rather be reserved for calling the cattle home and similar pur-

poses. And crooners, of course, do not sing at all; they merely whisper, more or less in tune and more or less out of time. While the torch-singer plainly caterwauls. *Vide* Mr. Deems Taylor's recent definition, somewhat as follows: "A torch-singer is a woman who has lost her voice and insists on bewailing the fact in public." Ergo, no singer, if she have no voice!

We should also exclude the oratorio singer, for oratorio is not music, but some churchly or Biblical message imperfectly disguised as such. And if it is not music, it certainly cannot be sung; and if it were music, the stilted, woolly-toned, traditional manner of rendering it is certainly not singing. And, finally, choristers should be debarred as subjects of the debate, since they combine only for the blending of tone and pitch, and can patently be consigned to outer darkness as simply vocal orchestras, and, at that, immeasurably inferior to the instrumental in range, color and quality.

(Students, it goes without saying, as my colleague did in the case of the fiddlers, we must sternly banish. The sweet young thing who at her Conservatory's Commencement smilingly murders "Casta Diva," or the flushed adolescent who strains his voice, his blood-vessels and his audience to the bursting-point in an agonizing tenor or a growling bass, cannot yet claim our attention as singers, however justly they may at a later stage of development demand our recognition on such grounds.)

¹ "Fiddlers Are Dumber Than Pianists," by Edward Robinson. *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, September, 1934.

The way being thus cleared, we shall begin with an examination of the apparatus, to the acquiring of whose mastery the singer must bend his intellect. One of the most striking points made, in the comparison of pianists and fiddlers, lay in bringing out the fact that the mind of the former was confronted with the task of manipulating a vast number of strings, while the latter are required to achieve mental ascendancy over no more than four. Now if we slash this number into halves, we have the extremely simple equipment of the singer: a mere pair of strings, the two vocal cords. In addition to this, the aggregate length of the four violin strings is some two yards, that is to say, six feet, which is to say, 72 inches; that of the singer's cords is about two inches. An absurdly small obstacle to overcome, since the vocalist, as opposed to the violinist, needs to focus his consideration only in the ratio of 1 to 36.

And the process of operating these instruments is still more emphatic in the disparity between their physical demands. It was shown that the fiddler expends energy, and therewith brain-cells, to an amount represented by $\frac{1}{8}$ lb. while playing; but observations made by Dr. Lámke of the University of Klyno, Japan, prove that the singer spends as little as 125 ergs per second, or about $\frac{1}{50}$ of a millionth h.p., which is of course utterly negligible, particularly in view of the fact that he has to be breathing anyway; for all he needs to do, practically speaking, is to open his mouth and let the sound emerge. We can easily imagine instances when much more force, self-applied *bien-entendu*, would be called upon if he were to remain silent; we might go further, and aver that there are instances when this force *should* be applied by an external agency, if the subject himself does not see fit to bring it into play.

Apart from this there is the fact that the fiddler, though not employing so many parts of his body as the pianist, as was amply demonstrated, still has to keep his two hands fairly well occupied. The singer, on the contrary, finds so much leisure for these members that he is frequently seen to wave them about in distracting and meaningless gestures—unless, indeed, he aims to overcome this tendency by clenching them tightly together, somewhat in advance of his chest, in an attitude suggestive of partially paralyzed and completely wretched prayerfulness, often heightening the piteous picture by going through grimaces and other distortions of face and figure.

He, or she (for the female singer is even a worse offender as a rule in this regard), has not even the dignity of static posture, which however stiff and soldier-like in the violinist, has at any rate the virtue of consistency. The singer rambles all over the place, particularly, of course, in opera, that most mongrel of all the arts, frequently turning his back to the audience, walking, running, climbing, sitting, kneeling, or even lying down! So abject is he in his enslavement to his mood, or to that of the combined subjective wills of the composer and the *répétiteur*! In comparison with the pianist's "crouching" position, and the fiddler's "militaristic" one, the deportment of the singer would seem to reflect total abandon of self-respect. On top of which, the vocalist frequently toys with objects absolutely foreign to music, as a fan, a hat, a bouquet, a sword, a train that requires careful manœuvring, and a thousand other adventitious "props," especially, again, in that horrendous world which is Grand Opera. No, there can be no convincing claim advanced that the musician who stoops to playing with such trifles has a mind seriously intent upon any

worthier aim than pandering to the most superficial of the emotions.

Penetrating further into this analysis, we find that the singer's music is structurally as much inferior to the violinist's, as is his to the pianist's. The disciple of Paganini may not play chords as complex as does the virtuoso of the keyboard; but he can and frequently does indulge in double-stopping, with the result that we then hear more than one note produced at the same time. But no singer has ever yet been born with a conformation sufficiently intricate to enable him to sing a chord. One note only at a time can be given forth by the resounding throat. Parenthetically, as we know that the resonance of a violin is attributable to its hollowness, is it not a logical presumption that a parallel scientific phenomenon is manifested in the audibility of the voice issuing from the cavities of a human head?

II

On the heels of realizing the bare melodic limitations of the singer's scope, inevitably follows recognition of the limitations of his score. For every note he sings, his accompanist will strike an average of five or six—to say nothing of those passages when the instrumentalist is busier than ever, while his soloist takes an unearned rest and fatuously gazes about, or nods irrelevantly to friends in the audience. This, however, is measuring him against the pianist; but the case is not much better when he is sized up against the violinist, who may kindly be assisting with an *obbligato*. At least as much work devolves upon the strings as upon the voice, and for about one-fiftieth of the glory; sometimes the onus is considerably greater, as in that strangely popular hybrid, the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," when

the poor fiddler does the whole thing twice over to the soprano's once.

I have not troubled to count the notes of any particular composition, as my profound *confrère* apparently had the enormous patience to do in his argument, since, in the case of voice versus instrument, it is so much more sweepingly patent that the notes flowing from the keyboard are as a Niagara to the puny trickle of those that drip from the singer's lips. And if the work is orchestrated, simply multiply this Niagara a thousandfold, while the trickle is not increased by one drop.

A still subtler differentiation must be made. While it is certainly undeniable that the range of the violin is far below that of the pianoforte, still it has a compass of some four or five octaves whereas the average singer boasts about two, perhaps two and a half, in some exceptional cases three. How can any partisan, therefore, possibly maintain that he has the space to express as much? And, expressing less, how can he be deemed an interpreter to anything like the same degree? More than that. Admission of his inferiority is incontrovertibly, however unconsciously, implied in that he does not sing abstract or pure music: the wordless singing of a Debussy "Arabesque" is an extreme rarity. Almost without exception his song must be bolstered up with words, automatically dividing the interest and reducing the work from sheer ideal concept to mere concrete ideas. It may be contended that coloratura *cadenze* and similar *fioriture* do not come within the reach of this criticism, but an easy rejoinder is that these are only weak imitations of what the thrush, the skylark, the nightingale, or even the canary can do so much better. And who would pretend to make much of a case for the intellect of a canary bird?

The majority of the great composers

have written even less for the voice than for the violin; there is no such thing as a vocal concerto. And vocal scores matching in greatness their composers' instrumental works are very few; one may admit the nobility of "Tristan" (though even in this opera the orchestra counts more than the voices), but Wagner only wrote that in a mighty effort at private and specific self-justification. And where, O where, is the singer who has ever become a great composer?

Surely enough has been said. The weight

of our evidence, it will be granted, is enough to crush all opposition. It is a recognized axiom, even amongst other singers, that tenors are apt to be a little weak in the region of the cerebellum; through this breach in the defense what other damaging conclusions may not be established!

I say nothing of the theory of the asininity of *all* musicians. But here I only assert that, whether they be musicians or not, as compared to fiddlers, singers are obviously dumber.

FOUR SONNETS

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

THOUGH crippled, prisoned, white-haired, fifty-eight,
My world a heap of ashes, splinters, shards,
Until I die, by God, I'll stand up straight—
And when I die I want no flowers and cards.
What have I seen? I've seen the Caesars come,
The work of Athens and Rome's Senate free
And parliaments of centuries stricken dumb,
And upstarts spitting on democracy.
I've seen man's speech, which Time had won for art
Since Homer clear and clean and serving man,
Distorted, maimed, and in the insane mart
The laurel-crown on every charlatan.
I'll stand up straight, not to rebuke these years—
But for my faith in my abandoned peers.

II

Plain words be mine, afoot, ahorse, afloat,
That say big things: like that high wooden sign
On Yukon's north bank, near the Porcupine,
Where one reads "ARCTIC CIRCLE" from the boat;
Or Schwitzer's Alpine letters pointing south,
"ITALIA," chiselled on the boundary-stone;
Or at the fork, for Trailers facing drouth,
Plains, thunder, Rockies: "ROAD TO OREGON."
Be *my* words smokeless where they flash or hit,
Aimed not at stalked deer nor at carrion-bird,
But at the Lords—to force, even where they sit,
Surrender from the bleeding Gods . . . each word
Edged and compact as steel, steady and bright
As glint of sunshine on a rifle-sight.

III

I'd shake your hand, mad Alcibiades . . .
Not for your youth, wit, beauty sent by Zeus,

Not for eristic learned from Socrates,
Nor scarcely for your ships at Syracuse;
But since we both disdain the dainty flute,
Because it shuts our eyes, distorts the cheek,
And makes the lips for glorious talking mute.
Let Thebans pipe who know not how to speak—
Give me a harp. Yes, we Athenian Knights
Would keep our vision, faces, and our tongue;
Athene's still the guardian of our heights,
Apollo still protector of our young:
One threw the flute away, with upturned chin;
The other stripped the Flute-player of his skin.

IV

The Cid's my man. Not he of Corneille's play—
All Alexandrines, honor, strut, and roar—
But that stern Doer of an earlier day,
The Juglar's Cid, mio Cid, el Campeador;
Mio Cid, my Cid, of Castile's market-places,
In epic balladry, whose music beat
Its grief and glory on the crowded faces
And sent those Spaniards home on sturdier feet.
His king exiled him, and on horse he sped
With his few faithful over the frontier,
Fought 'gainst the Moors to gain his daily bread,
And won Valencia with his pennoned spear;
Led wife and daughters with him up its towers—
And said: "These plains are mine, are yours, are ours."

THE CHILD LABOR DISGRACE

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

WE ARE hysterically warned by some people that immediately after the adoption of the Child Labor Amendment an agent of the Department of Justice will be stationed in every boudoir, and there will be an end to privacy in the home. Meanwhile, juvenile employment continues to the immense profit of such soft-hearted family men as the sweat-shop contractor and the plantation owner. Little bodies are worn by premature toil, illiteracy and arrested development are on the increase, and the traffic continues in what Mr. Justice Holmes called "the product of ruined lives." Basing its statement on the figures of 1932, the National Child Labor Committee says:

Over three million children from seven to seventeen years of age are out of school, and over two million boys and girls of this age are gainfully employed, while some ten to eleven million adults are in desperate need of work.

The United States census for 1930 shows that 235,328 of all the children lucratively engaged in all occupations are aged from ten to thirteen years inclusive. Of course, 89% of them are in the South. The great Commonwealth of Mississippi tops the list with 35,424. Alabama follows with 31,565; while Georgia, Texas and South Carolina each pass the 20,000 mark. That some of the industrial States of the North have small reason to simulate an attitude of superior holiness clearly appears from official investigations. In Pennsylvania, Massa-

chusetts, Rhode Island and New Jersey, incredible conditions were found to exist in homes that had been turned into piece-work sweat-shops, where children of pre-school age were often employed day and night without play and little sleep. As recently as November, 1932, the *Pennsylvania Labor Herald*, speaking of the typical operator of so-called "runaway shops" explained:

He has no capital invested in raw materials; little in anything. His entire equipment can be moved over night when he decides to skip town without paying wages or other bills. Others, not quite so brazen, pay unmistakably low rates. The girls are lucky if they get \$3 at the end of a hard week. Cases were found in which children worked eighty hours or more a week.

In Massachusetts, during the same year, the State Minimum Wage Commission found that the rate of pay for girls employed in the clothing factories of Fall River was as low as ten cents an hour, and in one case five cents. The findings of Miss Frances Perkins as State Labor Commissioner of New York were not much better. In calculating the earning capacity of girls employed in cleaning men's pants, at the rate of half a cent each, she reached a grand total of \$2.88 for a forty-eight-hour week.

It is doubtless true that these conditions have been somewhat improved through the N.R.A. codes and the President's Re-employment Agreement. But the fact that both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt have

been urging the adoption of the Amendment should be ample proof that these emergency endeavors are neither permanent nor adequate. For instance, the age limit for the extremely hazardous bituminous coal industry was fixed at seventeen years, despite the fact that the accident rate for boys under eighteen in such enterprises is higher than for all workers combined. A provision of sixteen years prevails in nearly every other industry, including steel and anthracite. Yet according to the figures of the National Safety Council, the accident frequency rate for anthracite workers is 80.48, compared to 13.20 for all American industries.

II

Textile employment is less dangerous, but there is a clever joker that often defeats the minimum wage requirement in the textile code. The employers are permitted to hire an unlimited number of children as "learners" at reduced rates, on the theory that they are teaching them a lucrative trade. An investigating committee in Pennsylvania recently found that a sixteen-year-old girl who had been receiving nine cents an hour before the code, was employed subsequently for three weeks without wages. Some employers have been known to exact a payment of \$10 from children for the privilege of apprenticeship, only to discharge them and employ others at the end of their training period.

It is well known, furthermore, that the codes apply only to industrial labor. They afford no protection whatever to the 40,000 girls, many of them under fifteen years of age, who are employed outside their homes as domestic slaves. Yet their hours and the heaviness of their labor depend entirely upon the humanity of each employer; and their compensation, under stress of extreme

need, is often limited to the food they actually consume, and the privilege of occupying the makeshift room in the cellar or the cot in the kitchen.

Equally untouched by the codes are nearly half a million children engaged in agriculture, including 100,000 under sixteen years, who hire out in the many kinds of commercial farming. Yet their economic plight, in such pursuits as tobacco cultivation, cotton picking, hop picking and truck gardening, is frequently nothing less than serfdom. In a recent official inquiry into the labor troubles of the Seabrook Farms in New Jersey, it was disclosed that Vittoria Ditteralli, a girl of sixteen, had been a regular employée since the age of twelve, and that many girls were paid seven cents an hour.

In other States, thousands of young children are required to help fulfill the terms of unconscionable farm contracts forced upon their parents by keen competition for the chance to work. Thousands more are migratory "hands" who follow the crops from one locality to another. In the beet fields of Colorado, many families, including children under sixteen, are reported to have worked from 5:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. At the end of the season, their combined earnings were insufficient to pay for their provisions. It is estimated that the average child engaged in pulling or topping beets handles daily as much as four tons of them. It is not surprising that their bodies are often deformed from prolonged stooping, or that they are frequently too tired to eat "and go right to bed," or that their hands are cracked and "their fingers sore and bleeding." John McNamara, who was picking berries in the Hudson Valley in July, 1934, writes:

The parents scolded or cajoled as the hot day wore on and the kids whined or sulked under the monotonous work. Their ages

ranged from six to twelve or thirteen. . . . For one day's work of nearly ten hours the father collected for himself, his wife, and four children, \$2.44.

It must be remembered, furthermore, that all codes are professedly temporary and will expire in 1935. The present attitude of both labor and capital admittedly warrants small hope that they will be renewed or continued. And if the proposed Amendment is not ratified by the requisite number of additional States, all industries will return to the blessings of free competition, and the use of child labor will have the usual effect in reducing adult wages to even lower levels.

III

Of course, the learned prophets seldom attempt to deny that such industrial barbarities are a serious problem. Their only point is that they must be abolished by the States, without Federal interference, even if another century is consumed in the process. To be sure, no one seriously challenges the right of each State to solve its own internal affairs. But when applied to such questions as child labor, the doctrine of States' Rights should have some dependency upon the unwritten law of States' duties. The main purpose of every form of government, after all, is the protection of the weak against the strong, regardless of such administrative fictions as provincial boundaries.

Yet despite many decades of humanistic agitation, the individual States still preserve a shockingly low child labor standard, written down in a crazy quilt of conflicting and badly enforced statutes. Up to 1933, only one State had a minimum age requirement of sixteen years. In all others except two, the employment age was fourteen, and in some jurisdictions it was not

applicable to all occupations. Bills were introduced in eleven States to raise the age limit to sixteen years, but for fear of industrial competition from other States with lower standards, no more than two States adopted the measure. Only eight States have minimum wage laws. Colorado passed one, but failed to appropriate money to enforce it. Five States, including such child labor areas as Mississippi and South Carolina, have no legal provisions whatever against the employment of children in dangerous occupations. Several other Commonwealths so vaguely define hazardous employments that the law is often ineffective.

In eleven States, children illegally employed cannot recover for injuries under the Workers' Compensation Laws. Their legal remedy is by litigation in the courts, which is usually too expensive for the limited means of their parents. In Delaware, Michigan, Maine and Mississippi, an eight-hour law is in force for most industries, but it does not apply to canneries, where children may work at all hours of the night.

In Florida, a child of fourteen or over is legally allowed to work in a factory nine hours a day, while her sister of twelve may labor in a store without time limit. In New Hampshire, a child of fourteen may work ten and one-quarter hours in all occupations. Georgia has no limitations whatever as to age or number of hours, except for cotton and woolen factories, where children must be past fourteen and cannot work any more than sixty hours a week; while South Carolina permits the employment of children of the same age in factories ten hours a day, and makes no regulation whatever as to age, wages, or hours for other occupations. Yet in these two States, during the decade ending in 1930, the number of children under sixteen employed in textiles increased 23.7%.

To hope that the interested powers will permit a truly protective uniform set of laws to arise out of this chaos, requires more optimism than was possessed by Dr. Pangloss. Yet such has been the suggestibility of State senators and assemblymen to the propaganda of the same powers, that only twenty States have ratified the Amendment since its proposal ten years ago.

IV

It must be admitted that the doctrine of States' Rights, however inapplicable to matters of national health and welfare, at least presents some abstract questions of historical legal policy. But it will be seen that the various other stock objections clearly belong to the realm of political quibbling.

None of the predicted horrific blows to domestic life or personal liberty is rationally warranted by the language of the proposed Amendment. Quoted in its entirety, it reads:

Section 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

Section 2. The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article, except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.

The obvious purpose is to enable Congress to prohibit the commercial labor of children under a certain age, and to regulate the hours and working conditions of older youngsters. Surely there is nothing to justify the fantastic notion that Congress intends to stop little Maggie from washing the dishes, or to prohibit young Edgar from helping his father on the farm. If such preposterous fears were ever expressed by obscure neurasthenics, one would put them down among the well-

known symptoms of persecution mania. But unfortunately, the same rhetoric sometimes comes from men whose intelligence and sincerity are beyond question. In August, 1933, the Hon. Clarence E. Martin, then president of the American Bar Association, speaking of the proposed Amendment, said:

It is a Communistic effort to nationalize children, making them responsible primarily to the government, instead of to the parents. It strikes a blow at the home.

So we are asked to believe, through a process of reverse English, that a home may be destroyed by allowing its tenants to live in it; and that if a domestic establishment has managed to endure while its occupants were hired out in the factories and cotton fields, it will crumble utterly when the little tots go to school or stay indoors to play with their dolls and marbles.

Undoubtedly, the legislation based on the Amendment would authorize Federal inspectors to investigate any commercial sweat-shop, even if it outwardly resembled an ordinary cottage. But such a performance would be no serious departure from precedent. Inspectors have always managed to enter a man's castle, on the strength of a search warrant, when its tenants were manufacturing counterfeit greenbacks or were using the place as a storehouse for smuggled opium. It is not easy to perceive why unscrupulous employers should enjoy special immunities, unless there be an odor of holiness in the profits derived from the manufactured commodities. Nor does the statement gather strength from the political color of the qualifying adjective. For even assuming that our handful of persecuted Communists would gleefully welcome a nationalization of children (whatever that may mean), it is still rather hard to believe that

the Calvin Coolidge Congress of 1924 succumbed to their villainous influence in proposing the measure to the States.

Yet such hollow verbiage was evidently sufficient to induce the Association to pass a resolution against the ratification of the Amendment. The most probable explanation is that my colleagues of the bar are notoriously prone to respect fine phrases. It is also to be remembered that the Association is largely composed of successful lawyers; and this is another way of saying that its members receive no retainers from child workers or their parents. A legal practitioner may become so learned concerning the sacred rights of employers and industrial magnates to fancy that the world is peopled entirely by home-loving corporations and philanthropic monopolies.

V

Whenever such arguments fail to inspire State legislators with a sense of impending calamity keen enough to vote against ratification, the lobbyists point to national Prohibition as an example of the dangers of centralized power. Yet it requires no legal training to understand that the two Amendments have practically nothing in common. The farcical Eighteenth, it will be remembered, was a positive prohibitory statute inserted in the Constitution itself, that left Congress no other course than to prescribe penalties, and employ policemen.

But we have seen that the proposed Amendment is merely an *enabling* clause for reasonable national legislation on the general subject of "regulating, controlling or prohibiting" juvenile employment. In its discretion, Congress could enact any appropriate law against the acknowledged evils, or it could, without violating the Constitution, refrain from legislating at all. If the first Federal statute proved too

drastic, or not sufficiently effective, there would be nothing to prevent its modification to fit changing conditions and opinions.

We are seriously warned, however, that Congress cannot be trusted to behave so sensibly. It might use its new authority for all kinds of fantastic invasions of "every school and every church." What makes this objection exceptionally ludicrous is the fact that it is advanced by such a stern believer in representative government as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. The learned president of Columbia seems wholly to forget the judiciary branch of the government, and its duty to preserve the rights of American citizens against every "unreasonable" legislative infringement. And he also seems to forget the safe democratic postulate that only a small fraction of those elected to office are either scoundrels or psychopaths.

We are told that the business of abolishing child labor is a peculiarly intricate legal question that cannot be disposed of through any sallies in simple logic. It was maintained, however, by a constitutional lawyer no less competent than Mr. Justice Holmes (*Hammer vs. Dagenhart*, 1920), not only that Congress could be safely entrusted to enact reasonable laws on juvenile employment, but also that it had ample power to do so without a constitutional amendment. For it must be remembered that the decision of the United States Supreme Court to the contrary was reached by a five to four vote. It is one of the humorous incidents of our form of government that all the machinery set in motion to pass the Amendment in question was made necessary by one man. When great jurists differ by such small margins, the layman may calmly conclude that the controversy involves no serious problems in organic law.

The comparison with the Eighteenth Amendment is even less convincing on the question of enforcement. One of the main reasons for the failure of national Prohibition was the extreme facility of violating its provisions without detection. A distillery or a speakeasy could be safely concealed in any cellar or alley. But it is not easy to imagine a shirt factory or a tobacco plantation operating surreptitiously. Federal child labor laws prevailed from 1916 to 1920, until they were declared unconstitutional. Their enforcement was neither difficult nor expensive, and involved none of the indignities and spectacular raids of the Eighteenth Amendment. Indeed, it is difficult to perceive why such a measure could not be administered by the inoffensive methods now used in connection with the Revenue act or the Pure Food and Drugs law.

VI

The same vicarious distrust of democratic principles is evidenced by a group of Catholics, including a cardinal, an archbishop and several prominent lay members of the Mother Church. Their peculiar anxiety is that the Federal government will take over the educational system of the country, and appoint new teachers for the parochial schools.

Of course, the Amendment speaks only of labor; and the ordinary meaning of labor is simply *labor*. But if such a synonym were somehow distasteful to Congress, the term has been frequently defined by American courts as "toil; exertion producing weariness; manual exertion of a toilsome nature." It seems to me that these legal equivalents are far more suggestive of the occupations of children in textile mills and coal mines than the chores usually performed in high-schools.

The reverend gentlemen should remember that if sectarian schools have survived the principle of compulsory education, they are not likely to suffer disruption because of a purely economic measure. After all, nobody is offering to repeal the constitutional guarantees of religious freedom. It should also be significant that such a sincere Catholic as the late Thomas J. Walsh helped to draft the Amendment, and that one of its most eloquent supporters is the Rt. Rev. John A. Ryan.

It has also been argued, despite the indisputable meaning of simple words, that labor is merely a subtle term for soldiering, and that Congress would use the Amendment as an excuse for compulsory military service. The obvious answer is that the government managed very effectively to raise an army through the Selective Draft during the World War. It could do so again if the occasion arose, without additional authority.

Next to the interested lobbying of such organizations as the National Manufacturers' Association, perhaps the greatest influence against ratification has been exerted by a few newspapers. When a code for newsboys was under discussion in Washington, certain women's organizations suggested a fourteen-year age limit. Theretofore, children of all ages were employed by newspapers after school, at all hours of the night and morning. If they were injured by accident, their right to recover was often defeated on the ground that they were not strictly employees, but "independent merchants."

The proposed improvement was certainly modest enough. But its remote effect on the cost of circulation was sufficient to bring forth a succession of magniloquent editorials extolling the efficacy of child labor in toughening the body and deadening the nerves for the high resolves of adult

life. Thus the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., *Star* warned its subscribers that their children under eighteen "were being legislated into idleness and bondage." The Mt. Vernon, N. Y., *Argus*, referring to the advocates of the Amendment, declaimed:

Had they been able to exert their influence a century ago, they would have wrested from the sturdy arms of young Abraham Lincoln the axe with which he cleared the forest and built his cabin home. They would have taken young Al Smith from gainful employment, where he learned those lessons that made him great, and turned him into a street corner loafer.

It should be unnecessary to point out that many other Presidents of the Republic managed to reach the White House without splitting rails, but by simply splitting words with a pen. Moreover, editors themselves have frequently published news items telling of other young children who got the same start as Al Smith, and ended with pneumonia or under the wheels of automobiles.

Of course, editorial comment is far from unanimous. The Scripps-Howard and Hearst papers do not see that the regulation of child labor in any way threatens national virility. Many other papers have looked beyond their own circulation departments, despite the pressure of employers among their advertisers. Their sober conclusions are intelligently summarized by *Editor & Publisher* for April 21, 1934:

It is not to be rationally believed that Congress could ever make an eighteen-year-old rule apply to news-carriers. The fight on

the Amendment by organized journalism has mystified us and has seemed to be a misdirected organization of effort.

It is difficult to see that excessive and dangerous juvenile work in any industry must be the sole alternative to idleness and loafing. If such contentions appear untenable in logic, they become positively amusing when one reads a list of the organizations that support the Child Labor Amendment. The various terrible designs against the home, the babies and the schools are imputed to such conservative bodies as the American Federation of Labor, the National Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Association of University Women, the Campfire Girls, the American Nurses' Association, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and the American Legion. Such an average assortment of mothers, fathers and young Americans can hardly be accused of wishing to assign the children to the Communist Party or to the Federal Department of the Interior.

So it is evident that when the various arguments are fairly examined, nothing remains but a great deal of verbosity that has served to conceal the main issue. The basic quarrel is obviously between those who still believe that the profits of unlimited exploitation are the necessary foundation of universal prosperity, and those who acknowledge the harmlessness of reasonable juvenile labor, but insist also upon the right of youngsters to healthy growth and education.

THE SAAR PLEBISCITE

BY M. W. FODOR

GERMANY insists on prestige, and France on security—and the territory of the Saar stands between the two neighboring countries. On January 13, 1935, the population of the Saar, or at least that part of the inhabitants who were residents of this disputed territory fifteen years ago, will go to the polls to decide between three alternatives:

1. whether the Saar territory shall be restored to Germany,
2. whether the *status quo*, that is, an autonomous régime under the protection of the League of Nations, shall be maintained, or
3. whether the Saar shall join France.

These are the three alternatives provided by the Saar statute of the Versailles Treaty. But only the first two will come within the realm of practical considerations when the votes will be cast in January. For it can be taken for granted that the number of people who will vote for an outright union of the Saar with France will be infinitesimally small.

In brief, the situation at present is this: About 35% of the population—at least, this was the case in early October, 1933—is certain to vote for union of the Saar with Germany; another 35% is certain to vote against union with Germany, and these people prefer the *status quo* to the privilege of becoming part and parcel of Adolf Hitler's Third Reich. It is the remaining 30% which causes headaches in Paris and Berlin. Their attitude is yet undecided,

and many things can occur before January 13, 1935, to influence them to cast their votes in the one or the other direction.

Who are for, and who are against, union with Germany? Against the union with the Fatherland are those who, because of their political or religious convictions, are likely to suffer persecution in Hitler's Germany. These people are the Social-Democrats, the Communists, the Jews, and the Roman Catholics. This fact, by itself, would mean that an overwhelming majority of the Saar population would vote against the union with Germany, for the Saar is a predominantly Roman Catholic country, and because of the developed coal mines and large steel plants a considerable part of the population are workers who vote regularly for Socialist or Communist candidates.

And yet we must realize that, despite the well-founded fears of future persecutions, not all these people will vote against union with Germany. The population of the Saar is German by language, and has remained German by sentiment during the fifteen years since they were severed from the mother-country. The 35% who are considered as certain to vote against union are recruited from the ranks of the Communists and of the Roman Catholics, as well as from the Social-Democrats. But not all Catholics and Communists will vote against Hitler's Germany. Some of the Communists believe that Nazi Germany is a pace-maker for a Bolshevik Germany,

and for this reason they prefer union with the country of Hitler rather than to be under a pro-French, and thus an extremely ultra-capitalist, régime. Until quite recently this view was quite popular among the Communists; the events of June 30, however, cured many of them from this hope. The Catholics, on the other hand, are undecided. They probably are awaiting a secret hint from the Vatican. And Rome has to go slowly and be careful not to expose to further dangers her faithful flock, already badly abused and persecuted, in Germany. The Church of Rome faces a great dilemma: If she gives the hint, through the medium of the priests, to vote for Germany in the Saar, she may bring misfortune and probable persecution to several hundred thousand Catholics who are domiciled in this contested area. If she advises to vote against Germany and if, thanks to the Catholic vote, the *status quo* is maintained, the Nazis in Germany, in their Teutonic fury, would probably take revenge on the millions of Catholics in the Reich, and a new persecution of the followers of the Church of Rome would begin in Hitler's country. The more irreconcilable Catholics in the Saar say that such a persecution of their co-religionists would come in any case in Germany, should the Saar vote turn out favorably or unfavorably for the Reich. These people believe that if today some restraint is shown towards the Catholics in Germany, this is because the possessors of power in Berlin know that they must take into consideration the sentiment of the Saar population before the coming vote; after the elections, in any case, attempts will be made to unite the Roman Catholic church in Germany with the German church of the Nazi Bishop Mueller.

At present, as I have said, the majority of the Catholics in the Saar has not yet

made up its mind regarding its votes in January, and is awaiting further developments, and, perhaps, further instructions.—In the meantime Germany attempts to influence them by two means: first, by the mild, bewitching, flageolet-like entreaties of prominent German Catholics who accepted Hitler's ideas, such as Herr von Papen, at present Germany's Minister to Vienna; and, second, by the threats and terror of the *Deutsche Front*, the union of those German parties which desire to re-annex the Saar to Germany. The *Deutsche Front* is the camouflage name of the Nazis in the Saar; the parties which are against a union of the Saar with Hitler's Germany, describe themselves as the United Front.

Von Papen has always been counted as an influential figure in the Saar. Though himself not a Saarlander, he is connected to the Saar by marriage. His wife is from the Bosch family, a family of French origin, but Germanized later on, and the Boschés are famous china manufacturers in the Saar. Franz von Papen likes to spend weeks, or days, at the lovely castle of his wife's family at Wallerfangen—Vaudrevange, as the French call it!

Since June 30, when von Papen's close friend and collaborator, von Bose, was killed, the voice of the former Vice-Chancellor has not sounded quite as convincing in the Saar as was the case heretofore. On the other hand, the terrorism of the Nazis is real and effective. In Saarbruecken, Neukirchen, Voelklingen, and St. Ingbert, the Nazis are very insolent and "superior." They utter threats, sometimes openly, sometimes only hinting at it—that anybody who would vote against them, would be dealt with accordingly.

"We will be in the position to know who voted against the Fatherland, and thus committed high treason," they say,

and judging by the misfortunes of many who voted against the Nazis at the recent referendum for the *Fuehrer*, after the death of President Hindenburg, these more timid Saarlanders fear that they may share the fate of their unfortunate kinsmen in the Reich.

II

Mr. Knox, the head of the present Saar government, tries in vain to assure the population that at the vote of the coming January no such indiscretions will be possible as were observed in Germany, nor will he tolerate an intimidation of the voters. But even Mr. Knox's own life has been threatened, and the other day he felt compelled to draw the attention of the Secretary General of the League of Nations to the German terror in the Saar. This time Mr. Knox submitted documents which were seized at the offices of the Voluntary Labor Service attached to the German Front, the camouflaged Nazi organization in the Saar.

Mr. Knox alleged that young Saarlanders recruited for voluntary work in Nazi labor camps in Germany are being trained with a view to attack the Saar if necessary—the voluntary labor camp being an exact parallel to the so-called Austrian Legion in Bavaria. As a preventive measure Mr. Knox was compelled to ban the voluntary labor organization in the Saar and instructed the young men enrolled in it “to report to the police with the possibility of being placed under special surveillance.” The aim pursued by the Voluntary Labor Organization was revealed in a letter which was intercepted and which bore the date October 6, 1933:

We will submit a request to the Prussian government and to the Reich government to the effect that the Reich directorate be

empowered to admit a total of about 10,000 Saar Germans into German voluntary labor services, and to keep them beyond the period of training until recalled to the Saar territory in the plebiscite year 1935.—In addition to the ordinary service prescribed for the Voluntary Labor Service, they shall receive special attention and instruction with a view to the Saar campaign.

In other words, it was planned to train 10,000 young Germans in the German voluntary labor camps in order to educate them to be efficient terrorists for the election campaign previous to the Saar plebiscite!

Another document revealed that the credits necessary for the maintenance and training of these young Saarlanders for a year and a half would come to five million dollars! Actually, stated Mr. Knox in his letter to the League's secretariat, about 16,000 young Saarlanders have received this training.

What can Mr. Knox do against these intrigues? The frontier between Germany and the Saar territory is protected hardly at all; agents and terrorists can easily come in. The police in the Saar sympathize with the German Front, the Saar Nazi organization. In the face of this Mr. Knox petitioned the League to raise an international police, about 600 men strong, which shall be the guarantee for the maintenance of order during the plebiscite. Mr. Knox, in September of this year, was able to supply additional proof of Germany's intrigues.

Amongst others, he sent in the copy of a letter, written by Herr Peter Schaub, a regional leader of the German Front. This letter revealed that Herr Spaniol, Prussian Counsellor of State and founder of the Saar Voluntary Labor Service in Germany, declared himself ready to “march into the Saar at the head of his 17,000 unemployed in the Voluntary Labor Service” if the results of the plebiscite were unfav-

orable to Germany. Though Herr Schaub disapproved of the threat of Spaniol, stating that he had no authority to act in this way, he himself made the ominous statement that "owing to the peculiar position of the Saar territory, special measures are necessary, and those measures can be taken by persons who are, in the first place, old fighters in the National Socialist cause and, secondly, men of experience." Several cases of individual intimidation were also given as examples of the German terror methods in Mr. Knox's petition.

One of the strongest weapons of the German propaganda in the Saar is the radio broadcast, just as it was the case in Austria where a clever Nazi propaganda was conducted for over a year and a half with the aid of the Munich wireless. Another way of pressure is the threat with open terror against the leaders of all parties and factions which try to oppose the pro-German vote at the coming plebiscite. The terror threats were the strongest against Mr. Knox, the head of the Saar Territory Government Commission. Public opinion in both Germany and the Saar is being incited against the leader of the Saar Social-Democrats, Max Braun, and against Herr Josef Hoffmann, the editor of the Roman Catholic organ in the Saar. They have all been denounced as traitors, rogues and rascals.

The League of Nation's Council, in its session of June 4, established a Saar Plebiscite Commission, consisting of three members, a Swede, a Dutchman and a Swiss. This commission began functioning July 1, and as its first task issued a declaration in which it reiterated that both the French and German governments have declared before the League's Council that they will abstain from all pressure, direct or indirect, which might compromise the liberty of the votes; that they renounce any

moral or penal reprisals against the voters relative to their political attitudes during the League administration; and that they will take the necessary measures to prevent their nationals from breaking these obligations.

Despite this pledge of the German government the violent propaganda continued; and this forced Mr. Knox to ask for the establishment of a neutral police which was then granted to him in the session of the League in September. It was decided to recruit the new international police from those countries where part of the population speaks German. Switzerland and Luxembourg refused to allow recruiting amongst their nationals, apparently fearing that the permission of such recruiting would anger Germany, with which country they have lively trade relations. The bulk of the new police will probably be recruited in Belgium and in the South-Tyrol parts of Italy.

Why is Germany making such strenuous efforts for a favorable vote at the plebiscite in the Saar, in a country which before the coming to power of Hitler was assumed to vote with great certainty overwhelmingly pro-German? Germany is worried because of the Saar, and this for many reasons. It is true that even today the chances are in favor of a majority for Germany at the plebiscite, but who knows what will be the attitude of the Saar Catholics at the time of the vote? The church struggle in Germany is watched keenly by the Catholics in the Saar; and it is remembered in Berlin that at the referendum taken on August 19 of this year the Noes were particularly numerous in the Catholic parts of Western Germany, the section of the Reich which lies nearest to the Saar. Moreover, even a 35 to 40% plebiscite opposition against Hitler would undoubtedly cast a shadow on the value of the various

referenda taken in Germany during the Hitler régime. A defeat at the polls, which is not likely but today does not look entirely impossible, would be devastating for the régime and such a defeat would undoubtedly induce the more hotheaded Nazis to seek by force what they lost by persuasion.

And what is the French attitude? Judged by the appearances, it is an attitude of the "wait and see," of strict neutrality. The Quai d'Orsay, the French State Department, addressed a memorandum to the secretariat-general of the League of Nations in which it tried to sum up the French thesis concerning the results of the plebiscite. Independent of the coming results, the French memorandum apparently reckoned with the liquidation of the international régime in the Saar, and discussed mainly the property rights of the Saar mines. The Saar is a rich coal-mining country, and most of the coal-fields were the property of the Prussian state before the Versailles treaty. The peace treaty, however, handed over the property rights of the Saar mines to France, and in the clause of the treaty which provides for the aftermath of the plebiscite, it is foreseen that in case Germany should win the vote, she will have to re-buy them at a price fixed by a commission of experts, this price to be paid in gold. In the reparations Germany had booked to her credit over 300,000,000 marks (60,000,000 gold dollars) for these mines.

The French memorandum stated that "the French government could not sacrifice the mines until a satisfactory settlement has been effected." The memorandum emphasized that France was insisting on her treaty rights and wanted the payment of this sum in case the vote should go in favor of Germany. Then the memorandum offered an important bait for

those who probably were hesitating as to the vote which they should give on January 13: "Should the vote decide for the maintenance of the present administration system, then the exploitation of the coal-mines by the French state, which mines constitute the basis of the entire economic life of the territory, could not be made compatible with the new political statute. France is then prepared to hand over the greatest part of these mines, on reasonable conditions, to the Saar territory."

III

France, even if she pretends to be disinterested in the results of the coming plebiscite, cannot in reality view the fate of the Saar in so detailed a manner. If for Germany the Saar is a question of national prestige, for France it is a question of national security and of financial advantages—two things which deeply interest the soul of every Frenchman.

Security! The Franco-German frontier is approximately 220 miles long, and about forty miles of it is taken up by the Saar frontier. A neutral or semi-neutral territory, of a total area of 743 square miles, is an important bulwark for France, which is so intent to assure maximum security in face of a possible German invasion. The Saar has a population of almost 800,000, and the re-annexation of this territory would help to increase the German army by another three army corps. Moreover, Saarbruecken was one of the most important railroad centers of old Germany. Many important railroad lines, connecting France with Germany and connecting various other industrial parts of Germany with one another, meet here in Saarbruecken, while the Trier-Saarbruecken-Kaiserlautern railroad line was one of the most important "rocade"-lines for military

purposes; and in the mobilization plans of Germany this line played a great importance. The loss of this line is a very serious one for Germany for military reasons, and the French point out that the Germans were compelled to build a parallel line which evades the Saar and has to pass through the uninhabited and deserted Hunsrueck and Haardt mountain districts.

If questions of national security are highly important to every patriotic Frenchman, in only a slightly less degree the questions of financial and economic considerations are also important to them. Coal and iron are the basis of all national industries, and the Saar has both—it has large iron and steel works and extensive coal-fields. Amongst the French arguments in favor of the maintainance of the *status quo*, there is one which is difficult to refute: Today the Saar is economically more dependent on France than it is on Germany. The French point out that the Saar is one of France's best customers, and that she is, for example, a better client of France than is Italy, Spain, Morocco or Holland! In 1927, undoubtedly a year of economic prosperity, the Saar imported from France 3,800,000 tons of iron ore and 1,300,000 tons of finished goods. France imported from the Saar 4,300,000 tons of coal in 1926, to a value of 500,000,000 French francs, and iron and steel worth 300,000,000 francs.

The chief basis of the wealth of the Saar, as I have said, is her coal mining. Before the war 35% of its coal production was used within its own borders, 25% was exported to Southern Germany, 11% to other parts of Prussia, 12½% to Alsace-Lorraine (then German), and only 8% to France. In 1928, 39% of the Saar coal production was used in the Saar territory, another 39% was exported to France, while only 10% of the coal went to Germany.

The Germans challenge the correctness of these French arguments. They say that the exports from the Saar to Southern Germany were artificially diverted to France; they argue that the French conduct veritable "robber" economics in the Saar mines, and state that several villages have been endangered by the hasty and in-expert exploitation of the coal mines. Moreover, the Germans challenge the French argument that the coal mining situation has improved under the French administration.

And here come some considerations which are mostly unknown to the laymen but which are decisive for the question of Franco-German rivalry in the Saar. Pre-war Germany was far from being self-sufficing as far as iron ore was concerned. Though she was in possession of the Lorraine "minette" iron ores, she had to import 50% of her iron ore requirements. After the war, the loss of the Lorraine mines reduced her home production to only 10% of her iron ore requirements. The rest she has had to import from Sweden, Spain and especially from Lorraine, which is now French. The German deposits in Lorraine before the war were estimated to contain 800,000,000 tons of iron ore; France, in the basin of Nancy, Longwy and Briey, had iron ore deposits estimated to exceed 2,000,000,000 tons. In addition, France has at her disposal valuable iron ores in Algiers and Morocco. The loss of the Lorraine mines was, naturally, a heavy blow to Germany.

She was better off as far as coal is concerned. In 1913 the German coal deposits, including the Saar and Upper-Silesia, were estimated to contain 423,000,000,000 tons of coal, while the French coal deposits in the departments of Nord and Pas-de-Calais were estimated at 17,500,000,000 tons. After the war Germany still retained huge coal

deposits, containing, as estimated, 280,000,000 tons of coal, while France increased her coal deposits to 21,700,000,000, and in addition the Saar deposits are at her disposal, containing 12,000,000,000 tons of coal. The French calculate as follows: If, after the war, France's coal reserves, and those of the Saar and Germany are taken as 100, then Germany's part in the coal deposits is 89%, while France, together with the Saar, has only 11%. If the Saar basin is restored to Germany, the Reich will possess 93% and France only 7%. "In other words: we would cede 36.5% of our part to increase our neighbor's reserve by only 4.5%," writes one of the French memoranda issued by French industrial interests.

The French also point out that in the year 1928 (a year of boom) the French coal production was (including the inferior quality "lignite" brown coal) 54,400,000 tons; imports in that year from the Saar amounted to 4,400,000, while imports from other countries were 17,300,000 tons. Deducting the 4,900,000 tons of coal exported from France this would leave the French with a coal deficit of 16,800,000 tons a year. Compared with Germany's coal mining, which is estimated by the French at 190,000,000 tons a year, the Saar coal has but little value for Germany, but it is rather important for France, say the French.

Not so convincing are the French arguments about the iron works in the Saar. The French point out that the production of pig iron increased by 41% since 1913, and that of the 4,000,000 tons of iron-ore consumed in 1927 by the Saar blast furnaces, 97% came from Lorraine. The Saar, it is true, remains important for France as a customer of iron ore, but, on the other hand, the production of the Saar iron and steel could easily find good markets in Germany.

The deficiency of French coal supplies seriously occupies the mind of the French military as well as industrial quarters. For this reason it would be a mistake to believe that the French are watching without any special interest or concern the developments in the Saar. It is probably wise, from the French point of view, to assume this air of indifference because a real active French propaganda would immediately be exploited by the Germans in their own favor. On the other hand, France must take a deep interest in the future of the Saar because of reasons of security and of economic considerations. She has already pointed out to Germany: "All right, if the plebiscite goes in your favor, the Saar is yours. But what about the payment for the mines?" The French now estimate the value of these mines at 1,000,000,000 francs (\$70,000,000) as a minimum estimate. And what about French investments? They make another \$80,000,000! And don't forget, say the French, that the treaty clearly provides that you must pay for the mines in gold. And here comes the dilemma of Germany. If she does not pay in gold, great complications may arise about the question of property rights of the mines. If she pays in gold the creditors of Germany will say: "Oh, you pay France in gold, and you refused to pay our debts to us, arguing you had no more gold with which to pay!"

Herr Hitler attempted repeatedly to come to a direct understanding with France on the question of the Saar. Why hold a plebiscite in a territory which is German, and was always German in history, argue the possessors of power in Berlin. The French answer: You forget that one-fourth of the Saar was French for a long period when Louis XIV added this territory to his possessions. Why, Maréchal Ney, this bravest of Napoleon's

army leaders, was a Saarois, a native of the Saar!—One of the curses of post-war Europe is this long memory regarding history.

The French further insist that the Versailles Treaty prescribed the plebiscite and they must adhere to the provisions of the treaty. For this reason they cannot negotiate with Germany before the plebiscite. The Germans shout: "Shylock! You insist on your pound of flesh, though you know that this is an immoral claim."

As the days draw nearer to the date of the plebiscite the situation remains unclear and not without potential dangers. Unclear and dangerous for several reasons. First, because many people believe that the Germans will prevent a plebiscite, not because they fear defeat, though even this possibility must be now taken into consideration; but because of the home situation, they cannot afford to have such a "victory" in which a considerable part of the population, possibly more than one-third, has voted against them. The writer of these

lines does not agree with these prophets, but one must admit that nowadays one must take even such things into consideration, which in normal times would seem perfectly fantastic. Second, the situation remains unclear, because nobody can foretell with any amount of safety the probable results of the plebiscite.

What would happen if the plebiscite should go against Germany—a turn which is not likely, but one which must not be decried as impossible? Will Hitler's Germany take the defeat quietly or will such a result cause a crazy escapade of young Nazis into the Saar, which again may involve Germany in war with France? And suppose, if even all these dangers are passed, there remain the negotiations between France and Germany for the re-compensation payable for the Saar mines. With the plebiscite over, both sides, fortunately, will be interested to settle these economic differences with as little friction as possible. Whether or not they will remain to be seen.

THE AMERICAN ORCHESTRA SURVIVES

BY GRACE OVERMYER

WHILE the oldest and largest orchestras are obliged to appeal to their radio listeners to save them from extinction, symphony orchestras in the smaller American cities are enjoying increasing local patronage and gratifying artistic growth. Moreover, during the years of the depression, no less than six new American orchestras have been born, including one in the nation's capital, and excepting those established to take care of the musically unemployed. All face the future with confidence.

By a conservative estimate, there are in the United States today, in addition to innumerable semi-professional groups, such as school and college orchestras, junior symphonies, business men's and institution orchestras, some fifty or sixty regularly organized orchestral bodies, of from 60 to 100 members each, equipped to perform symphonic music, and giving a season of concerts each year. It is with the latter half-hundred—exclusive of those known as major orchestras—that this article is chiefly concerned. A survey, which has succeeded in reaching three-fourths of them, has brought surprisingly encouraging reports, backed by such statements of fact as justify cheerful conclusions concerning the state of musical aspiration in the country as a whole. There is no evidence of a Pollyanna conspiracy on the part of the spokesmen for these orchestras. Invariably they tell of financial struggle. All have been obliged, with the consent of local musical

unions, greatly to reduce players' salaries to bring them within diminishing budgets. Yet almost without exception those replying state that concert audiences are growing. Only two report having had to disband, and one of those was quickly re-organized.

With financial stringency unabated, and with the American Federation of Musicians reporting not more than a 10% increase in musicians' employment in the first nine months of 1934, this generally favorable "cross section" of American orchestras is provocative of speculation. To what can be attributed the willing support of good music in hard times by average American communities?

There are several reasons. On the practical side is the fact that, hardly perceptibly, there has been a movement toward musical decentralization in this country. The glutting of the musical labor market in the largest cities has made available large numbers of competent musicians for positions in the lesser orchestras. Hundreds of experienced symphonic players, willing to accept the modest salary standards of the smaller cities, have left the musically congested areas and have been eagerly welcomed by managers and musical public, west, north and south.

Other contributing elements, though more complex, are not far to seek. Chief among them doubtless is the growth in the layman's musical interest and understanding, due to the gradual educative in-

fluence of recorded music and, more recently, the radio. That the broadcasting of symphonic programs has created many new concert-goers is widely agreed. To an extent not easily appreciated, these influences are aided by the general cultural advance of the population, as well as by a large and constantly growing public that is musically trained. The situation also holds some vindication, perhaps, for those who have maintained that the ill wind of financial collapse was bound to carry spiritual good in its wake. The half gods of the prosperity period have taken flight, and more dependable deities are appearing in their stead.

II

Considering the basis on which the minor orchestras work today, it is fair to decry the money motive. At the same time, paradoxically, the first question that arises in considering their present status, is "How are they financed?" For a grand orchestra is manifestly an expensive institution, which is rarely, if ever, self-supporting, and gone is the day of American Maecenases—their withdrawal being painfully reflected in the near collapse of three of the major symphonies and of the Metropolitan Opera.

With the exception of the Baltimore Symphony, which is supported entirely by the city's taxpayers, and the New Haven Symphony, sponsored and financed by the Yale School of Music (this being the only professional orchestra in the United States maintained by a university as part of its educational program), every American orchestra has its own financial problem which it must meet in whatever way it can.

It might be well first to consider financial plans adopted by those infant phenomena, the depression-born orchestras. These

give little indication of being undernourished, and the very youngest of the group of half a dozen—that in Kansas City, which is one year old—is, with its 91 members, the largest and almost the lustiest of them all. In Kansas City the way for a ranking professional orchestra had been paved by years of pioneer effort on the part of Carl Busch, Arnold Volpe and N. de Rubertis, and of the "Little Symphony", now become a training school for orchestral players. In its first season of twenty-four weeks, the new orchestra, under the conductorship of Karl Krueger, played to audiences averaging well over 4000 for each concert, in which—this remarkable fact is especially recorded—one-half of the auditors were men! This orchestra is financed through a guaranty fund provided by a group of citizens, and by its seat sale, which, judging by advance indications, promises a second season as well supported as the first.

Two-year-olds in the American symphonic family rejoice the musical populace of Newark, New Jersey, and of two of the cities of the South—Richmond and Birmingham.

Newark's new professional symphony, under Philip Gordon, is the only one of the depression prodigies, included in this survey, to receive government aid. Financed by the C.W.A. from December, 1933, to May, 1934, it was thus enabled to increase the number of its concerts from thirteen in the first year to thirty in the second. It is not, however, an "unemployment orchestra," but expects to continue on a permanent basis.

The Richmond Symphony, presided over by Wheeler Beckett, has 75 members and is financed through season-ticket sales, the sale of Founderships at \$100 each and of Business Memberships at a slightly higher figure. On a yearly budget of

\$35,000, it manages to pay its men \$40 to \$75 per week for a lively season of six weeks, during which eighteen concerts are given—a third of these in neighboring cities. Of its personnel, practically unchanged the second year, 75% were imported from New York, and the remaining 25% are native musicians, capable of meeting the orchestra's artistic standards. That these are high is indicated by the fact that no concert is given without at least six rehearsals, and that fourteen rehearsals were held in preparation for the first concert. It is not surprising that the second season's attendance was better than the first.

The Birmingham Civic Orchestra also doubled its attendance, as well as its income, the second year; and here also the cause seems evident. For although this orchestra is thus far obliged to confine its season to four concerts, ten rehearsals have preceded each concert—forty rehearsals to a season. Dorsey Whittington is the conductor. It has sixty-five players and is financed by donors, patrons, sustaining members and seat sale.

The National Symphony Orchestra, of Washington, D. C., consisting of approximately eighty men, conducted by Hans Kindler, is in its fourth year, having made its first public appearance in the fall of 1931. During each of its three seasons it has given twenty-four concerts in Constitution Hall, which, with its seating capacity of nearly 4000, has been filled, even for the Sunday concerts, according to an official statement, "in spite of free radio programs of great symphony orchestras." The orchestra is maintained by a sustaining fund, raised largely through the efforts of its women's committee. Each year has shown substantial gains in ticket sales.

Founded four years ago by Ferdinand Schaefer, and conducted by him, the

Indianapolis Orchestra has successfully weathered the depression and has been called the Indiana capital's "greatest cultural asset in a decade." Like Fabien Sevitzy's People's Symphony of Boston, which is ten years its senior, the Indianapolis Symphony is a coöperative orchestra, and subsists from the money derived from the season sale of seats, which money is pro-rated among the players after concert expenses are paid. "Our audiences have increased very considerably, as have our funds, during the depression," says its founder and conductor.

Just outside the door of the orchestral nursery stand the Buffalo and Milwaukee Symphonies, the Pittsburgh Orchestra, and the Rochester Civic Symphony, all in their sixth or seventh year. The Buffalo Orchestra owes its continuance during the past three years to the Emergency Work Bureau and the C.W.A. Milwaukee's is one of the few younger orchestras to depend for support largely upon a wealthy patron—Herman A. Uihlein, of that city, who donated \$30,000 within four years. Pittsburgh admits financial difficulties. When its orchestra was organized, it is stated, the men "gave their services, or took whatever the committee could pay them." Recently, however, removal of the city's blue laws, so as to permit Sunday evening concerts, which are very well attended, has put the orchestra on a paying basis. The Rochester Civic Orchestra, like that city's Philharmonic, is supported by the Rochester Civic Music Association, in which the two pool their finances and upon which they draw for some of their members.

One of the smallest cities of the country to maintain a thriving symphony over a considerable period of years is Kalamazoo, Michigan, whose orchestra of eighty men is entering its fourteenth season. Kalamazoo's achievement is largely due to the

practical idealism of its orchestra's founder and chief animating spirit, Mrs. Harry G. Snow, and this is reflected in the organization itself and in its personnel. Thirty of its regular players donate their services, all donate rehearsals. Despite very modest remuneration, Mrs. Snow has imported as first-desk men several artist players, former members of the major symphonies. This orchestra has never had a deficit and ended last year with a small balance. Yearly subscriptions are secured, ranging from \$25 to \$1,000, with ordinary memberships at \$5. Although programs never depart from the quality ideal, tickets are sold for the nominal sum of twenty-five and fifty cents.

A drastic lowering of the price of concert tickets is directly credited with the survival of the Omaha Civic Symphony, which, when financial reverses seized its former willing guarantors, the business men of the town, seemed threatened with disintegration. To meet the emergency the Omaha Civic Music Association was formed with the slogan: "Symphony music for every one at a price all can afford." At the greatly reduced rates, attractive programs were offered, each one featuring a soloist of note, and Rudolph Ganz was brought on from St. Louis to conduct. As a consequence the orchestra was moved from the small hall, to which it had been mournfully relegated to play to empty seats, back to the City Auditorium, which accommodates 4000. This orchestra is ten years old.

III

So far as financial problems are concerned, the Baltimore Symphony is in a class by itself, since Baltimore is the only city in the country actually maintaining a Municipal Department of Music. This bears all

the costs, not only of the city's Symphony Orchestra of ninety-five men, but also of its Municipal Band of seventy-five, Colored Orchestra of ninety-five, Colored Band of forty-five, and City Colored Chorus of 250 mixed voices. Music is not a political issue in Baltimore, because of the solidarity of local sentiment, but it has been said that "if any musical reactionary aspired to the mayoralty, the music lovers would see to it that he was buried under an electoral landslide." Mayor Howard W. Jackson, in a recent statement to taxpayers, held that "even in a period of financial stress, music is essential to the well-being of the citizens." Since establishment of the Department of Music, sixteen years ago, Frederick R. Huber has been its director.

Although Baltimore is unique in the extent of its official patronage of music, there are other American municipalities which for years have contributed a measure of support to musical organizations, mostly bands. In 1925, 310 municipalities in the United States expended a total of nearly \$2,000,000 for music (this usually meant band concerts and occasional choral events, and did not include appropriations for public school music). Orchestras apparently have not received much aid from city tax budgets. San Francisco, however, gives its symphony \$7,500 annually; Denver contributes officially \$1,500 a year to the support of its orchestra, and in addition donates the use of the city auditorium.

The past two years have witnessed a phenomenon altogether new in America—Federal aid to music—and, although this is commonly linked up with temporary "work relief," it has also in a few instances been extended to established orchestral groups. The Seattle Orchestra, which is thirty-one years old, and is usually listed with the country's major symphonies, received during the 1933-34 season \$2,275

from the C.W.A., with which fifteen musicians were paid to augment the orchestra. From March to May, 1934, the Syracuse Orchestra (in its twelfth year) was financed entirely by the C.W.A., pending new plans for support. In North Carolina, a Federal allotment made possible the creation of a new symphony orchestra early in 1934. Although this was approved as an Emergency Relief project, it was planned from this beginning to develop a permanent institution, financed by admission charges and local patronage.

While there are objections to the discriminating characterization, *major orchestras*, it is generally understood that the distinction is based both on artistic pre-eminence, due to fortunate financing and the consequent ability to command the finest talent, and on seniority. With the exception of three, the thirteen orchestras usually included in the *major* category, are the oldest musical organizations of their kind in the country. The New York Philharmonic, which, if it survives another eight years, will round out a century, is of course the veteran among them, being nearly forty years older than the two next in rank—the St. Louis and Boston Symphonies, which are respectively fifty-four and fifty-three years old. In respect to seniority New Haven's orchestra (though not in the major listing) follows next, it having passed its fortieth milestone. Still in their thirties are the Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Minneapolis and Seattle Orchestras; Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco have had their orchestras for twenty-four years. The three babies in the major group—Detroit, which is twenty, Cleveland, sixteen, and Los Angeles, fifteen—all owe the achievement of artistic prestige at an early age to the lavish patronage of wealth during the years when prosperity seemed likely to be everlasting.

Outside the largest cities, within the past twenty years, orchestras have sprung up in a profusion truly amazing. Most of these are functioning today, though some doubtless are less strong than others. More numerous in the thickly populated areas, they also are found in sections geographically remote. Huron, South Dakota, Albuquerque, New Mexico, Phoenix, Arizona, and Tulsa, Oklahoma, have orchestras of their own. By an approximate reckoning, including secondary organizations, Chicago now has five orchestras (of which three are under the supervisory direction of Eric De Lamrater); five more are listed in the State of Illinois. Pennsylvania has nine, in addition to eight in Philadelphia; California has three, besides its two "majors"; Florida, four, of which one, the Symphony Orchestra of Central Florida, has made particular progress during the past year. In Texas there is one in each of five leading cities—Amarillo, Dallas, El Paso, Houston and Fort Worth; in Michigan there are four outside of Detroit; in Massachusetts, three, besides half a dozen in Boston. Ohio has three, not counting those in Cleveland, Cincinnati and Columbus; Kentucky, two, both in Louisville. New Jersey is credited with ten, of which several are semi-professional; while New York has probably a dozen in up-State cities, and as many more in the metropolis. Rhode Island's leading orchestra is in Providence; Tennessee's, in Nashville; Maine's, in Portland; and North Carolina's, in Chapel Hill. There is also a Tri-City Symphony, a unique organization which performs in Davenport, Iowa, Rock Island and Moline, Illinois. And in addition to all these, are several active, professional, symphonic companies composed entirely of women, including one each in Chicago, Philadelphia, Denver and Portland, Oregon.

A decade ago the American orchestra was referred to as "our foremost cultural asset." But it was widely lamented that this finest flower of the age of wealth was choked at the root by the materialism that surrounded it. Idealists saw need for a basic pruning, but feared it would never come to pass.

Today, in the midst of a pruning process more thorough than even the idealists hoped for, the American orchestra survives. It manages somehow to survive at a

time when debts and taxes are unpaid, when the activities of schools and libraries are curtailed.

Surely there is something profoundly significant in this survival. It may be indicative of two things: first, that music has become for the modern spirit a necessity; and second, that from the standpoint of social evolution, America has reached the cultural crossroads, and has made the turn indicated by the arrow pointing to Appreciation of the Arts.

THE STAR ROUTE SWINDLES¹

BY STANLEY E. KALISH

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, who bagged the spoils in the greatest fraud ever perpetrated in the United States—the stealing of the Presidency from Samuel J. Tilden in 1876—was about to retire: It was inauguration eve of 1881. Washington was festooned with bunting, pennants, and flags, for on the morrow the cacophony of trombone and piccolo, whistle and bell, cheer and applause would greet James Abram Garfield at his installation as President. The new Cabinet had arrived for its part in the ceremonies of inauguration, and among its members were Postmaster General-Elect Thomas L. James and Wayne McVeagh, new Attorney-General. They were the Capitol Hill representatives of the reformers.

James, a close student of governmental affairs, had had the growing conviction that unsavory business was being conducted in his new department. For three years, Congress was faced with growing postal deficits that required additional biennial appropriations to balance a departmental budget that groaned even in that era before billions were only drops in the rain of Federal costs. In 1880, a House committee had found a rich field of graft, but its three months of quizzing a score of witnesses produced little. That and the usual Washington rumor mill had made James fiercely suspicious of the department he was to head.

¹ This is the third in the Thieveries of the Republic Series.

"My attention was first specifically called to the matter," he said years later, "by Ex-Senator George E. Spencer of Nevada, and other well-informed gentlemen. It was their belief that millions of dollars had been wasted on unnecessary 'Star' service—service much of which had never been performed and which had been procured by improper means."

The Star service was the Star routes, mail lines designated on the postal register by a series of stars. The nation, expanding westward following the Civil War, had found its postal service unable to keep step. Trains and steamboats did not reach the new frontier, and a service by stage-coach, buckboard and horse-back was devised. Bids were called and contracts let for this new service, which operators pledged to perform with "celerity, certainty, and security." The service was fraught with difficulty. It swept across the Indian country to straggling settlements and forts, set in the rough wilderness of the new West. The "mail men" generally were rough adventurers, who did their job lazily and always inefficiently. But life in Washington, after the exigencies of the Civil War, was one of ease and apathy. The sluggish, exploited mail service in the territories and its resulting exorbitant costs were matters of no comment.

There were 9,225 Star route lines in 1879 with an annual maintenance—more accurately, subsidy—of \$5,900,000. The contracts for these routes were made flex-

ible to meet the shifting needs of the frontier. The post-office department was authorized to extend and expand them (and the subsidy, too) without asking for new bids. This latitude led to the Star route frauds.

It was these routes that were mentioned at a conference between James and the new President on inauguration eve. The men talked in the generalities of those about to begin a new job, and James reported that Garfield told him "that from what he had been hearing he was afraid there was something very wrong in the department itself; that if so, he expected me to find it out, and then put the plough into the beam, and after that to subsoil it."

II

On March 9, less than a week after he had assumed office, President Garfield summoned James. The President once more spoke of the Star route service and its contracts. Then he asked James to recommend a man who would make a thorough, unbiased, and vigorous investigation of the service and its contracts. P. H. Woodward, of Connecticut, former chief special agent of the post-office department, was the man James advised; and Woodward undertook the inquiry a few days later.

"The state of affairs thus revealed was truly appalling," James told Congressional investigators in 1884. "Inspectors . . . were peremptorily forbidden to trench upon the Star route domain by a power which appeared to be greater than that of the head of the department, and whose unspoken word was obeyed as law."

Postal inspectors, secretly employed by James for Woodward, studied the contracts, went down that long web of routes,

and reported back to Washington. The first returns led Woodward to conclude that fraud rode high, wide, and handsome on the Star routes, and on April 9, he met with James, Attorney-General McVeagh, and President Garfield. After Woodward unfolded the preliminary evidence, the finger of guilt pointed to men high in the Republican party, and McVeagh warned the President that if the revelations and investigations were pursued they might wound the party fatally. He warned that it might be expedient to proceed with caution.

The reply was historic. James reported Garfield as saying, "No, I have sworn to execute the laws. Go ahead regardless when or whom you hit. I direct you both not only to probe this ulcer to the bottom, but to cut it out."

McVeagh said Garfield "spoke of the frauds as unparalleled villainies, as a bothersome ulcer on the body politic, needing to be cut out with all its roots, no matter where they extended."

Woodward quoted Garfield: "I have sworn to uphold the Constitution and the law; I shall do my full duty. My instructions to you are, cut the ulcer out, no matter whom it hurts."

That night Garfield noted in his journal, "The Postmaster-General and special agent came and reported what they had discovered concerning the Star route contract service. Great frauds have been discovered. I will clean out the contract office."

Ten days later, on April 19, Woodward recommended the dismissal of General Thomas J. Brady, second assistant postmaster general and protégé of Senator Morton of Indiana, in whose office Star route contracts were let. Garfield ordered Brady's dismissal that night, permitting him to resign a few days later. But Brady

didn't leave meekly. He produced a letter on May 5 that Garfield had written during the campaign in 1880 to a man named Hubbell, a Michigan politician, who was on the Congressional Republican committee, in an effort to discredit and link Garfield to the growing Star route fury.

"Please say to Brady," Garfield had written, "that I hope he will give us all the assistance he can. I think he can help effectively. Please tell me how the departments generally are doing."

The general interpretation given the letter was that Garfield merely was checking on how government employes were contributing to his campaign fund, a malodorous practice that was according to the ethics of politics in those days before civil service. In this light, Brady's effort failed to stem the investigation.

Brady, further, was part owner of a Washington newspaper which fought the Star route investigation throughout its several years on the boards in the theater of politics. McVeagh tartly remembered later that "in the District [of Columbia], I am assured twice each weekday and once on each Sunday, a newspaper is published and circulated among the people from whom the jurors are to be selected, filled with abuse of everybody concerned, during President Garfield's lifetime, with these investigations."

The inquiring spotlight further fell on Stephen W. Dorsey, former United States Senator from Arkansas, and it was of him that McVeagh had warned Garfield about the soft handling politics must bear. Dorsey, a native of Vermont, had gone to Ohio in his youth; served bravely in the Civil War, and had returned to Sandusky where he rose to the presidency of a tool company. Then he was elected to head the Arkansas Railway Company and had

moved to Helena, Arkansas, and begun his career in politics. He speedily rose from chairman of his county Republican committee to the Senate where he arrived on March 4, 1873, as a carpetbagger from a former slave State. In the campaign of 1880, Senator Dorsey was secretary of the Republican National Committee and at the same time headed a syndicate that controlled a large number of Star route contracts. His connection with the mail combination had not started officially until he retired from the Senate on March 3, 1879, after refusing to stand for reelection; but evidence Woodward and his investigators uncovered showed that he had had an active part in securing contracts while he was a Senator.

Dorsey's place among the political mighty is best illustrated by the banquet at Delmonico's in New York City on February 11, 1881. It was three weeks before Garfield's inauguration, and Dorsey was guest of honor. General Ulysses S. Grant presided; Henry Ward Beecher pronounced the invocation, and Chester A. Arthur, Vice-President-elect, was among the speakers. The man who succeeded to the Presidency after Garfield's assassination the following September eulogized Dorsey's service to the Republicans. The carpetbagger had gone to Indiana in the election the previous fall and had spent \$100,000 to make the State safe for Republicanism.

The *New York Times*, vigorous crusader in that day, quoted Arthur on February 12 as saying that Indiana, through Dorsey's efforts, had been "put down on the books always as the State that might be carried by close and perfect organization and a great deal of—[laughter]. Someone cried, 'Soap'—that was the missing word."

On April 23, James gave out for publi-

cation a list of 93 Star routes, many held by Dorsey, which had had their contracts skyrocketed to amazing sums. Thus:

and oral evidences which abounded on every hand."

Postal inspectors had carefully scruti-

Route—Between	Original Length Miles	Length 1880	Number of Trips Originally per Week	Number of Trips 1880	Original Pay	Pay Increase	Pay 1880	Number of Post-offices 77-78	Postoffices 78-79	Postoffices 79-80
Vinita, Indian Territory & Las Vegas, N. M.	638	810	1	7	\$ 6,330.00	\$144,262.03	\$150,592.03	None	21	27
Bismarck, Dakota Terr. & Ft. Keogh, Mont.	303	310	1	6	2,350.00	67,650.00	70,000.00	None	3	4
Ft. Worth, Tex. & Yuma, Ariz.	1,560	1,426	7	7	134,000.00	165,000.00	209,000.00	33	35	36
Bozeman, Mont. & Ft. Keogh, Mont.	326	361	3	7	16,500.00	68,766.81	85,266.81	8	16	16
Rock Creek, Wyo. & Ft. Custer, Wyo.	331	331	3	7	10,507.25	78,260.87	88,768.12	4	8	9
Las Vegas, N. M. & Las Cruces	442½	424	3	7	14,900.00	76,311.68	91,211.68	17	19	19
Prescott, Ariz. & Santa Fe, N. M.	460	460	3	7	13,313.00	122,662.00	135,975.00	11	14	14
Prescott, Ariz. & Mohave City, Nev.	190	190	2	7	7,440.00	59,519.99	66,959.99	7	8	9
Phoenix, Ariz. & Prescott, Ariz.	140	140	1	7	680.00	31,960.32	32,640.32	4	7	7
The Dalles, Ore. & Baker City, Ore.	275	275		7	8,288.00	64,232.00	72,520.00	17	14	15
Soledad, Calif. & New Hall, Calif.	304	332	7	7	20,000.00	26,424.33	55,424.33	20	22	23
Redding, Calif. & Alturas, Calif.	179	179	2	6	5,988.00	29,040.00	35,928.00	14	13	13

Typical List of Star Routes

"From the moment the table of the 93 Star routes was given out," James said, "Mr. Dorsey began to actively engage in efforts to shield himself, to bring the investigation to naught, to disturb the relations of the President with his Cabinet, and to convince the country that 'persecution' was the primary motive of the department and the administration. The most brazen effrontry and reckless prevarication were freely indulged in, despite the most direct and convincing documentary

nized the table of routes. They found that General Brady had been generous with the contractors on the 93 choice runs. These contractors, made up of the chief combinations of the day—the Dorsey, the Salisbury, and the Parker—had been generously aided by Brady to the extent of increasing their contracts to the sum of \$2,723,464 from an original \$762,858. The actual carriers of the mail, for the combinations relet their contracts, received no benefits from the flexible provisions that

permitted the huge increase. They carried the mail poorly, while the Dorseys and others apparently pocketed the money. Brady's generosity on the 93 routes left only a quarter of a million dollars of the post-office appropriation for the other 9,132 routes. It is no wonder that a deficit resulted and Congress got a financial S O S every two years.

III

The 93-route treasure chest was discovered a few days after the investigation was begun in March, although it was not made public for more than a month; and investigators faced the problem of assembling evidence to establish and prove the ever difficult charge of conspiracy. The greatest spur to the confusing case came in the early part of June when former United States Senator Powell Clayton of Arkansas called on James and told him that Montford C. Rerdell, "clerk and superintendent of the Dorsey combination," had called on him and said he wanted to make a complete statement.

A meeting was arranged and Rerdell told his story to James, Clayton, and Woodward in a room at the Arlington Hotel in Washington. His affidavit purported to detail Senator Dorsey's connection with procuring Star route contracts.

Rerdell said that he became Dorsey's secretary in 1875 while the carpetbagger was in the Senate. The night before bids closed on the Star service to begin on July 1, 1878, Dorsey ordered Rerdell to assist John R. Miner, another employé, in drawing up bids. Bids were offered variously in the names of Miner; John M. Peck, the Senator's brother-in-law; J. W. Dorsey, his brother; J. H. Watts, and A. E. Boone.

"I have a strong impression that Mr. Dorsey did some writing on the propos-

als," Rerdell's affidavit said, "perhaps to sign the name of Peck."

Rerdell asserted he had had no active part in the combination until that night. Then Dorsey made him his mail-matter chief, and the secretary was sent to Dakota in July of that year, with letters from Dorsey to promote petitions asking mail extensions, or in postal department parlance, expedition. Brother John Dorsey went along with Rerdell, and the affidavit significantly points out that during that journey a signature of Brother John was notarized in Washington for an extension of that lucrative Santa Fé-Prescott run while the owner of the signature was 2,000 miles away.

Rerdell told the investigators that when he returned to Washington in August he found Miner much agitated. Boone had been forced out of the company, Miner informing the secretary "that Brady did not like him and would grant no favors while he remained in." Miner was negotiating with Harvey M. Vaile because "relations between Vaile and Brady were very close," and a few days later Miner closed with Vaile, who joined the Dorsey combination.

Efforts to increase the growing revenues of the combination continued with Rerdell seeking petitions asking for mail extensions, and finally on March 4, 1879, Dorsey's senatorial term expired, and the Arkansan publicly announced his interest in the mail combination. Members of the syndicate met and the contracts were divided among the principals, Rerdell reported, Dorsey taking over 32 of them. Rerdell assumed management of Dorsey's personal share, and proceeded to arrange with sub-contractors to carry the Dorsey contracts as the government specified without giving them a share of the growing compensation that accrued through

expedition and increased service. He said that he spent that spring making these arrangements for the former Senator.

As part of his duty, Rerdell told the inquisitors, he kept the mail contract books. The accounts, he explained, showed that more than \$37,000 had been paid to the second assistant postmaster general, Brady, designated as "Wm. Smith," and an additional \$600 to William H. Turner, a contract clerk in the postal department, listed as "Saml. Jones." Rerdell claimed Brady had received 33 1/3% as his "cut" on the increased allowances, and further produced a memorandum in Dorsey's handwriting purporting to assign stock to A. M. Gibson, a newspaper reporter, who was shortly to figure among the government's army of Star route contract investigators. Rerdell also accused William A. Cook, who also joined the Federal prosecutors, with conferring with Dorsey on Star route matters.

Rerdell concluded his affidavit by saying that he feigned illness for ten days during the House of Representatives committee investigation of 1880, which prefaced the granting of an additional post-office appropriation. The "illness" provided time for him to draw a new set of books that omitted the "Wm. Smith" and "Saml. Jones" accounts, Rerdell explained. The record of that investigation shows that Rerdell appeared considerably after other witnesses had testified.

Armed with this damaging affidavit, James and Woodward naturally believed that the groundwork for an air-tight case had been laid. But Stephen W. Dorsey was an obstreperous man, skilled in the game he was playing. Former United States Senator Spencer, whom James credited with the tip that put the Star routes under investigation, and Representative S. B. Elkins, of New Mexico, were

the unwilling hosts to Dorsey at a New York hotel a few days later. Spencer later informed James that Dorsey "was terribly discouraged, smoked incessantly, and drank deeply" for he was upset because his clerk, Rerdell, "had squealed and betrayed him" and "that he begged them both to help him, and made the most abject apologies for harsh things said of them in the past."

Another few days and Dorsey appeared again, this time in "great exhilaration." He showed Spencer an affidavit made by Rerdell in which the clerk had recanted his statement to the government investigators. Dorsey explained that his new partner, James W. Bosler of Pennsylvania, had spent the night with Rerdell and "extorted from him the affidavit."

Woodward told the 1884 investigators, who took up the Star route frauds after they had faded from the public scene, that, "I shall never forgive myself that undue deference to official situation deterred me from cleaving to this man [Rerdell] till the last scrap of evidence had been wrung from him."

Undaunted by the repudiated confession, the investigators continued to study the Star routes. With the impetus of the Rerdell affidavit, although it was disowned, they concentrated on the Dorsey combination, although it was generally agreed that this syndicate controlled only 15% of the contracts as compared with 35% owned by the Salisburys of Salt Lake City and San Francisco, and 30% by the Parkers, of Atchinson, Kas. Day by day the case became more involved, and Gibson and Cook joined the government attorneys. They were the first of a considerable parade of special assistant Federal counsel whose greatest achievement was fatter purses.

The appointments of Cook and Gibson

bothered President Garfield, but he acquiesced under the pressure of his investigators, one of whom used the old argument of thieves catching thieves. The President noted in his diary on June 1, 1881, that "I learned some things about the employment of Gibson and Cook by the Attorney-General in connection with the post-office investigation which troubled me. The latter has long been my defamer, the former has an unsavory reputation."

Meanwhile, Dorsey conducted his counter attack on the unfolding drama of fraud with such ardor that Attorney-General McVeagh was led to remember: "When I came back [from a vacation], I was told, I think by the Postmaster General, or by some of the gentlemen associated in the matter, that a vigorous effort had been made in my absence to have me turned out, and that evidence or papers purporting to be evidence, had been laid before the President of very gross and very base conduct on the part of General James and myself, going to the extent, I think, of suborning witnesses and engaging in a plot to steal papers."

President Garfield was wounded by the assassin Guiteau in the summer of 1881, and died that fall. This national calamity naturally overshadowed the Star route investigations, and Vice-President Arthur's views on the mail inquiry were not made known until he sent a message to a special session of Congress in October, 1881. The investigation had remained static until the message advised the Department of Justice to do its "duty of prosecuting with the utmost vigor" every person who might be guilty of frauds in the postal service. But the vigor of the investigation had died with Garfield, for James retired as Postmaster General, and McVeagh, who would not heed Arthur's petitions, had resigned as Attorney-General. Benja-

min Harris Brewster, who had been assisting in the Star route matter, was advanced to the Attorney-Generalship. He made a sincere effort to carry the inquiry to a successful conclusion, but his generalship lacked the strategy of the final assault.

The statements of the army of special counsel, chief of whom were George Bliss, a former New York Federal attorney, and Richard T. Merrick, three years after Brewster assumed direction indicate that it was more interested in fees than public service, more suspicious of one another than devoted to a common duty, and more argumentative than effective. The prosecutors did, however, finally present their case against the Dorsey combination to a District of Columbia grand jury early in 1882.

IV

In February, the jury returned indictments against Dorsey, General Brady, and members of the combination, alleging conspiracy. Because initials had been used in lieu of first and middle names—easily ascertained by a glance at the Washington city directory, it was pointed out—in the cases of two of the conspirators, new indictments were sought and returned in May. Nine persons were accused on sixteen counts each, seven for perjury, two for subornation of perjury, and seven for conspiracy.

One of the schemes to provide bonds on mail contracts was detailed as follows:

One Charles H. Dickson swore to the post-office department that he owned property worth \$25,000. Investigation established that the real estate was not his, but merely was conveyed to him by a relative in order that he might become a surety on a Star route bond. One day

the property was valued at \$25,000; a few days later it had grown to \$50,000, and finally one witness admitted, "I forget how many hundreds of thousands of dollars he became surety for."

And politics is queer, for two years later Dickson was a busy man with a confidential position in the Department of the Interior!

The Dorsey combination from the first had assembled an array of lawyers as imposing in numbers as the government, and its chief counsel was that eminent agnostic, Robert G. Ingersoll. As the moving figure, he laid a screen of demurrers, motions to quash, and bills of particulars that were disposed of only after colossal legal tergiversation. The trial finally got under way in June, 1882. Then for three months and fifteen days the turgid scene was repeated as scores of defense and seventy-seven government witnesses filled 2,300 pages of testimony. Revelation followed revelation as the defense used every political and legal technicality to becloud the issues.

Tales of systematic looting of the Federal treasury were unfolded by witnesses from the West and Southwest. On one route that had been pyramided from \$2,982 to \$49,051.33 in a few months, no mail had passed for 39 days. Another 810-mile run was reported by a post-office inspector to be served for only about 100 miles. "The mail carrier would pass," he said, "at Red River Springs with the mail sack in the usual way, and he very seldom had anything in it (in fact, I think the postmaster said there was no mail going east), and the same man would return next day; which led the postmaster to believe there was no service being performed east of his office."

On one route in Dakota, Dorsey and his combination had increased an original

contract from \$4,100 a year to nearly \$45,000 by allegedly speeding up and increasing deliveries for a nebulous population in bleak territory. Another line, originally let for \$2,350 had been increased to \$70,000. But the most audacious of all was the run through a mountainous region for which the Dorsey syndicate received \$50,000 a year for mail which the carrier could lug in the leg of his boot.

Nineteen routes had been let for \$41,135. The combination had pushed them up until it was paid \$448,670.90 a year. (It must be remembered that the syndicate constantly was increasing its holdings.) The routes, 2,796 miles long when acquired, were increased 89 miles and the pay moved to \$538,134.55. The ever vigilant post-office department then pared the Dorsey holdings to 2,685 miles—111 miles less than the original contracts—and paid only \$448,670.90, the figure just mentioned, or an increase of \$407,535.90 over the original contract price as against a shorter distance to travel.

Revenues from Star routes, not all of the Dorsey combination, were announced at the trial.

The Dakota route, Bismarck to Fort McKeogh, which for the sake of the contractor's pocketbook, had to be traveled six times every week at a Federal cost of \$70,000 a year, yielded the government the significant sum of \$6,545.77 for the year ending September 30, 1879. The Prescott, Arizona-Santa Fé, New Mexico, run, seven times a week at the cost of \$135,975, produced Federal revenues to the staggering total of \$10,844.18. Vinita, Indian Territory, to Las Vegas, New Mexico, seven days a week, cost \$91,211.68 and sold \$5,640.76 worth of stamps of which the post-office at San Hilario, New Mexico, contributed exactly \$4.75 in a year. It was hilario, indeed. The Fort Worth, Texas-

Yuma, Arizona, route, seven days a week, and the most expensive Star route at \$299,000 a year, contributed \$38,194.34 in revenues.

It cost nearly a half-million dollars to pay for running routes controlled by the Dorsey syndicate each year. Total revenues from them were \$41,544.44 in 1879, \$54,942.14 in 1880, and \$68,595.88 in 1881, which indicate that the runs were made through territory becoming more populous. But it was brought out that revenues from stations actually dependent on Dorsey routes produced only \$10,297.68 in 1879, \$13,168.29 in 1880, and a slumping \$11,622.36 in 1881.

Witnesses testified that fake post-offices were scattered on many routes, frequently established on recommendation of former Senator Dorsey in order to gain additional subsidies through expedition.

"Has there ever been a United States investigation to discover these post-offices?" Prosecutor Bliss was asked by the investigating congressmen of 1884.

"Well, they sent a post-office inspector out to look for them," he replied and every jolly congressman thought it was a great joke.

The case against the Dorsey combination finally went to the jury in September, 1881. Attorney-General Brewster had argued for two days and defense counsel was as long-winded. The jury started its deliberations, repeatedly running back to court for new instructions. The jurors deliberated for three days—and found two minor characters guilty. They could not agree on the others, and a new trial was ordered for everyone involved, the presiding justice granting a retrial to the luckless victims.

The *New York Tribune* commented on the verdict succinctly: "The mice were caught and the large animals got away."

Richard T. Merrick, of the prosecution, was more loquacious, saying: "The jury found the subordinates guilty of having conspired with each other, but they could not agree as to the principals, while the evidence showed that these subordinates had had no particular independent relation to each other, and that their sole relation to each other was one that was established by and through the principals."

Then heroically, "Now, when that verdict was found I regarded it as disgraceful to the records of the court and of the government, and felt it my duty not to allow it to stand."

V

But the second show was even more span-gled than the first. The spectacle, for it was nothing more than that, was doubly as pretentious as the first trial. The government expanded its witness list to 150, defense droves were as numerous, and the circumlocutions increased. Papers and documents filled 2,761 pages of the 14,481-page record of the trial. The jury finally took the case on June 14, 1884, six months after it had moved into the box. Possibly punch-drunk from the verbal sallies of the long months, it acquitted every member of the Dorsey combination.

Attorney-General Brewster platitudinously asserted that Dorsey and his henchmen had appeared before a larger tribunal, the people of the United States. "They were convicted by the common judgment of the whole country," he told each and every voter. "They were not punished by imprisonment, but they had better be in prison than now at large, objects of scorn and aversion."

The *Nation* put its comments in the mouth of Dorsey, remarking, "The

trembling wires of intelligence,' said the wretched wag, 'that bore the news of the acquittal to Berlin, to Moscow, to Dublin, told the poor, the lowly, and the hopeless that there were yet twelve men to be found who would deal justly with them.'"

That wretched wag of the *Nation's* description went West where he grew wealthy as a cattle-raiser in New Mexico and a miner in Colorado. He had one more brush with the government during President Grover Cleveland's administration when he defied the United States by fencing public lands and challenging the President to remove the barriers. Then Stephen W. Dorsey, the Vermont school-boy, the Ohio merchant, the Union soldier, the Arkansas carpetbag Senator, the New Mexico cattle man, and Colorado miner, left the public eye. He died at seventy-four in Los Angeles and lies buried in Denver.

The Star route investigation faded with the acquittal of the Dorsey combination. United States Senator William Pitt Kellogg, of Louisiana, was indicted, but being a valuable vote in the Senate, finally was acquitted in 1884. A few small fry sat through dreary days in the court-room, but the powerful Salisburys and Parkers never felt the government's lash.

The investigations, while netting no

game worthy of the traps that were set, did accomplish one thing. The munificence of postal subsidies was bottled. In the ten months of 1881, beginning in March, the revelations led to a slash of \$2,004,550 in Star route payments, that Postmaster General James said placed "the department on a paying basis and paved the way for cheaper postage."

The last Star route echo was the House of Representatives' review in 1884. Starting on March 5, the spotlight of cross-examination burned until July 3, and the words that were sown grew to 972 pages in considerably smaller type than this. More than 600,000 words of recrimination and personal adulation gushed into Miscellaneous Documents No. 38, Part 2, of the First Session of the Forty-Eighth Congress. A fair proportion of that worthy volume chops off the other fellows' heads and nearly 90,000 words are devoted to claims for fees by apparently sadly over-worked, crusading \$100 a day Federal attorneys.

One caustic commentator in those ringing pages said that the frauds "came to be looked upon as professional capital for those engaged in it, rather than a simple effort to bring offenders to justice."

Another wrote this homely epitaph about those Federal gougers: "They were negligent, if not worse."

THE STATE OF THE UNION

THE LONE STAR SPIRIT STILL LIVES

By J. TRAVELSTEAD

Del Rio, Texas

THAT the spirit of the Lone Star Republic of Texas is not dead is becoming increasingly evident. More Texans are inclined to believe that Texas would have been more powerful and in better shape in nearly every respect if she had never joined the American Union.

Had Texas not joined the Union she would more than likely have kept out of the Civil War, and would not have been burdened with the enormous debt and waste caused by it. Since much of the land across the Rio Grande is still virgin soil and millions of square miles almost uninhabited, there are reasons to believe that the Republic would have annexed a great deal more territory that is rich in minerals and oil and also excellent farming land.

Following the Civil War there should have been twenty-five years of unparalleled prosperity. Plenty of cheap labor would have been available, and since the world was short of cotton, Texas would have become a great export nation of this commodity. And in recent years, as everybody knows, the largest oil fields in America have been discovered in Texas.

Texas would have been powerful and wealthy enough in 1918 to have kept out of the war to save the Democratic party. Again the Republic would have become a great export nation. There are two ports that are being developed—Houston and Galveston.

There would have been no need for a tariff, as the Republic would have been an export nation and could have lived isolated from the remainder of the world, since the State is a great livestock center, has important oil fields, millions of acres of rich land that is sparsely inhabited, and it produces nearly all kinds of foodstuff in addition to her cotton crop.

The Republic would have been a compact nation, and though no new territory had been added, would still contain more square miles than Germany. Some of the counties in West Texas are larger than many of the smaller Eastern States.

Texas is agriculturally independent. There were 30,774 bales of cotton produced in 1848, and by 1860 this had increased to 421,463. In the year 1932 the total production was 4,445,000 bales, while the total for the United States was 13,001,508. Texas' banner cotton year was in 1931 when 5,320,000 bales were produced. Only an inappreciable percentage of this is consumed within the boundaries of the State. During the World War the price went to 40 cents a pound. If Texas had not been in the war this alone would have made her a rich empire. There are 254 counties in Texas and all of them produce cotton except 16; however, the bulk of the commodity is produced in a few counties. Twenty-five counties furnished 38.2% of the cotton in 1932.

In the same year Texas produced 312,478,000 barrels of oil, 42 gallons to the barrel. The remainder of the United States furnished 448,896,000 barrels.

In 1932 the total cash on Texas farm

products was \$288,068,000. This was exceeded by only one other State—California—with her \$375,525,000 cash income of farm crops.

Ninety per cent of the mohair goats in the United States are pastured on the Edwards Plateau, made up of a few West Texas counties. Efforts to get automobile manufacturers to use more mohair in upholsteryings occupy much of the time of the goat men of Texas. Texas furnishes 10% of the cattle of the United States, the figures for 1932 showing that the State raised 6,602,000 of the 65,129,000 head. There are over 7,000,000 sheep in Texas, and other livestock is a major industry in a large part of the State.

And now we come to the one mineral that keeps Texas politicians awake at night—"scandals in Sulphur." Eighty-five per cent of the world's sulphur supply is produced in four or five South Texas counties. The matter of how much taxes the sulphur interests can pay causes big fights in the legislature. Several men have run for the legislature on the platform of assessing more taxes against sulphur to be used in maintaining the public school system—an institution that has almost collapsed the last few years. Part of the cigarette tax is used for schools, but the enormous bond issues that the boosters and promoters saddled on the State in the middle twenties consume more money than the downtrodden taxpayer can furnish. There are also potash, salt, iron, gold, asphalt and other minerals in the State.

But with all of this vast production and natural resources, Texas ranks thirty-sixth to thirty-eighth educationally among the States.

The Republic had high educational aspirations. On January 26, 1839, President Mirabeau Lamar appropriated three

leagues of land (13,285 acres) to found a primary school or academy, and 50 leagues (221,420 acres) were set aside as an endowment for two colleges or universities.

The Constitution did not allow the President to succeed himself. He served three years. The first Congress convened at Columbia on October 3, 1836. It was made up of fourteen senators and twenty-nine representatives, and the President was assisted by secretaries of state, treasury, war, navy, attorney-general and post-master-general. Many European nations recognized the young Republic, the first being France, which recognition occurred on September 25, 1839.

Recently George B. Terrell, an old-line Texas Democrat, made his last stand in the House in Washington. "I would rather return to Texas," he told his colleagues, "and live under our Lone Star flag as an independent republic than to become a step-child of a Soviet Union, which we are fast approaching."

Alone, Texas could have solved the problem of human bondage in her territory, as well as some modern problems, without war and without the surrender of personal rights. The two C's, cotton and cattle, just about sum up the work-a-day history of Texas prior to the coming of oil. In the eastern half of the State, there was cotton; in the western half, cattle, and later sheep and goats. In the cotton-growing area slavery flourished; in the cattle country there was a type of peonage.

The problem of whether the slave or the peon, or neither, would survive in Texas would have been settled in an economic revolution, not in civil strife.

Granting that Texas might not have done away with slavery if left to her own devices, it is conceivable that the condition of her farm and ranch workers today

would have been better had the institution of slavery survived. In the livestock territory the ranch workers still are indentured under the system of the *avanse*. In the cotton country, where the Negro in recent years has been hard-pressed by Mexican invasion, much the same system of *avanse* is practised. In many cases both the laborers and the farmers, especially the "po' white trash," still are at the mercy of "supply merchants." These merchants make advances to both the farmer and his "hands" throughout the growing season. When harvest time comes the merchant collects, with a good fat interest rate added to the principal. Many of these debtors know of no remedy at law for usury; and some of them believe that one can be imprisoned for debt.

A few years ago a Texas sheriff was sent to Federal prison because cotton pickers, sold out of his jail at \$2 a head, were taken to cotton farms and worked under guard of a horseman armed with a shotgun. When the erstwhile sheriff returned home from prison, the town band met him at the railway station and he was re-elected sheriff.

If Sam Houston and Andrew Jackson, who considered the annexation of Texas as her "manifest destiny," could look upon the scene today, they might wonder at the ill-advised phraseology which they used. And when the NRA and the AAA came to Texas, the aforementioned band might well have played "The World Turned Upside Down." The last vestige of State's rights and personal liberty was challenged. Under the NRA, the minimum wage became the maximum; and the fixed prices of commodities and services worked a hardship on the consumers. Under the AAA, the tenant farmers, after years of struggle with landlords and supply merchants, were driven from the soil.

They took to the highways in their motorized "covered-wagons," to become seasonal laborers. In April, May and June, they may be found in Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri, picking strawberries; in July, in the wheat belt; in August, September and October, back in Texas to pick cotton. In short, they are worse off now than they have ever been.

Texans cannot point with pride to the military and fiscal history of the Republic. Most of the navy was tied up once in New Orleans, held as security for a debt. If the several forces which constituted the army had ever been caught together, the army, too, probably would have been impounded. Texan currency fell to low levels. The Republic tried to borrow to meet its obligations. A Paris banking house agreed to a \$5,000,000 loan, but negotiations fell through, probably because M. de Saligny, the French chargé d'affaires in Texas, and an Austin inn-keeper, had a difficulty about the killing of a pig. It seems that the inn-keeper's pigs intruded in the stables of M. de Saligny's horses and ate up the corn. One of M. de Saligny's servants killed one of the pigs. The inn-keeper whipped the servant. Saligny filed a complaint against the inn-keeper and the latter ordered the chargé d'affaires out of his hostelry. Saligny asked the Secretary of State for redress and failing to get it, he left the country. He told his kinsman, M. Humann, French Minister of Finance, about the episode and the loan fell through.

But it can always be said, to the credit of the Republic of Texas, that she did not attempt to make her notes legal tender. Twenty years later, after annexation and secession and re-annexation to a group of States, the Southern Confederacy tried to make their notes legal tender, and to com-

pel their circulation under penalties of the law. To be sure, Texas as a confederate State was party to a procedure which she would not have countenanced as a republic.

And today Texas, as a member of the sisterhood, is a party to a financial policy which probably will go down in history as one of the major follies of modern times. We have the spectacle of a wealthy and powerful nation repudiating its obligations. The financial débâcle which started in Michigan spread to Texas with the all-consuming features of a prairie fire. On March 2, 1933—exactly 97 years after the Texas Declaration of Independence—the Governor of Texas issued a proclamation ordering the banks of Texas to be closed. Heads of several sound institutions refused to close their doors, but that spark of independence was snuffed March 5, 1933, when the presidential proclamation was issued.



LORDS OF THE DOCKS

BY WALTER WILSON

San Francisco

As a result of militant efforts to stage a come-back, the decrepit International Longshoremen's Association, once a powerful union, has taken a prominent place in the news of the day. We read of longshoremen's strikes in all the ports, from Corpus Christi to Canada, from Seattle to Monterey, and there have been stirrings on the Great Lakes. To total the casualties in these recent dockmen's strikes would give an appallingly long list of dead and wounded. Their come-back is proving to be no push-over.

The best known of these recent struggles was the strike of longshoremen in San Francisco, which began May 9 of this

year, and has just been ended by arbitration. Longshoremen in several other Pacific coast ports also went out in support of their fellow-dockers. And for a time there was serious talk among cargo handlers in New York and vicinity about going on strike with the Californians. This was serious business and the mere thought of a walk-out in the world's greatest port made first-page news across the country.

The longshoremen are also taking a bow in the theatre and in literature. One of the outstanding successes of the past New York theatrical season was "Steve-dore", a play at the Civic Repertory Theatre, dealing with labor and race relations on the New Orleans waterfront. The play has also been published in book form. THE AMERICAN MERCURY, in its August issue, carried a story of longshore life, "Death Comes to the Dockwolloper," by Grant Leenhouts.

There seems to be no reasonable explanation for the long neglect of the problems of these militant and colorful workers who are in a position of almost unlimited power in American—and, in fact, in the world's—industrial life. It is doubtful if there is another industry employing even twice the number of workers (there are around 100,000 longshoremen) which is so important. The longshoremen's union is the fortress of Gibraltar which controls the entrance to the Mediterranean of American foreign and, to a larger extent than is realized, internal trade.

Loaded to the decks with cargoes more wonderful than gold from Ophir or cedars from Lebanon, ships leave Shanghai, Singapore, Liverpool, Rio de Janeiro. . . . But before these ships from far-flung ports of the globe reach United States' importers, they must all converge and sail through a narrow strait which is mined and

guarded by the mighty longshoremen of America. They unload the ships. The same is true of cotton picked in Texas, steel made in Pittsburgh, explosives made in Delaware. . . . Goods scheduled for export are gathered in a thousand different sections of the country and are sent to the port nearest to their origin. Which is to say, they must all eventually pass through the powerful hands of longshoremen.

There is, in a sense, more power invested in these hard-muscled, strong-backed workers than that possessed by all the Morgans, Rockefellers, Fords and Mellons. But in spite of their immeasurable strength they somehow do not live and work in the style one might reasonably expect. They are skilled or semi-skilled workers; they are ready for the industrial scrap heap before the age of forty-five; their work is extremely hazardous; the hours of work are longer and more strenuous than in any other American industry—even today stretches of from twenty to thirty hours' continuous labor are not uncommon; there is a week's enforced idleness for every week's work because of bi-monthly sailing schedules; the surroundings are extremely disagreeable. Yet in spite of all this their wages are pitifully inadequate for any sort of decent existence. In 1912 the average annual earnings of longshoremen were around \$500; today they are probably much less than \$800.

The ship-owners have always bitterly fought efforts of the dock-workers to organize the industry. They have employed the tactics of splitting the workers' ranks through encouraging race prejudice; they have used strike-breakers, spies, provocateurs, the military and legal forces of the State; and they have hired thugs to shoot down strikers and organizers. But the longshoremen were never completely de-

feated. They have always taken to organization, partly perhaps because of the collective nature of their work. We first hear of their organized activities just prior to the Revolutionary War, when "loaders and unloaders" of ships burned the armed British vessel, the *Gaspee*, at Providence, Rhode Island. One of the first strikes in the history of the American labor movement occurred among New York dockmen in 1836, according to E. E. McNeill in his book, "The Labor Movement." McNeill suggests that there was some sort of organization among these workers. But, according to Charles B. Barnes in his study, "The Longshoreman," the first strictly longshoremen's union was formed in Boston eleven years later, in 1847.

From the Civil War to 1907 there were many strikes, the two most important of which being those of 1874 and 1887. The first occurred in the port of New York and was only one of a series of ruthless labor conflicts of the period following the 1873 business depression. The bitterly-contested strike of Eastern longshoremen led by the Knights of Labor in 1887 had many features to be found in the recent San Francisco general strike. About 50,000 seamen, dockers and teamsters in the port of New York went out in sympathy with a small group of 150 longshoremen who had struck against wage cuts. The strike lasted several weeks, but was called off without any demands being won, when other unions deserted the longshoremen. There was a strong reaction against the Knights, the longshoremen alleging that they had not been given adequate support.

Several unions were in the field between 1888 and 1907. Among them was a union in the East with international affiliations which had been started with the aid of Tom Mann and the British Dockers' Union. The union which finally took the

ascendency, the International Longshoremen's Association (I.L.A.), was organized on the Great Lakes in 1892 and was affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. During the big strike of 1907 it swallowed up the most important of its rival unions. Other small unions and fraternal bodies also joined the I.L.A. It has held the bulk of the organized workers in the trade ever since. Since 1907 there has been only one serious attempt to organize a rival union to the I.L.A. It was made by the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.), a militant organization which for a few years just before the war was quite strong in two or three ports, notably in Philadelphia, where it had job control. Its influence was killed largely by the war and post-war reaction, and it is doubtful if it has any strength at the present time among the dockers. The Marine Workers Industrial Union (left wing) recognizes that the I.L.A. represents the bulk of the workers in the trade and therefore does not try to organize a dual union. It undertakes to coöperate with the I.L.A., and was active in the San Francisco strike recently.

The I.L.A. membership increased steadily up to the beginning of the World War, when, because of the increase in export trade, its growth was greatly accelerated. After America entered the war the union's gains were phenomenal. The government, desiring the ungrudging support of these key workers, was forced to establish a liberal policy toward union recognition.

One of the most dramatic and significant events in the history of American labor occurred in connection with one phase of the war. This was in 1919 when Pacific coast longshoremen steadfastly refused to load munitions being shipped to Admiral Kolchak. The *Seattle Union Record*, a daily A.F.ofL. newspaper with

the largest circulation of any daily in the city, reported the situation in great detail. The following is a news story carried on September 19, 1919: "Telegrams are being sent today from local longshoremen's union headquarters to all longshoremen's unions on the Pacific coast, notifying them of the refusal of the workers here to handle the 65,000 rifles intended for Admiral Kolchak in his war upon the Russian Republic. Six months ago, the stevedores and dock-workers notified President Wilson that the longshoremen here would not load arms against the Soviet Republic of Russia, spending \$183 for the dispatch in order to make their position clear. . . . Metal workers pledged support of longshoremen for their action."

The history of the longshoremen's union since the war is the history of the entire American Federation of Labor. It is a story of mushroom growth, speedy decline, slow decay and the 1934 come-back. Shortly after the war, the employers, bloated with their war-winnings and filled with an arrogant sense of power, loosened a general offensive against organized labor. In this period came the great steel, coal and railway car-men strikes. The employers, by using the legal and military forces of the government, crashed labor's defences and gave the entire movement a set-back from which it has not entirely recovered to this day. In a short time the longshoremen lost all of their war-time gains. According to the American Labor Year Book for 1923-1924 the membership in 1920 was 74,000; in 1921 it was 64,000; in 1922 it was 46,000; in 1923 it was only 34,000. From 1923 to 1929 it hovered around 30,000 and was concentrated largely in New York City and a few Texas ports. Some of the New York locals became little better than rackets. The union was almost completely annihilated

on the West Coast where company unions took its place.

From the beginning of the current depression till the fall of 1933 the organization steadily weakened and though I.L.A. officials claimed a membership of 30,000 it could not have been more than half that. The union was tottering on its last legs, ready for the knockout blow. Then a miracle happened: a sudden spurt of energy was pumped into the veins of American labor in general, by the depression and by the New Deal rhetoric. The past few months have seen a phenomenal revival of membership and militancy in the old longshoremen's union. Strikes in nearly every port—sometimes a series of two or three in the same port—have solidified the workers; gains have been won; membership has doubled and tripled. In San Francisco where twelve months ago a union longshoreman was a freak, there is now a membership of 12,000. During the San Francisco strike the company unions in the ports of the Pacific were bowled over like ten pins in an alley.

The general strike on the Pacific Coast threw panic into the Blue Eagle's nest in Washington. Airplane lines, Pullman companies, telegraph companies got generous patronage when arbitrators got on the job. The Golden Gate City's strike was called off following the promise of these government representatives that the workers' grievances would be fairly arbitrated.

The longshoremen are learning that they control the straits and narrows of America's stream of commerce. The remarkable demonstration of power and labor solidarity in the San Francisco strike is bound to arouse in them an exultant feeling of power. They saw what happened when an only partially successful strike occurred. During the height of that strike shipping on the West Coast—in San Fran-

cisco, Tacoma, Portland, Vancouver, Los Angeles, San Pedro, Long Beach, Monterey—was in a strait-jacket. Silk went back to the Orient; pineapples back to Hawaii; munitions scheduled for Japan gathered rust on the deserted wharves. Hundreds of millions of dollars were lost because of the shutdown. Lumber mills and other business concerns in this country shut down or were seriously hampered. Longshoremen in Holland, Sweden, Australia and other foreign countries refused to unload vessels from our West Coast.

From this one can easily imagine what would happen if a national strike of longshoremen were called and the men remained out for several months. Some of the strongest pillars in the commercial world would totter and crash. Cotton factories in Lancashire, England, would shut off their power as would factories in Japan and India, when cotton stopped moving from Galveston, Houston, New Orleans and other Southern ports. Petty wars would collapse when American-made munitions gathered dust on idle wharves.



DEVASTATED AND HALF CONQUERED

By CLIFTON HICKS

Pierre, South Dakota

THE capacity of humanity to joke in the midst of ruin is an interesting phenomenon. Conviviality abounds everywhere in South Dakota, and surface appearances lull the casual observer into the belief that all is comparatively well. Much of the jocularity, however, emanates from the fact that practically everyone is in the same boat; misery today conjugates and declines the verb *amare* in all its tenses.

South Dakota has been the most sorely afflicted of any Mid-West State by the

drought. Gales have whipped off the arid sub-soil and consequently many square miles of unadulterated desert now substitute for passably good agricultural territory. The extent of the erosive destruction leads one to the conclusion that only wholesale government planning can bring back favorable farming conditions. Much concerted effort is necessary in order to restore even the cattle pastures in the western part of the State. One may be able to toss off the baneful effects of a year's drought with an air of nonchalance; but the present situation approximates the last straw in a State which has experienced more or less drought for over five years. Much in the fashion of Joseph's time South Dakota goes through a cycle of seven wet years and seven dry years. The Drought of a Century happened to catch South Dakota at the tail end of its dry cycle, its land aquatically bankrupt.

Only fifteen counties in the southeastern section of the State are partially exempt from this condition. Even here it is common to hear that not a drop of water remains in the capillary region of the earth. This part of South Dakota ranks with the famous black soil of Iowa, on which it borders, and however severe the drought, it tenaciously clings to its reputation as the only Grade A farm land left in the State. Here, too, is concentrated a large minority of the State's 700,000 population, and here, close to the more populous Minnesota and Iowa, stands the metropolis of South Dakota, Sioux Falls, with its population of 35,000, where is printed the most influential and pontifically reactionary daily newspaper in the State.

It is a significant comment on the political immaturity and confusion of South Dakotans that the *Argus-Leader*, unlike so many other conservative newspapers throughout the nation, has not yet heard

enough of the Young Republican movement to give it a patronizing slap on the back. The *Argus-Leader* plants itself at the bridge of simon-pure capitalism like Horatius of old; though, to be sure, the editorial policy may be one of dollars and cents and not a sentimental insistence on principles. It has no competition beyond some impoverished, scrawny four- or eight-page dailies. Thus, the crying need of the people for Uncle Walt, Andy Gump, Dorothy Dix and all the other features which make life worth while, doubtless enables the *Argus-Leader* to let loose daily barrages of high-tone piffle about "sound money," "highly paid labor agitators," "the crucifixion of wealth," and the rest of the sacred relics.

Incidentally, the four-page daily newspaper in South Dakota to a large extent is responsible for the provincialism of the people. Practically every little county seat boasts of a daily paper of this caliber, though there are a few counties so thinly populated that one weekly newspaper comprises a county's entire journalism. Advertising usurps a large proportion of space in these midget dailies, and after the activities of John Brown and Mrs. Smith receive the attention which they merit, pregnant news of national or international importance often is condensed to a paragraph that says nothing whatever. Very significant news, disturbing to Business, can be omitted with an easy conscience; an editor who has not the space, of course, has not the space.

A trio of jokes which are increasingly prevalent in Farmers' Holiday circles illustrates the desperation and confusion in South Dakota. The first, gruesome enough in cold print, goes over very well if told in the right way, especially with a hint of rigid gravity at the climax. A little boy noted that for a few days after its birth

his puppy could not see. Rather than allow the animal to go through life blind, the youngster hit it on the head with a hammer. This operation caused the puppy's eyes to pop out. "There, darn you," said the boy. "You've got your eyes open at last—but *too late!*" The inference is that the people may have their eyes opened after the chains of slavery shackle them.

In the second piece of humor a visitor somewhere in South Dakota is complimenting a farmer on the beauty of the region. "It's quite a nice territory, taken all together," says the visitor, "except that it's hot and very dry." The farmer scratches his head and lugubriously replies: "Well, you can say about the same thing of Hell, too."

Then there is the tale of the farmer, suffering from drought and from such man-made evils as mortgages and ruinous crop prices, who comes to town and falls into conversation with a brother agriculturist. "I say," begins the latter, "I hear there's a fellow predicting the end of the world in two weeks." "Thank God!" exclaims the first farmer.

All three of these jokes contain pearls of truth and significance within the outer shell of humor. They are an accumulation of several major complaints and injustices, dating from 1920 and climaxed by the drought of 1934. In 1920 about 45,000 farms were owned by their operators and only 30,000 were rented. But early in 1934 these figures had changed to 35,000 owner-operated and 40,000 tenanted farms. Prices for farm products have been losing weight for over ten years. Fifty-six cents for an 800-pound cow, after charges were deducted, while an exceptional instance of low returns can be duplicated practically to the dot of the *i* in every county. This spring a farmer declared that he would butcher his own hogs and keep them in

the family rather than submit to confiscation prices. But the drought may boost prices high enough to suit him; on the other hand, the drought may cut his corn production, so that he may not be able to keep as many hogs next season.

During the past winter half the population of South Dakota was on relief of some sort. In few other States of the union do so many farmers put in a day on the road or in the gravel pit in order to collect two or three dollars in cash each week. If a farmer is politically right, he drives a team for three dollars; if his politics are wrong, he wields a shovel for two dollars. With a drought of such catastrophic proportions in South Dakota, at least three-quarters of the population will need relief this winter. Relief workers from town, who luckily have no farms and who therefore theoretically lack another source of income (the theory is that the farmer has an income from his farm) receive more relief money per week than do the farmers. Some relief administrators at the county seats regard it as perfectly feasible for such town workers to pay rent and buy groceries on five or six dollars a week.

In certain communities the relief workers have organized. The blame for labor organization in South Dakota since the inauguration of the N. R. A. cannot be laid at the door of the American Federation of Labor. Both radicals and the spontaneous cohesion of sorely stressed men incur the responsibility. The Independent Union of All Workers, which seized a packing plant in Austin, Minn., a year ago, has made overtures in South Dakota. For a reason unexplained it chose to enter one of the most reactionary communities in the State. Probably it would have made no impression, but the editor of a four-page daily raised the cry of communism,

a tactic which provided the union with excellent advertising and enabled it to gain a foothold. Down in Yankton there exists a labor organization which is formed on industrial union lines. The American Federation of Labor would break this union into crafts and thus bring about the ridiculous situation of unions so small that every member could be a high mogul. Consequently the Yankton union remains outside the American Federation of Labor.

What effect the subsistence homestead program of the Federal administration will have in South Dakota remains to be seen. There has been discussion of removing the South Dakota farmer from the poor marginal farming territory in Western South Dakota to a better land, but this project is bitterly denounced by the newspapers and business men in that locality. The farmers themselves lack enthusiasm for the scheme. How are they to know, in this era of failing panaceas, whether or not they will jump from the frying pan into the fire? And if they should make this sultry leap, whom in a strange land could they trust? No. It is better to rot at home amidst friendships and familiar things than out in the cold, cruel world.

Provided, of course, that one can keep a home. Farms still are being foreclosed in South Dakota, though not as blatantly as in the Hoover years. Several months ago ninety-two Communists were arrested in Northeastern South Dakota for resisting an eyiction, and the South Dakota Holiday Association denounced the arrests and the thorough-going injunction issued against the Communist United Farmers League. The State Holiday Association based its denunciation on the ground that neither State nor Federal promises to stop foreclosures have been realized.

The Communists are the main forces of protest in South Dakota, a fact due to

the disheartened spirit of the less radical organizations. Possibly in South Dakota alone of any State in the Mid-West, the United Farmers League overshadows the Farmers Holiday Association. And yet the actual strength of the United Farmers League in South Dakota is but little more, in proportion to population, than its strength elsewhere. The reason why the United Farmers League makes so much of the news in South Dakota resides not in a virtue of wide influence but in the debility of its factional competitors for the farmers' confidence.

Political history for the past two years may help to explain this apparent predominance of the Communists. The Democrats won the 1932 election on a strong progressive platform which, among other things, called for a net income tax based on ability to pay and for a severance tax which would return to the State a portion of the value of natural resources permanently removed from the State. What South Dakota got was a gross income tax, a particularly obnoxious sales tax that even taxed losses.

Not a gesture was made by the State administration toward a severance tax, and the richest gold mine in the world, the Homestake Mine, continues to take gold out of the State without compensating the people's treasury. Several months ago confiscation of this gold mine was advocated by Emil Loriks, who is president of the State Farmers Union, secretary of the State Holiday Association, and also a State senator.

The people as a whole remain apathetic. This spring Lieutenant Governor Hans Ustrud, a lifelong progressive with one bad eye, competed in the Democratic primary against Governor Berry and lost the gubernatorial nomination by a four-to-one count. Berry is a hale, hearty cattleman

who likes to get along well with the boys—a good sport who from a boxing ring shortly before the primary election expressed a wonder as to how Ustrud would look up there with the gloves on. During the height of the scandal over Governor Langer of North Dakota, Tom Berry challenged Langer to a calf-roping contest. At about the same time his administration issued an injunction against the United Farmers League so sweeping that it would have made thinking of increasing the organization's membership a crime. In the Republican primary William Allen, publisher of a farm magazine, who never before had entered politics, won the nomination for Governor among a field of four aspirants. No one on the street or soil knows where he stands on any issue; his nomination apparently proves that while the people of South Dakota are unwilling to trust Republican *politicians*, they still will trust Republicans.

Yet there exists an element of protest in South Dakota. The United Farmers

League has demonstrated that. And in preparation for gaining control in 1936, a Farmer-Labor party campaign in 1934 was a logical move. Progressives and radicals convened late in July, confident of organizing such a party. But the candidates for Governor and attorney-general, two vital posts, decided not to run; so, the new party remained in the womb. Quite possibly these two key candidates who refused to run judged the voters accurately; devastated, they yet sink deeper and deeper into the old ruts. The Communists, on the other hand, blithely shun worry concerning sparse electoral strength or temporary inertia of the masses. They have their own candidate for Governor, and their South Dakota position is well emphasized by the lack of any Socialist organization in the State. Possibly they may capitalize on the energy they have displayed to date, but the utterances of the president and secretary of the State Holiday Association lately have assumed a revolutionary tinge.

THE LIBRARY

Blubbering from the Graveyard

THE CHALLENGE TO LIBERTY, by
Herbert Hoover. \$1.75. 5½ x 7½; 212 pp.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHEN Mr. Hoover became thirty-first President of the United States there was great rejoicing in many quarters, and more than 21,000,000 American citizens congratulated themselves that they had succeeded in placing so literate, cultured, humane, and worldly a man in the White House. The legend was that he had an inordinate compassion for undernourished children and struggling mothers, that he could read Latin and explore mines, and that he understood the workings of economics and government better than any other man in the United States. Then came October, 1929, and Mr. Hoover began to perform his miracles, and soon the whole world knew that the Wonder Boy of Palo Alto was only a sad, irritable, and befuddled boy scout. Then came the Bonus March of 1932, and Mr. Hoover's cruel and imbecile orders to the United States Army to do dirty work upon their former brothers, and the American people knew that their Chief Executive's reputed love of humanity was akin to the love of humanity entertained by the late Czar Nicholas II of Russia. Perhaps no other President of the United States has been so intensely despised as Herbert Hoover, and his eviction from the White House in November, 1932, was a national Roman holiday.

He has now had eighteen months to think things over in the privacy of his home, and the present book is the result of his meditations. It makes melancholy read-

ing. It is written in Hottentot English, it betrays a vast and appalling ignorance of public affairs, and it is overflowing with a naïveté so abysmal that it would shock a village Sunday-school superintendent. No more disgraceful volume has ever issued from a former occupant of the White House.

It is almost impossible to report what Mr. Hoover is trying to say, for his book is dreadfully composed and hysterically repetitious. He seems to think that "the American System" of free competition under "Liberty" "marks the high tide of a thousand years of human struggle. . . . Through competition we secure the most potent stimulant to improvement and progress. The manager's restless pillow has done more to advance the practical arts than all the legislation upon the statute books. Competition curbs rapacity and attempts at economic domination." Mr. Hoover does not mention the Aluminum and Steel Trusts, but no doubt he thinks that competition has completely abolished "economic domination" in them. He is of the opinion that "ours is a system of losses to the least intelligent producers as well as profits to the more intelligent, and while some individuals may at times profit unduly or may abuse Liberty, in the end it is the consumer that wins through the production of the plenty of goods and services." By the "more intelligent" producers, I assume, the former President means such people as Andrew Mellon, Charles M. Schwab, Albert H. Wiggin, and Samuel Insull. What the consumers profited out of the "intelligent production" of these gen-

lemen is something of a mystery to me. Anyway,

Our American System is not alone an economic method, a definition of rights, a scheme of representative government, an organization to maintain order and justice, a release of constructive instincts and desires. It is far more than that, for it is a system of stimulation to higher standards, to higher aspirations and ideals. While we have built a gigantic organized society upon the attainment of the individual, we should not have raised a brick of it but by the stimulation to self-restraint and by drawing upon those high aspirations of men and women expressed in their standards of truth and justice and in their spiritual yearnings. . . . The first concern of the American System is for spiritual health and growth of men. . . . Its faith is that the divine spark, the ideals, the conscience, the courage, the patriotism, the heroism, and the humanism [sic!] of men make human destiny.

This almost incredible hodge-podge of campaign hooley appears on pages 31-32. But to return to Mr. Hoover's "argument." The American System, until March 4, 1933, worked so well that "for the first time in the history of the world and almost alone among nations we produced not only plenty to supply the minimum needs of our whole population for food, clothing, shelter, the protections of government, intellectual development, and recreation, but a larger measure of comforts." These comforts made a great impression on Mr. Hoover, and he spends pages gloating over them: "The barriers of time and space had been swept away. Life had been made freer, the intellectual vision of every individual had been expanded, by bringing to them, in proportion to our numbers, four times as many telephones, five times as many radios, and six times as many automobiles as any great nation of Europe." He does not mention the celebrated chicken in every pot, but he does refer to "beautiful buildings,

parks, and playgrounds," and he makes a pass at "our countryside . . . knit together with splendid roads." The Federal Department of Commerce in Mr. Hoover's own administration issued figures showing that in 1929 nearly one-half of the American people were merely subsisting or living in poverty, and that 60% of the total number of American families had incomes below \$2000 a year, but the former Wonder Boy says nothing about the matter.

He is too intent upon defending "rugged individualism" to pay any attention to mere facts. He says: "While I can make no claim for having introduced the term 'rugged individualism,' I should be proud to have invented it." He continues:

It has been used by American leaders for over a half-century in eulogy of those God-fearing men and women of honesty whose stamina and character and fearless assertion of rights led them to make their own way in life. . . . Rugged individualism is indeed a distinguishing and enduring quality ever found among Americans.

This miraculous thing, "rugged individualism," went to hell as soon as the New Deal started working. The New Deal is nothing more than National Regimentation. It "is the most stupendous invasion of the whole spirit of Liberty that the nation has witnessed since the days of Colonial America." It is on a par with Fascism, Naziism, Socialism, and Communism. In his attempt to show the evil workings of Communism in Russia, Mr. Hoover quotes nearly two pages from that long discredited volume, "The Tragedy of Russia," by Will Durant, whom he calls "an able social observer."

The former President thinks that the only way out of the present mess is to return to the principles laid down by the Fathers. "The hope of America and the world is to regenerate Liberty with its re-

sponsibilities and its obligations—not to abandon it.” It is true that some men steal occasionally and do other things against the common weal, but the American System itself is as good as it always was. The “sporadic sin” of this or that man argues nothing against the soundness of capitalism and “rugged individualism.” “Because for a time a gangster runs loose, we must not assume that crime prevails through the whole American people, nor that the law of national ideals of decency and honesty have ceased to function.” The same, insists Mr. Hoover, holds true in the larger field of government:

It is equally untrue that the more cultivated gangsters in big business represent either the morals or the regard for law in the general conduct of the financial and industrial institutions of the country. Betrayals of trust are not a part of the American System. They are violations of it. It is individual men who violate laws and public rights. It is men and not institutions or the economic system that must be punished for betrayals of trust.

This is the sort of rubbish that a former President of the United States, aged sixty, in good physical health, and the possessor of honorary degrees from nearly all the leading universities in the Allied world, can print in 1934 without shame and without trepidation.

CHARLES ANGOFF

William Saroyan

THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE AND OTHER STORIES, by William Saroyan. \$2.50. 5½ x 9½; 270 pp. New York: *Random House*.

THERE are twenty-six pieces in this book. They are not stories in the accepted meaning of the word; rather they are autobiographical sketches, sometimes written in the first person, and sometimes in the

third. Occasionally there is a stretch of genuine fiction, but that is not often. The sketches range in theme from Mr. Saroyan's loneliness in New York (“Aspirin is a Member of the N.R.A.”) to a soliloquy about the typewriting machine (“Myself Upon the Earth”), and from a hymn to a lost tribe of man (“Seventy Thousand Assyrians”) to an adolescent's first struggles with sex in the abstract and in the concrete (“Seventeen” and “Love”). Very little action takes place in any of them. Mr. Saroyan's chief interest in thematic material is as a vehicle for philosophizing about mankind and the universe. He says, and with astonishing accuracy for an author writing about himself, “Readers of Sherwood Anderson will begin to understand what I am saying after a while; they will know that my laughter is rather sad. . . . The stuff that is eternal in man . . . is [the] stuff that interests me. . . . I am not a writer at all. I have been laughing at the rules of writing ever since I started to write, ten, maybe fifteen, years ago. I am simply a young man. [He is now twenty-six years old.] I write because there is nothing more civilized or decent for me to do.”

What first strikes the reader of Mr. Saroyan is that he *is* a writer, in the sense that he loves words, and has a facility in putting them together. He is also possessed of the authentic literary passion. Writing to him is an integral part of his being. He writes because he has to, not because he would like to be known as a writer. He also has a fair ear for prose rhythm, and, what is most important of all, he can be very moving at times. “Aspirin is a Member of the N.R.A.” and “Myself Upon the Earth,” which first appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, because of the wild clairvoyance of their extraordinary honesty, will be remembered for some time. Per-

haps the best piece in the book is "A Cold Day," which in form is only a letter to a friend about how cold it is in San Francisco, but which emotionally is built like a little fugue. I quote a few lines from it:

I want you to know that it is very cold in San Francisco, and that I am freezing. It is so cold in my room that every time I start to write a short story the cold stops me and I have to get up and do bending exercises. It means, I think, that something's got to be done about keeping short story writers warm. . . . I very much dislike letting a day go by without writing a short story and that is why I am writing this letter: to let you know that I am very angry about the weather. . . . I am freezing and my teeth are chattering. I would like to know what the Democratic party ever did for freezing short story writers. Everybody else gets heat. We've got to depend on the sun and in the winter the sun is undependable. That's the fix I am in: wanting to write and not being able to, because of the cold.

This is as stirring as overhearing the stifled confession of a homeless child. But to label Mr. Saroyan a genius, and to suggest that a calliope of praise should greet the publication of his book, as one New York reviewer has done, is stupid. Mr. Saroyan is far, far from being a genius, and he has not yet written a single masterpiece, as every page of his volume abundantly shows. At least half of his sketches are really very bad. They are full of cheap tricks, absurd phrases, and horrible writing. Mr. Saroyan has not yet learned that unintelligibility is not identical with profundity. I quote some of his lines: 1. "Now wakefulness was a state in the nature of a sustained shock"; 2. "Is there anything to talk about, as a writer? I know there is much to be silent about, as a writer. I know there is much to talk about, *not* as a writer, the weather especially, ah, lovely, lovely, the sun so lovely

this morning, and so on, but of course in different words, meaning the same"; 3. "I am always speaking and thinking of the place and of the time of the place, and that I myself am included in the thought because it is inevitable. It is not a question of pride, but a question of accuracy and truth." Such stuff is mere words.

Another thing Mr. Saroyan has not learned is that verbosity is not insight. His book is full of long stretches of rubbish like the following, which forms the opening paragraph of "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze":

Horizontally wakeful amid universal widths, practicing laughter and mirth, satire, the end of all, of Rome and yes of Babylon, clenched teeth, remembrance, much warmth volcanic, the streets of Paris, the plains of Jericho, much gliding as of reptile in abstraction, a gallery of watercolors, the sea and the fish with eyes, symphony, a table in the corner of the Eiffel Tower, jazz at the opera house, alarm clock and the tap-dancing of doom, conversation with a tree, the river Nile, Cadillac coupe to Kansas, the roar of Dostoievsky, and the dark sun.

Mr. Saroyan's work has already aroused much controversy. Edward J. O'Brien and several of the New York reviewers hail him as a genius, and more skeptical people put him down as a fraud. He is neither. He is a talented writer, with a lively feel for literary material, but he is boisterously adolescent, and he tries to hide his artistic helplessness in word-intoxication. He needs intelligent editing very badly. I hope the imbecile praise coming from certain quarters will not turn his head. If he will submit to guiding and to self-discipline, and rid himself of the vast amount of hooey in him, he may amount to something some day. He seems to have the tools that go to the making of a genuine writer.

C. A.

The Crisis of the American Dream

THE DECLINE OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM, by Lewis Corey. \$4. 6½ x 9¼; 620 pp. New York: Covici-Friede.

THE failure of Marxian Socialism to make significant headway in this most industrialised of capitalist countries has been attributed to the fact that the ideas of Marx are unintelligible to American workers, because the economic theories of Marx, couched in the ideology of class struggle, surplus value and exploitation, are not applicable to American conditions. These theories, it has been held, explained Europe with its age-old conflicts and oppressions, but America was the land of equal opportunity and of political freedom, offering every man not a mere living but economic independence, if he would but cultivate the habits of thrift and enterprise.

The truth is that Marx's interpretation of the capitalistic economy did apply here, but his doctrines appeared to contradict the American workers' world of reality. Down to the 1870's the outstanding fact of this world of reality was the frontier—free land and the relatively unbounded natural resources of a new and unpopulated country. Through the speculative rise in land values and the private sequestration of natural resources many workers became independent farmers or members of the capitalist-employer class. In this period of frontier development everyone, of course, did not rise to the top of the economic ladder. Enough did rise, however, to give plausibility to the belief that all Americans could become "masterless men." Conflict was not absent in this period. But the participants did not visualise it as a conflict between emergent capitalist and wage-earning classes, as Marx saw as late as the fifty's; they looked upon it rather as a passing struggle of free farmers and small men "on the make" against a

growing financial aristocracy in the control of money and credit.

When the frontier no longer offered an escape from poverty, and small business became an increasingly precarious means of achieving economic independence, the workers' faith in the American dream persisted. Although continually haunted by the spectre of cyclical unemployment, their faith was bolstered up by the probability of employment in the supervisory or executive positions created by nascent Big Business, and by rising wages. If the workers could not reasonably expect to become business owners, they, or at least their children, might well expect to become the subalterns of Big Business enterprise.

Mr. Corey, very correctly, views these opportunities as the natural by-products of a maturing capitalism. But he contends that capitalism is now in its period of decline, as manifested in the depression of 1929. He holds that the decline carries with it the progressive dwindling of those opportunities that once gave validity to the American dream. In brief, the American dream has reached its crisis, and its crisis is the crisis of capitalism itself.

According to the author, the decline of capitalism is evidenced in the current depression, not only because it is more acute than any previous depression, but because it possesses a feature which has been absent in other depressions. In previous depressions, once the ground for recovery had been laid by forced liquidations, bankruptcies, and the scaling down of capital claims, the upswing in business came almost automatically by a speedy revival in the capital goods industries. But in the present depression, after considerable purging, the heavy goods industries show little sign of precipitating recovery as in the past. From this the author concludes that capitalism has reached an impasse which he attributes to

the limitation of economic advance by the exhaustion of the long-time factors of economic expansion.

These long-time factors may be briefly described as the possibility of the increasing accumulation of capital to find profitable employment through the enlargement of the scale of production. The increasing accumulation of capital is simply the conversion of increasing proportions of the social income into productive plant and equipment. It is, in other words, the transformation of increasing proportions of the social income into savings and thence into productive investment. Since the returns on these investments, represented by interest and dividends, become the fixed charges of industry, the increasing accumulation of capital carries with it increasing overhead costs. Thus the ability to pay these increasing fixed charges means profitable employment of an increasing accumulation of capital and continued prosperity. But the profitable employment of capital depends upon maintaining a passably satisfactory balance between the rate at which capital is accumulated and converted into production goods and the rate of consumption, or between productive capacity and consumptive capacity.

This balance capitalism can no longer maintain. The reason is that the private accumulation of capital is guided by profit, which results in diverting an increasing proportion of the proceeds of industry to the investing and propertied classes and a declining proportion to the non-owning and non-saving workers. In consequence, the increasing output of a highly mechanised industry cannot be absorbed. Prices, therefore, fall while plant and equipment are idle or run below efficiency and overhead charges exact their toll of declining profits. These features of the business cycle have been recurring phenomena of capi-

talism. What makes them particularly pernicious to the future of capitalism today is their cumulative effect. Production goods have accumulated to such an extent and so far outstripped mass consumption that expansion in the capital goods industries on which prosperity depends cannot take place except at falling prices. Thus whether the productive equipment is used or remains idle, capitalism faces the dismal future of a continued decline in the rate of profit. This overproduction of capital goods is not due to the inability of the masses to use increasing amounts of goods at cheaper prices, but to the distribution of income which prevents them from consuming more.

It hardly need be pointed out that the author's explanation of the decline of capitalism is based upon Marx's theory of the business cycle and the theory of distribution that he integrated with it. In attributing the business cycle to the disparity between the increase of interest and dividends as over against wages the author does not say that wages, at least prior to the World War, did not increase. The point he makes is that while real wages increased from 1890 to 1910 and remained constant during the last decade and a half, incomes from property and investment have absorbed an increasing share of the social income. This conclusion is hard to sustain except through rather adroit statistical manipulation. On the whole, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Corey's thesis. It is an undeniable fact that in 1929 no less than 40.6% of the American people had incomes under \$1,500; that is, they were living either in poverty or at the level of bare subsistence. Yet to attribute the business cycle merely to the disparity between investment and labor incomes, as the author does, is to oversimplify the problem. Such an explanation overlooks the very important facts of the

rate at which consumption durable goods are used up, the disproportion between entrepreneur's cost-prices and selling-prices on a rising price level, and the accentuation of the latter through the malfunctioning of credit. In criticising, therefore, the proposals to stabilise the price level through managed credit and money as a means of smoothing out the business cycle the author fails to come to grips with the real problem that the stable money advocates face. The chief problem is not the maintenance of a stable level of prices, that is, a constant relation between the volume of credit and money and the total volume of goods, but of maintaining a constant relation between different sets of prices for different goods in a competitive economy.

The author does not contend that the long predicted collapse or complete disintegration of capitalism is at hand and that Socialism is to inevitably follow. He is not sure whether Socialism, Fascism, or chaos will follow immediately upon the complete collapse of capitalism. What is to follow will depend upon innumerable social and cultural factors. But while the author shows good judgment in refusing to predict the next step, he fails to consider the probable influence that these socio-political factors will exert upon the future course of economic society. The internal weakness and the ultimate collapse of capitalism are indeed the objective bases that make revolutionary Socialism possible. But no revolution is possible with these conditions alone. There must be a shift in habitual loyalties, social traditions and values, not merely among intellectuals but among large elements of the masses. This shift, which is as important a part of the revolutionary process as changes in the brute economic facts, need not parallel the economic changes. Indeed, it usually lags be-

hind them. Moreover, there must be a mediating force between the objective and subjective changes.

This force is the leadership of intellectuals who not only give content and meaning to the vague dissatisfactions of the populace but direct them toward the seizure of economic and political power. In brief, given the economic basis for change, it is only the revolutionary will to power crystallised in the masses by their intellectuals that will make change an established fact. Such leadership and determination have not shown the faintest sign of life among American workers. All evidence (and here we emphatically disagree with the author) seems to indicate that they are still under the spell of the American dream, the decline of capitalism to the contrary notwithstanding. Perhaps five years of depression is too short a period to dissipate old traditions and ideals. But it seems that the acuteness of the present depression should have created something more than the confused violence of farmers, militant strikes that merely seek to obtain collective bargaining under the N.R.A., the vicious but futile vituperations of Communist leaders, and the sterile radicalism of disillusioned literary critics who have forsaken Proust and Joyce for Marx.

It is, therefore, regrettable that this book which is undoubtedly a solid piece of Marxian analysis applied to American conditions shies away from the problem of how American workers can be made to understand their past and current experiences in terms of Marxian ideals. And this cannot be accomplished simply by working out a program of action such as the author gives in the last chapter of his book. The business is infinitely more difficult and important than program-making. As important as it is to tell American workers that their discomfort will continually increase under

capitalism because of its distribution of income and social power, it is much more important to get them to see in these conditions the necessity of the struggle for power and not simply one for immediate concessions. Yet, this is an important book. It should pave the way for a literature which, while comprehending present-day American social forces in the light of our peculiar traditions, will direct them in terms of Marxian values.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

John T. Flynn as Economist

SECURITY SPECULATION: ITS ECONOMIC EFFECTS, by John T. Flynn. \$3. 6¼ x 8¾; 332 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

SHORTLY before publication, I asked the author whether the book was done in his usual style. "Well," he said, "it is written for students." The words filled my heart with heaviness. But they soon afforded me relief, when I was asked to review the book. The dullness I was sure to find in a work on economics for students would dispense with the usual necessity of praising Flynn when he is at his best or even when he is too hurried to outdo himself. I would thus be freed from the sin, and even from the suspicion of the sin, of reciprocal back-scratching with one who has spoken kindly of some fugitive pieces of my own. A first glance at the pages showed, however, that I had been deceived. The economist Flynn had been unable to suppress the entertaining Flynn. Right through the book, with a phrase, a paradox or a scintillation, the authentic Flynn rises from the pages to make economics a delightful subject to read about.

More, he has provided solid food. Undergraduates of the class of 1938 will not realize, unless they survey earlier works on stock exchange speculation, what a

change this book has wrought. The pre-Flynn publications were mainly the product of the New York Stock Exchange, and this product was a mixture of husks to help out what a Congressional Committee recently called the old shell game. The Exchange had for years been expending respectable sums for the maintenance of an economics department, and for the preparation and distribution of learned addresses by its successive presidents and of similar treatises on economics. For these and allied purposes, grouped by the realistic Senator Fletcher under the heading of propaganda, the principal stock exchange spent during the past five years \$1,000,000. Class after class in economics, in every college of the land, was given the opportunity to taste of the fruit of this knowledge, and, acting on it, to speculate in the market with dollars earned after graduation.

Flynn quotes some of the economics thus set before students by the Exchange. Here is an example:

"Of all the peoples of history the American people can least afford to condemn speculation . . . The discovery of America was made possible by a loan based on the collateral of Queen Isabella's crown jewels . . . Financing an unknown foreigner to sail the unknown deep in three cockle shell boats . . . cannot . . . be called a 'conservative investment' . . . Our vast present-day railroad system was built primarily by speculators. Railroad pioneers like the late James J. Hill boldly projected their lines through pathless forests, across rivers and lakes, over mountains and through mountain ranges . . . From its foundation to the present day America has been preeminently the nation of the pioneer and the trail-blazer. Its present wealth has been mainly due to bold and yet wisely conceived and skillfully executed speculation . . . rather than such universal thrift and

saving as characterize France and other continental nations."

Flynn puts his needle in such gas-bag economics, saying:

"One cannot help feeling there is a very important difference between the function which Queen Isabella performed when she financed the expedition of Columbus; the function performed by Columbus when he risked his life in quest of knowledge about the unknown seas; the function performed by a railroad builder who borrows money to extend a railroad through a new empire and the function performed by the speculator who goes into a broker's office in the morning and buys a hundred shares of American Commercial Alcohol stock and then watches the ticker for a few hours or a few days until the shares rise a few points when he unloads his purchase, to buy them back again, perhaps when the market sinks."

All through the book Flynn is puncturing toy balloons which the Stock Exchange peddled for so many years. Flynn's tools are logic in analyzing the claims for stock market speculation, and facts in disposing of the claims thus analyzed. His facts are right off the griddle. He helped Pecora prepare the questions for the Stock Exchange firms to answer, and to pry the answers loose from the legalistic group headed by representatives of the Exchange. Students and professors alike can now have something they never had before.

Why is it that no college has asked Flynn to give a course in the field in which he is so well equipped? Does he know too much for college trustees? Is he too outspoken? Is it that he lacks a Ph.D.? It would be interesting to have from Flynn's pen an essay on the men who have made money by the methods he exposes, have contributed some of it to colleges, or may bequeath some when they die, and have

been given honorary degrees. It would be interesting to have his comments on the college trustees, the dispensers of honorary degrees who have made money the same way. If the colleges will not have him on any other count, they must acknowledge that he is qualified, by the very modesty of his claims, for research, for scholarship and for teaching. Few economists, with doctorates and masterships to back them up, can deliver so much more than they proffer, as does Flynn after his prefatory note: "I have attempted in this book to make at least a beginning in the business of scrutinizing the part played by speculation in our economic life."

MAX LOWENTHAL

Four Novels: All Feeble

SO RED THE ROSE, by Stark Young. \$2.50. 5½ x 8¼; 431 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

HOLY DEADLOCK, by A. P. Herbert. \$2.50. 5½ x 8¼; 372 pp. Garden City, New York: Doubleday Doran & Company.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND, by Edward Shanks. \$2.50. 5½ x 8¼; 552 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

SLIM, by William Wister Haines. \$2.50. 5½ x 8¼; 414 pp. Boston: Little Brown & Company.

In "So Red the Rose," Stark Young attempts a more ambitious study of the Old South than in his dreadfully tedious "Heaven Trees." The principal figures are almost all relatives or friends of those who appeared at Heaven Trees. Mary Cherry is again a leading figure, in order that the author might use her, a female Handy Andy of the South, for the requisite comic relief. Stark Young's basic talent appears to be that of reproducing the small talk, and the observable mannerisms of his Southern aristocrats. In the present novel he finds such a free play for his talent that the narrative tends to become a distracting

game in which one strives to keep one's genealogical tables accurate, and to recall precisely who, amongst a crowd of people talking, acting, and thinking alike, said precisely what about "Cud'n" Abe. He writes of enormous breakfasts, of plantation owners who talk dabbly of politics and affairs, and of belles in hoop skirts, whose hearts patter, and whose cheeks flush when they coquette between waltzes and capture the glances of chivalrous young men who are the presumable heirs to a future of plantations, enormous breakfasts, dabbly conversations about politics and affairs.

There are indications that the characters read English novels, knew of society events in New Orleans, watched for Paris fashions, and could distinguish between styles of continental furniture. And there is the inevitably necessary moonlight, not to mention slaves who suggest Uncle Rastus, white trash that are *trash*, and Northerners who were undoubtedly even more benighted.

Into this atmosphere, the Civil War bursts like a rude interruption of historical bad manners. The impact of the strife is refracted through its effects on those who remained home to run the plantations, to wait for sons and lovers at the front, and to see their "gracious" civilization decay, with their plantations sacked and burned. The material here could easily be that of tragedy, but the author causes it to read too much like an exercise in revery in which memories of the past are sorted and restored in order to enjoy a comfortable if melancholy contemplation. In consequence we are given the grandeur that was Rome, with a subtraction of the basis of that grandeur. This is the essence of debilitating nostalgia.

The book is a defence of the Old South, jerrymandered through the selection of

characters who are the most representatively educated, noble, kind to their slaves, and impeccable in their manners. The defence is more implicit than explicit, but is fully revealed in the following commonplace and rather vacant paradox: "democracy, a good theory, a great human right, which works out none too well; slavery, a bad theory, a great human wrong which works out none too well." Thus, besides being a soporific novel, the book is tacitly reactionary. "So Red the Rose" carries the message that gone are the days when aristocratic planters were so educated that they probably even dreamed in Latin. *Tempus fugit! Requiescat in pace!*

A. P. Herbert's "Holy Deadlock" is an axe-grinding novel whose basic purpose is that of hacking away the English divorce laws with their fundamental insistence that the prime cause of divorce be the commission of adultery. It reveals the fundamental defect of most axe-grinding novels—that of sacrificing character to didactic interest. Thus the hero and heroine are appendages to an argument, and they must be conducted through a series of events which draw out the potentialities latent in the English divorce laws. As a consequence, there is inconsistency. On the one hand, the characters must be high-minded, educated, well-bred, and forceful in order to compel the sympathy of the readers, and simultaneously, they must be the weak victims of a stupid fate. The inconsistency is unresolved. The result is a good argument for reform of the divorce laws, and a bad novel. Considering both "Holy Deadlock" and "The Water Gipsies" it is apparent that Mr. Herbert's failure is not that of writing merely a non-productive type of novel. Rather, it is because of his concern with seeing details and characters that have too much of the familiar about them—not the familiarity of real life but that of life

as it is permitted to emerge from the pages of many English novels. "The Water Gipsies" exploited unusual situations with very usual characters and methods, and the same habit is revealed in "Holy Deadlock."

Edward Shanks in "Tom Tiddler's Ground" reproduces, as he did in "Queer Street," a second rate "Vanity Fair" of contemporary middle class London. The hero of the story, Tom Florey, is rejected by the army during the war because of physical defects, and entering the civil service, he rises to a position of power and promise. But he never becomes more than a nail on which to hang a picture of contemporary London. Like Euan Cartaret, protagonist of "Queer Street," Tom Florey is neither interesting nor alive. And in order to add meaning to his book, the author glues a platitude on to the ending of it. "There was much to look at. There were friendships and love affairs," etc.—"Tom Florey became one of the figures which so thickly populated the enormous hall of Albrecht Roebel's past." (Roebel is an eccentrically conceived German dramatist.) Also, Mr. Shanks's humor is largely the result of describing deviations from the English middle class norms, a trick that was more

pertinent in the days of Thackeray than at the present time.

"Slim" is a first novel, describing the life of linemen who build the steel towers and string the electric wires that dot our landscape. Mr. Haines has thoroughly assimilated the technical details of this work, and he is able to describe it, and the feeling of his characters towards their occupation. However, he uses these advantages merely as the framework into which he fits a story of sentimentalized courage and bravery and stenciled love. He destroys the impact of his work by a grammar-school conception of human beings. It is difficult even to describe the book as promising, because psychological insight is a more necessary part of a novelist's equipment than technical knowledge of one occupation, and the author displays much of the latter, but almost none of the former. He has thrown valuable and original material to the winds.

The many differences in these four novels are such that it is impossible to link them together in any pertinent and concluding generalizations. Suffice it to state that none of them is genuinely impressive.

JAMES T. FARRELL

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

S. MILES BOUTON *has been a newspaper man since 1904. He has lived abroad for years representing American papers in Stockholm and Berlin. He recently returned from Berlin.*

JOHN COLLIER *was born in London. His latest book is "Defy the Foul Fiend."*

H. A. DEWEERD *is a professor of history at Denison University, a member of the American Historical Association and of the American Military History Foundation, and associate member of the United States Naval Institute.*

JAMES T. FARRELL's *latest book is "Calico Shoes, and Other Stories."*

M. W. FODOR *has been foreign correspondent for the Manchester Guardian for the past fifteen years. He now lives in Vienna.*

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER *was a newspaper man until 1932, when he began to devote his attention to magazine writing.*

SAMUEL GRAFTON *is on the staff of the New York Post.*

ABRAM L. HARRIS, PH.D. (Columbia), *is associate professor of economics at Howard University, and co-author, with Sterling Spiro, of "The Black Worker, the Negro and the Labor Movement."*

CLIFTON HICKS *is associate editor of the South Dakota News, Wentworth, South Dakota.*

STANLEY E. KALISH *is on the staff of the Milwaukee Journal.*

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD *is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin and a poet of international reputation.*

MAX LOWENTHAL *is a graduate of the University of Minnesota and the Harvard Law School. He has practiced law in New*

York City for the past twenty years, and is the author of "The Investor Pays."

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY *has been resident in Mexico most of the time since 1909. He was special Mexican correspondent for the New York World, 1911-19; special representative in Mexico of the Department of State, 1916-17; director of the Mexican Section of the Committee on Public Information, 1917-19; and adviser to the American section of the United States Mexican Mixed Commission, 1923.*

GRACE OVERMYER *was director of publications of the New York State Department of Labor from 1929 to 1933. She was previously on the staff of a musical magazine and has done newspaper and publicity work.*

BERNARD PRESTON *was born in New York and educated in Paris. For the past few years he has lived in Canada where he is primarily concerned in the management of musical interests.*

DAVID RAMSEY, PH.D., *has lectured on physics at leading Eastern universities. He now contributes scientific articles and reviews to the liberal and radical press.*

BENJAMIN STOLBERG *is a New York journalist. He contributes frequently to the reviews.*

J. TRAVELSTEAD *is editor-manager of the Evening News in Del Rio, Texas.*

ANTHONY M. TURANO *practices law in Reno, Nevada.*

WARREN J. VINTON *is the director of research for the American Association for Old Age Security.*

WALTER WILSON *has worked as a union longshoreman in Texas and New York. He is author of "Forced Labor in the United States."*

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RECORDED MUSIC

SYMPHONY NO. 4 IN B-FLAT.

By Ludwig Van Beethoven.

Columbia (Nos. 68217-68220)

\$6 7 parts; 4 12-inch records New York

Beethoven's Fourth symphony, like his First, Second, and Eighth, has been woefully neglected by the majority of American conductors. In 1927, the centennial of the composer's death, it was played once or twice by the major orchestras; however, this was done more out of respect to his memory than out of love for the work. The Fourth symphony, to be sure, is no *Eroica*, but it is a very great composition nevertheless. There is, perhaps, no vast and thundering clairvoyance in it, but who will dare say that the third movement and the finale are not genuine Beethoven? Felix Weingartner and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, on the whole, play the work in a very satisfactory manner, though the present reviewer would have liked a trifle more precision in the second movement and in the *adagio* section of the first movement. Part 8 of the present set of records is given over to Beethoven's Prometheus Overture, played by the same ensemble.

CONCERTO IN B-FLAT MAJOR FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA.

By W. A. Mozart. R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8475-8478)

8 parts; 4 12-inch records

\$8 Camden, N. J.

This concerto is listed in Köchel's catalogue as No. 595. It is in three movements: *allegro*, *larghetto*, and *allegro*. To speak of them without fervid blubbery is impossible, for they are all unutterably lovely. The first and second movements are extraordinarily long and beautiful, and the third movement is little short of a miracle. Arthur Schnabel's playing at the piano in this concerto has probably not been surpassed, and neither has it been equalled, save perhaps by Giesecking. He is ably assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by John Barbirolli. Altogether, a first-rate recording, which all devotees of the phonograph will be eager to have.

CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN IN A-MINOR.

By A. C. Glazounov.

R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8296-8298-B)

\$6 5 parts; 3 12-inch records Camden, N. J.

Next to the Beethoven, Brahms, and Mendelssohn violin concertos, this one is the most popular on the concert stage. There is plenty of opportunity for

a violinist to show his quality, even though the ideas in the work as a whole are somewhat mediocre. To the present reviewer, what would be ordinarily called the third movement—the concerto is marked for performance without interruption—is by far the most satisfactory. Jascha Heifetz and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by John Barbirolli, perform with the highest skill. The sixth side is given over to a recording of the same composer's "Meditation" (opus 32). The soloist is Heifetz, and the piano accompaniment is by Árpád Sándor.

CONCERTO IN A-MINOR FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA.

By Robert Schumann. Columbia (Nos. 68211-68214)

\$6 8 parts; 4 12-inch records New York

This great work, one of the most memorable in the concerto form, was first performed in Leipzig in 1845, with Madame Schumann herself at the piano. It was an instantaneous success, as it richly deserved to be. The work, in both structure and the size and quality of emotion it evokes, is very nearly perfect. Next to the Rhenish symphony and the piano quintet, it is perhaps the most enduringly satisfying of all of Schumann's compositions. The opening theme of the second movement is probably as graceful a thing as has ever been put on paper. But few people will suspect the existence of all this glory from the present recording. The unnamed orchestra, conducted by Eugene Bigot, plays like a high-school band; the soloist, Yves Nat, is only a trifle better. Why and how this recording was passed by so generally excellent a musical staff as Columbia has, is a mystery.

RUSSIAN FOLK DANCES.

By A. C. Liadow. R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8491, 1681)

\$3 4 parts; 1 12-inch record, and 1 10-inch record

Camden, N. J.

The eight Russian folk dances are entitled Religious Chant, Christmas Carol, Plaintive Melody, Humor Song—The Buzzing and Biting of the Gnat, Legend of the Birds, Cradle Song, A Round Dance, and Village Dance Song. They are all highly characteristic of their country, and they are all excellent, though the present reviewer has a special affection for Plaintive Melody, Cradle Song, and Village Dance Song. All that remains to be said is that Dr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra perform the dances faithfully and vigorously.



RECORDED MUSIC

SONATA IN G-MAJOR FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO.

By G. Tartini. Columbia (Nos. 17036-17037-D)
\$2 3 parts; 2 10-inch records New York

Tartini was a contemporary of Bach, and a violinist and composer of considerable repute. He belonged to the same tradition as Corelli and Vivaldi, though he was much inferior to them. He wrote more than a hundred sonatas for the violin, and the present one is a fair sample of his efforts in this field. It is very short, and in three movements: *lento*, *allegro*, and *presto assai*. Of these, the first is the most substantial. Joseph Szigeti plays them all with great precision, and he is adequately assisted at the piano by Kurt Ruhrseitz. The fourth side is a recording of the *allegro vivace* movement from Beethoven's Sonata in G-Major, with the same players.

SLAVONIC DANCES.

By A. Dvořák. Columbia (No. G-7301-M)
\$1.50 2 parts; 1 12-inch record New York

SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN.
MONOTONOUSLY RINGS THE LITTLE BELL.

Columbia (No. 7303-M)
\$1.50 2 parts; 1 12-inch record New York

Set 1 of the Slavonic Dances is listed as opus 46, no. 3, and is played by Erich Kleiber and members of the Berlin State Opera Orchestra. Set 2 is listed as opus 72, no. 16, and is played by Issai Dobrowen and members of the same organization. The two sets are from among the less popular of Dvořák's works in this form; they are somewhat lacking in melody, but they are not without appeal. The two Russian folk songs are sung by the Don Cossack Choir, conducted by Serge Jaroff. Their performance will satisfy the most exacting listeners.

SONATA NO. 1 IN E-FLAT.

By Joseph Haydn. R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8489-8490)
\$4 Camden, N. J.
4 parts; 2 12-inch records

This is one of Haydn's less inspired piano sonatas, but it is still well worth hearing. The first and third movements, even for Haydn, are a bit hollow, but the second *adagio* movement is full of a strange simplicity and grace. Vladimir Horowitz plays the whole work with authority. He has grown enormously in mature restraint since his first recitals in New York a few years ago.

Correction: In the November issue there was a review of J. C. F. Bach's Trio No. 2 in C-major. It was incorrectly credited to R.C.A.-Victor. The recording was made by Columbia, who list it as No. 68210-D.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xii

GOVERNMENT-OPERATED ENTERPRISES IN THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE.

By Marshall E. Dimock.

The University of Chicago Press

\$2.50

5½ x 8¾; 248 pp.

Chicago

A comprehensive study of the highly successful and completely government-operated Panama Canal Zone and Panama Railroad Company. Although residents of the Canal Zone may not own their homes or even furniture, and can make purchases only from government commissaries, Professor Dimock says that they "think nothing about the circumscription, of traditional American individualism and are content with the collectivist fulfillment of their wants." He also makes a thorough study of all the other government-owned corporate enterprises in the area and makes a number of recommendations for improvements, but concludes that the Canal Zone "is easily the most successful government enterprise under the American flag outside of Continental United States." This study was made at the invitation of the Secretary of War in October, 1933. There is an index.

THE WORLD AS I SEE IT.

By Albert Einstein.

Covici-Friede

\$2.50

5½ x 8¾; 290 pp.

New York

This volume will confirm what is already well-known, that when Einstein writes about non-scientific matters he is somewhat naive. The present volume is a selective compilation by one "J.H." who wishes to remain unknown, of Einstein's articles, addresses and letters, arranged under the following chapter headings: "Scientific," "Judaism," "Germany 1933," "Politics and Pacifism," and "The World as I See It." Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that which contains Einstein's correspondence in April, 1933, with the Prussian Academy of Sciences, from which he resigned after Hitler came to power. Alan Harris translates.

VETERANS ON THE MARCH.

Jack Douglas.

The Workers Library

\$1.25

5¼ x 8; 370 pp.

New York

An adequate journalistic account of the Veterans' Bonus Marches of 1932 and 1933—their reception in Washington, their trials, mistakes, disillusionments, and, finally, their growing class consciousness. To judge this book as a work of art would be out of place; its unpretentiousness is effectively disarming, but even unpretentiousness is insufficient excuse for sloppy writing. The book contains a short foreword by John Dos Passos. There is an index.



Check List of NEW BOOKS

FICTION

THE ANTEROOM.

By *Kate O'Brien*. Doubleday, Doran & Co.
\$2.50 5 1/4 x 8; 309 pp. Garden City, Long Island

Teresa Mulqueen is dying of cancer. To "storm God," as it were, and to invoke His wisdom on a conference of specialists, Father Tom Considine ordains the Eve of All Saints, All Saints' Day and All Souls' as a triduum for prayer at Teresa's bedside. With this mournful drop as a pertinent background, Miss O'Brien directs one of those dramas of love and duty that is singularly impressive. Agnes Mulqueen, Teresa's daughter and a perfect person, has been nursing a real but throttled passion for Vincent O'Regan during the entire three years he has been miserably married to her sister Marie-Rose. On All Saints' Day, Agnes learns that her love is returned. To render the intensity of this problem comprehensible, the author makes all of her characters devoutly Catholic, thus affording herself an inviolable morality, and invests Agnes and her sister with a reciprocal devotion amounting to mania. Miss O'Brien insists in involving her characters in a maze of feelings that are constantly reviewed in O'Neill self-inspections—which, while indicative of the author's ability at psychological discrimination, tend to become tiresome and sometimes confusing. This is the second to a first novel, "Without My Cloak," which won the Hawthornden Prize for 1932.

RUMOUR OF HEAVEN.

By *Beatrix Lehmann*. William Morrow & Company
\$2.50 5 3/8 x 7 1/2; 301 pp. New York

Miss Lehmann has already distinguished herself on the London stage. This is her first novel, and it is a fair job. It is the story of William Peacock, famous London literary critic, who marries Miranda, a lovely, elfin ballet dancer, who dies soon after she has borne him his third child. Each is an abnormal child: Hector, half-witted and completely identified with flowers and the lower animals; Viola, crippled and dwelling in a land of books; and Clare, withdrawn from the reality of her individual life by a mothering complex toward her brother and sister. William has long since ceased to write; he spends his time reading of happy, far-off, peaceful lands, and leaves the growth and development of the children in the hands of his old-fashioned housekeeper, Mrs. Humble. Suddenly Max Ralston flashes across his life, with the tale of a fanciful and wondrous island in the South Seas. It is the "rumour of heaven," but is never visited, because William has dreamed too long, and can find consummation only in his dreams.

Continued on page xxi

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Continued from page xxi

FLORIAN.

By Felix Salten.

\$2.50

The Bobbs-Merrill Company

5 3/4 x 8; 343 pp.

Indianapolis

The story of Franz Joseph's horse, written by the author of "Bambi." Florian, a magnificent white stallion, was born on the Hapsburg stud farms of Lipizza, the consummation of a line that dated back to the time of Hannibal. He became first the adornment of the Spanish Riding School in Vienna, later the handsome lead horse for the Emperor's coach, and finally in old age, as fate would have it, the property of a butter-and-egg man and the companion of cows. His unusual career is traced against a background of Austrian court-life. An entertaining novel.

SHORT STORIES, SCRAPS AND SHAVINGS.

By Bernard Shaw.

\$2.50

Dodd, Mead & Company

5 1/2 x 8 1/4; 305 pp.

New York

A collection of miscellaneous writings, some of which date back as far as 1885, yet all of which impart a distinctly Shavian flavor. There is an excellent sketch on Shakespeare, in which the poet (in the form of a plaster bust) openly assails the artistic weaknesses of certain of his most famous creations; there is a highly diverting scrap of dialogue, originally intended for "Back to Methuselah," in which Mr. G. K. Chesterton is caricatured as a "literary gasbag;" there are two very amusing essays on the author's experiences away from home; and there are several short stories—including "The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God." The volume reveals the fact that Shaw's style fifty years ago was almost as smooth and scintillating as it is today. It also reveals the fact that the witty Irishman, no matter what task he may set his pen to perform, simply cannot be dull.

STORMY ROAD.

By Thomas Rowan.

\$2.00

Ives Washburn

5 1/4 x 7 3/4; 305 pp.

New York

Apparently drawing from his own childhood, Thomas Rowan has written a convincing novel, in the "Tobacco Road" style, of the half-primitive hill people who eke out an ugly existence in the Tennessee River Valley. The author's choice of ingredients is sure-fire dramatic: the relentless black hatred between a vicious grown son and his lecherous stepfather, the raging jealousy of a helpless wife, the loyal devotion of a little boy for his carefree father. A salty humor, often in the Rabelaisian manner, constantly relieves the life in the raw. There are the usual Southern mountain idiom, raucous profanity,

Continued on page xxiv

Max Eastman's

ART AND THE LIFE OF ACTION

The long essay which forms the major part of this new book is regarded by Mr. Eastman himself as perhaps his finest work of literary criticism. It is certainly an important contribution to the philosophy of art. In addition there are numerous shorter essays on Ernest Hemingway, Floyd Dell, Marxism, Religion, Soviet Russia, etc.

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and superstitions, and, of course, the colorful tobacco-
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naked simplicity of style which best expresses the
brutal and elemental. You will enjoy the vivid picture
of Pa, "a cutter with the women" and "hell among
the daisies", and of the bluff but good-natured cussin'
Uncle Henry.

DARK WINDOWS.

By *Velia Ercole*. *The D. Appleton-Century Company*
\$2.00 5¼ x 7¼; 311 pp. New York

This is the story of poor Julie Purvis who, left
an orphan in Australia by the death of her father,
goes to the home of her Breton mother's sister in a
provincial town in Northern France and for 311
pages yearns to become assimilated. But cousin Guy
is too much in love with a little modiste, and cousin
Marthe, waiting for her invalid husband to die (or
rather, not waiting) is too much concerned in a
voluptuous affair with a handsome soldier to offer
much encouragement. And cousin Clotilde, ossified
by a love-disappointment in her youth, is too much of
a stone to be interested in anyone. And cousin Albert
too inadequate and his wife too lost in motherhood
to hold out any help. And then Aunt Anne is a
selfish, domineering old fraud that no one could think
of taking to heart. So Julie is in a hideous plight.
But there is a little palliative. Yes, along comes an
impossible naval officer who is composing an opera.
But he breaks her heart, because he is engaged all the
time to a rich baron's daughter. The book suffers
from an immaturity of style and thought, and certain
banal situations will make you cringe.

OZARK OUTDOORS.

By *Vance Randolph & Guy W. Von Schriltz*.

The Vanguard Press
\$3.75 6¼ x 9¼; 299 pp. New York

If your tastes are wide enough to include hunting
and fishing stories, you will find this book interesting.
Both Mr. Randolph and Mr. Von Schriltz are popu-
larly connected by former works with the Ozark
Mountain country where they have hunted and fished
for many years. Mr. Randolph's literary interests in
the past, however, have been rather devoted to Ozark
folk and their ways than to Ozark outdoor sport. He
is the author of "The Ozarks: An American Survival
of Primitive Society"; "Ozark Mountain Folk"; and
"From an Ozark Holler: Stories of Ozark Mountain
Folk." Mr. Von Schriltz contributes regularly to such
magazines as *Field and Stream* and *Outdoor Life* and
many of the stories in this collection are reprints.
There is a perceptible difference in style between the
two authors. Von Schriltz writes with less grace and

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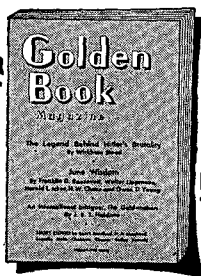
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simplicity than his friend Mr. Randolph, and with less personality. Unfortunately, fourteen of the twenty-four chapters belong to the former.

THE FOLKS.

By Ruth Suckow.

Farrar & Rinehart

\$3 5/4 x 8 1/2; 727 pp. New York

This novel follows the fortunes of an American family from the turn of the Twentieth Century on through to the present day. It is written on a huge scale, the author's intentions being to present characters and situations primarily American. The scene covers the entire country, and Miss Suckow's knowledge of the various sections from coast to coast, wherein reside people of widely diverse culture and intelligence, is almost instinctive. The book is a veritable seven-hundred-and-twenty-seven page omnibus of modern America.

THE TAKING OF THE GRY.

By John Masfield.

The Macmillan Company

\$1.75 5 1/4 x 7 3/4; 193 pp. New York

A melodramatic yarn about how a ship loaded with arms was seized and held in a naval harbor on the Eastern Spanish Main until two young adventurers, executing their plans with perfect success, towed it out to sea—thus changing the tide of rebellion. The book is unnecessarily long, too much of it being devoted to situations and events that stand somewhat apart from the actual story of the Gry. Mr. Masfield has attempted, by padding, to stretch a short story into a novel. But the work is largely redeemed by its excellent descriptions of sea and ships, which always make one realize that the author is primarily a poet.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of THE AMERICAN MERCURY

published monthly at Camden, N. J., for October 1, 1934

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lawrence E. Spivak, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE AMERICAN MERCURY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK
Sworn and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1934.
My Commission expires March 30, 1935. J. W. FERMAN

a a k

as i see it

"You may not think about Politics but Politics thinks about you." I don't know who first made this cheerless observation but only an imbecile would deny that it is true. *A Guide to Modern Politics* by the Coles may thus be said to be addressed to all voters still in possession of their senses, and as well to students not yet of voting age.

Here in a single compact volume of less than 500 pages, and selling for only \$3.00, you will find:

A fifty page summary of *Politics in the Twentieth Century*;

Separate chapters on the political systems of Great Britain, France, the United States, Italy, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Japan, China, and British India;

Six chapters on *The Political Machine*;

Three on *States in Theory and Practice*; four on *Political Principles*; and three on *The Future*.

All this will aid you greatly in understanding issues that affect vitally each and every

one of us, and have indeed in countries like Italy, Germany, and Russia been matters of life and death. (By the way, Mr. Cole's *A Guide Through World Chaos* published in 1932 at \$3.75 is now available, with an additional chapter bringing it up to date, at \$2.50.)



I am gratified to note *The Chicago Tribune* referring to the *Zeitlin Montaigne* as "the first volume of what will unquestionably become the standard translation of Montaigne's *Essays*." I think the paper speaks no more than the truth.



When I visited Sigrid Undset at her home in Lillehammer some two and a half years ago, I was eager to know her preferences among her own books. *Kristin Lavransdatter* was then, as now, overwhelmingly the American favorite, but Mrs. Undset told me she thought it not so good as *The Master of Hestviken*, her other great medieval romance. *Kristin* had but a small sale here



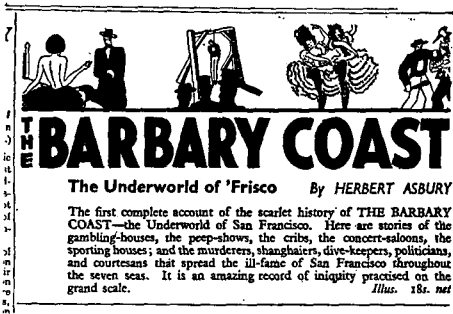
G. D. H. Cole

as i see it

until, on the award of the Nobel Prize to Mrs. Undset, an adoption by the Book-of-the-Month Club enabled me to bring out the three volumes in one at a relatively low price. Since then I reckon 126,000 copies of *Kristin Lavransdatter* have been sold in the U.S.A. alone. *The Master of Hestviken* is now ready in a fine single volume uniform with *Kristin*; 1272 pages, four great novels, for \$3.50. If you like *Kristin Lavransdatter* buy *The Master of Hestviken*. You will not be disappointed with your bargain.



Messrs. Jarrolds have just published Herbert Asbury's *The Barbary Coast* in London and announce it thus:



Mr. Asbury has a new and amusing book just out—*All Around the Town*. It might have been called "Headlines of Other Days," for Mr. Asbury has assembled here some of the most startling, exciting, and eccentric events in the history of New York City. He begins in 1702 with the antics of the incredible Lord Cornbury, an early colonial governor, and then proceeds to ransack the

past two centuries for their booty of murders, fires, riots, kidnappings, society scandals, robberies, jail-breaks, hoaxes, and practical jokes—a varied, unique and fascinating record of things you may never have heard of but will not soon forget. (\$2.50)



Salute to Broadus Mitchell, who begins a review of a certain book: "This is not natural wind but the stale draught sucked along after the rushing subway train. The Roosevelt activity is the train; the Hoover sigh stirs through the vacuum."



Salah and His American (\$2.00) has been out seven months. Though it has sold but 1475 copies, it still makes new friends and I still hope that it will some day have the popularity it so richly deserves.

Recently Blair Niles read it and in her enthusiasm wrote me: "Here is a unique and exquisite book. It shines like a clear beam of light in the fog of murky thinking and clumsy writing.

"The first requirement of every book, other than a purely academic work, is that it shall have succeeded in capturing life. Its heart must beat, and its nerves register. It must have a functioning mind, and the characters who play a part in its drama must each be affected by the other, and by the scene in which they move. Such a book becomes for the reader an adventure in living.

"And all this, *Salah and His American* ac-

compleishes. The book is enchanting in the lightness of its humor, and the subtlety of its irony, while, at the same time, it profoundly questions human living; from the apparently simplest form, to what we are pleased to consider civilization. All this happens against the vivid pageant of Morocco.

"Mr. Hall tells his story with the beautiful clarity, the luminous sincerity, and the humility of the authentic artist and *Salah and His American* is thus a precious experience."



Here's the Hungarian edition of one of Dashiell Hammett's mysteries. Can you guess which?



And here's a page from a recent issue of *Bogynt*, the trade organ of Gyldendal of Copenhagen, the great Danish publishers. It announces *Death Comes For the Archbishop* and suggests Miss Cather as "America's woman candidate for the Nobel Prize." *Death Comes For the Archbishop* has sold, since its publication on September 2, 1927, 102,567 copies at \$2.50, 1848 copies in an illustrated edition at \$5.00, and approximately 40,400 copies in the Modern Library edition. It has been published in London by Heinemann, in Copenhagen by Gyldendal,

in Czecho-Slovakia by Kvasnicka & Hampf, in Holland by Directie "Nieuwe Eeuw."



Shadows on the Rock, Miss Cather's last novel, has sold 129,608 copies since August 1, 1931, all at \$2.50. In addition the Book-of-the-Month Club sent out about 50,000 copies to its members. *Miss Cather's* new novel will be published early next September.



Robert Nathan's *One More Spring* is to be published in Dutch by N. V. Uitgeverij of Zandpoort.



as i see it

Sometimes I tire of hearing how much better the book business is in England—though I must admit more American than English friends seem to believe it. Anyway, read this, from *The Bookseller* (London).

Full (Vicious) Circle

I believe I am right in asserting, by the way, that the vicious circle is now complete and the publishers, reaping the results of their own policy, or lack of policy, are now experiencing a general falling off in the sale of fiction and general literature which is causing alarm and despondency all over London. Some other reader, better informed than I, may be able to give us more information on this point, but I am sure it must be true. After all, we are nearly all agreed that in this part of the book market the seller of books has been sacrificed to the lending library. But now what is happening to the lending libraries? To tell you the truth, I don't know anything beyond the patent fact that they are almost all feeling alarmed and despondent. But to know that, after all, is to know that they are in trouble—and one can guess the rest.

I have just sent the printer a first novel by an American of whom you are going to hear a lot. It is called *Cast Down the Laurel*, its author is Arnold Gingrich and it will be in all bookshops next February 11.

Now and again comes a book which I can soberly, confidently, and without reservation label *great*. Such a one is unquestionably Jules Romains' *Men of Good Will*, the third installment of which, *The Proud and the Meek* (\$2.50), is just out.

I cannot imagine an adult reader who

could resist the Romains of this latest volume. Hats off, gentlemen and ladies, a genius! And a genius this time whose work is always clear and readable. Share with me, now, I beg of you what *Books* of the *New York Herald Tribune* has just called "one of the few masterpieces that our age will claim openly and proudly as its own."



Erna Fergusson's *Dancing Gods* (\$3.00) is one of the most satisfactory books I have ever published—satisfactory I should add in every respect but sales. It's a first rate job that needed to be done, an interesting and accurate account of the chief Indian festivals of New Mexico written by one who knows her stuff and knows how to write. It has sold only 1897 copies but it will go on steadily for years to come. Miss Fergusson has just completed another volume—equally admirable and equally needed. *Fiesta In Mexico* (\$3.00) is an account of the leading Mexican festivals and is the result of extended travels and study in Mexico. Señor Valentín Vidaurreta, a Mexican artist, has supplemented Miss Fergusson's text with fourteen drawings. These are books that any publisher would take pride in and I commend them without reservation to readers interested in the subjects with which they deal.



Erna Fergusson

E. A. Rheinhardt's *Josephine in England*:



"She really loved me"

INSISTED NAPOLEON
But did she?

JOSEPHINE WIFE OF NAPOLEON

by E. A. RHEINHARDT

Weeping, she called the carriage which took her from the palace after Napoleon divorced her "the execution car." But was it love that drew her tears? Penitent, she pounded for hours on Napoleon's locked bedroom door. Next morning she awoke in his arms. But was it love? Napoleon believed it, even though he knew of her lovers — knew she entertained them at his expense. The whole amazing career of the Creole girl who became Napoleon's Empress is told here as it has never been told before. One reads it with unrelaxing interest from beginning to end. Ready Friday Illus. 15]-

This admirable biography failed to catch on as it deserved to over here. Only 3,281 copies have been sold. It's a book that deserved a better fate.



I have recently published cheaper editions of a number of really good books—among them:

Selected Stories by Katherine Mansfield

My Brother Jonathan by Francis Brett Young

Tertium Organum by P. D. Ouspensky

Travels in the Congo by André Gide

Renoir by Ambroise Vollard

The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson by Genevieve Taggard

In My End is My Beginning by Maurice Baring

A History of Russian Literature by D. S. Mirsky

Books I wish I had published:

New Frontiers by Henry A. Wallace

Remembrance of Things Past by Marcel Proust



Here is *Punch's* review of Joseph Hergesheimer's new novel, *The Foolscap Rose*:

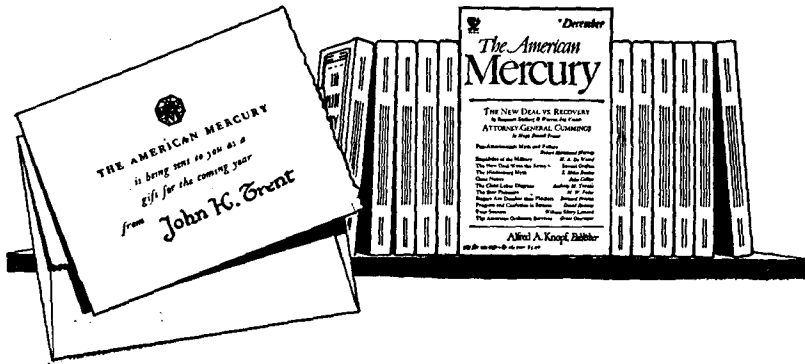
Here is a story of the States,
A book which Messrs. CASSELL sell;
Its plot from 1800 dates
And takes a century to tell.
By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, it
Is of the *Wigtons*, men who live
By milling paper—folk of grit,
And pious and conservative.

Four *Wigton* generations we
Meet as acquaintances (*not friends*);
Finely conceived they are; we see
Them seek their rather dismal ends.
In Liberty's hard-driving land
They toil and they return to dust;
Their mill, which once they worked by hand,
Remains machine run—and a Trust.

This book of many a character—
Maiden and man—is master-made;
And, though there are who might prefer
Some more of sun, some less of shade,
Myself I would not have you miss
These literal lives, this liberal prose,
Though all that's light about it is
The story's name—
THE FOOLSCAP ROSE.

Alonzo

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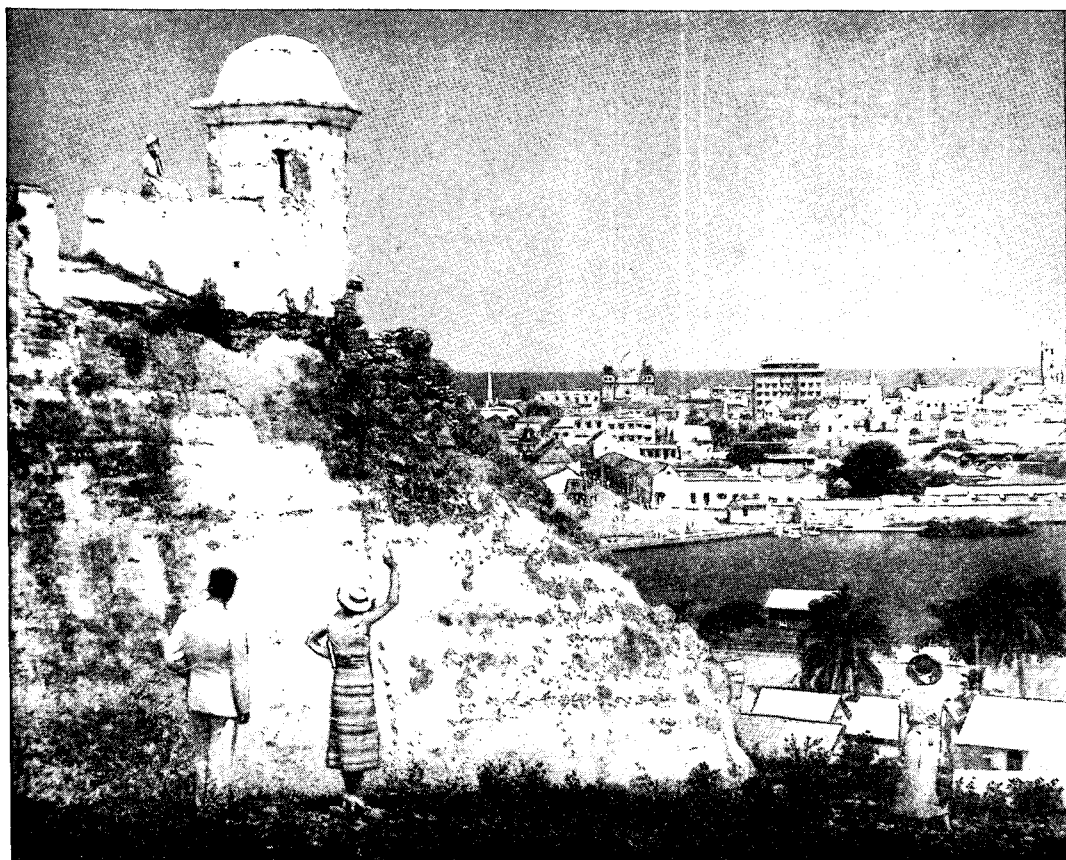
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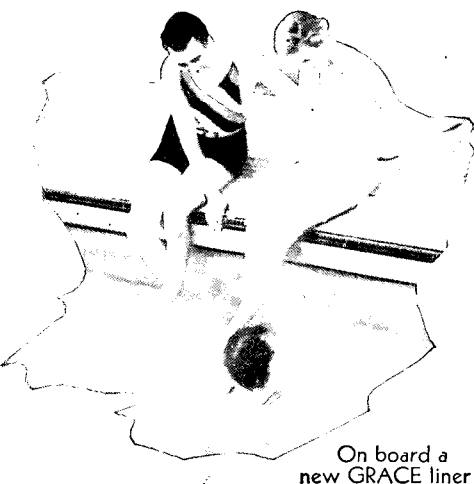


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Good-bye, Mr. Chips

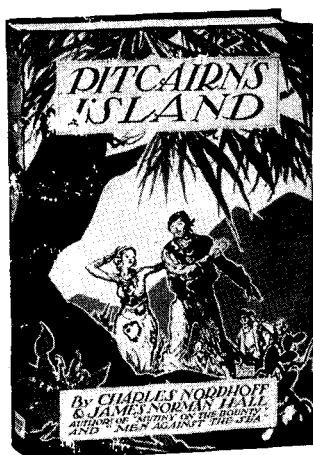
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PITCAIRN'S ISLAND

by **CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL**

This concluding volume rounds out the story begun in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and continued in "Men Against the Sea." It tells what happened to Fletcher Christian and his band of mutineers who fled from Tahiti with their native wives and companions to Pitcairn's Island.

"A fit successor to two superb books. There is something epic in the tale of the 'Bounty' men and it has got into these narratives, which are already taking their place as one of the modern classics of the sea."—*Lewis Gannett in New York Herald Tribune*. An Atlantic Book. 30th thousand. \$2.50

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